THE THEATRE



1921



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JANUARY, 1921

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

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Only by securing each number of America's *premier* theatrical publication can you hope to keep posted on the current drama.

Mexico, in the minds of many of us, is a land of red hot passions, arid, cactus-covered plains, comic opera revolutions, be-whiskered bandits, and broad-brimmed sombreros.

But do you know that they have, in Mexico, a theatre that, in size and beauty, eclipses the best of ours?

Called the National Theatre and situated in the heart of the City of Mexico, it cost $5,000,000 to construct and has been fifteen years in the building.

A full and interesting description of this wonderful playhouse, one of the show places of the Western Hemisphere, with unique pictures, appears in the February THEATRE MAGAZINE.

There has always been strong sympathy between Society and the Stage. Actresses have become peeresses, and leaders of fashion have deserted the drawing room for the footlights.

This was even more common in the last century than it is today. Kitty Clive, the well-known Drury Lane actress and Mrs. Farren, greatly admired for her impersonations of fine ladies, both married into the nobility. Ann Oldfield, a barmaid, became the associate of duchesses.

Read the article, "Fashionable Thespians," by Harold Seton in our next issue. It is full of fascinating anecdotes and brings you in intimate contact with famous players of other days.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

In "THE HOME OF THE PLAYER"—a new department makes its bow with our February issue. The THEATRE MAGAZINE will take you into the homes of your favorite players. It will show you, in a series of beautiful pictures, that they are not only artists, but also are lovers. The interesting collections of period and antique furniture—tapestries and other art objects owned by player-folk—with exquisite photographs of their estates, will give you a new and fascinating angle on the interesting personalities of the stage.

Did you see that charming little play, "Not So Long Ago"? One of Broadway's first hits of the new season, it is now being performed in other cities—perhaps in your city.

The principal male rôle is played by Sidney Blackmer, a new comer on the stage, but an actor who is likely to be better known on the stage tomorrow than he is today. It's a romantic young hero Mr. Blackmer is called upon to impersonate and he plays the part in a manner that quite captivated New York.

A few years ago, Mr. Blackmer was a salesman behind the counter. Today he is one of our most promising young actors. Read all about him in our February number.

Are you a vaudeville fan?

It's quite a special field with its own artists, its own audiences. No audience, in fact, is exactly like it. The vaudevillian has his own favorites, his own likes and dislikes, his own jokes and sense of humor, his own philosophy of life.

Have you ever watched a vaudeville audience and listened to their comments? It's too good to be missed.

To the February issue of THE THEATRE, Estelle Hamburger, who gave an amusing sketch of a "First Night Audience," in our December number, contributes a similar article on vaudeville audiences.

The Movies, the Amateurs and the Programme of Fashion are other splendid features.

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIII. No. 238. JANUARY, 1921.



Photocraft

CLARE EAMES *as Princess Elizabeth*

One performance stood out above all others in the production of "The Prince and the Pauper," at the Booth—the notable impersonation of England's virgin queen by this practically unknown actress, seen only once before on Broadway in a small part in "Déclassée"

IS THE UNDRAPED DRAMA UNMORAL?

Most theatre-goers having no intellect, the risqué appeals strongly to their emotions. Being an interview with

AVERY HOPWOOD

Author of "The Gold Diggers", etc.

W SOMERSET MAUGHAM, the English playwright, once had five plays running in the London theatres at the same time. On it being suggested to him that he would soon write himself out, he replied, "My dear fellow, these are not new plays. I wrote them years ago, and offered them to nearly every manager in the city. They were all promptly declined. Later, when one of my plays was accepted, and made a hit, the managers toppled over each other to get plays from me. I obliged them by selling them the plays they had originally declined."

Our Avery Hopwood having four plays now running simultaneously in four different New York theatres, I asked him if his experience might have been similar. He replied:

"Oh, dear no! These plays now running are all of comparatively recent origin. I wrote 'Ladies' Night' last year. My collaborator was, and is, -don't gasp!—a college professor! A paradox? I don't think so, for, if you will really look at the play dispassionately, you will see that it is meant for nothing but satire. Mrs. Grundy and Dame Fashion are very often at odds. Mrs. Grundy tells Dame Fashion that she is 'going the limit.' Dame Fashion retorts that she doesn't care, if she is. It is merely a matter of 'if I choose'. Her advisers, the dressmakers—men, as a rule, mind you—have urged such and such a mode on her. She has complied. *C'est tout!* Now, you can kill almost anything by ridicule, but you most certainly can't kill women's fashions by ridicule. It has been tried over and over again, but it has always failed. Fashion certainly dies out—sometimes flies out—but it is not killed by anything 'brute man', or spectacled Puritans say or do. It is, however, easy to satirize an *outré* fashion, and fashions nowadays, as you may have noticed, are remarkably *outré*. That is all my collaborator suggested, and all I have done.

You may say I have gone too far. I don't think so. I don't write, or at all events I didn't write this play, for the girl of 15, and by the girl of 15 I mean the young girl of the Victorian era. What the girl of 15 knows, or does not know, nowadays, I should be very sorry even to guess at. Probably she has more knowledge of these 'ologies, which were withheld from the girls of our youth, than her grandmother. The average girl, like all women, is a problem, which I will not attempt to solve. At all events, I hadn't her in mind, when I wrote this play. She didn't hamper me a bit. I have simply forced audiences to face ridiculous facts, and, if these facts savor of immodesty, that is the fault of Fashion, and not my fault. I don't know that it wouldn't be better to have theatres for young persons, and theatres for grown-ups. Maybe, that would solve the difficulty.

This play is neither immoral, nor is it unmoral in the present state of society. A girl will allow you to gloat over her charms in a scanty bathing suit, whereas she would shriek her life out, were you to see her in a somewhat similar state of nudity in her bedroom. People go to the theatre to be amused, not shocked, and a travesty of fashion combined with a display of rustic modesty is much more likely to amuse than to shock.



Photocraft

AVERY HOPWOOD

Any manager, or any actor, will tell you that nastiness won't carry any farce. People love a touch of the *risqué* just as they love a cocktail before dinner—if they can get it in these curious times. In a play like 'Ladies' Night' there is no trace of sexual feeling, because the whole thing is carried out in a comical way. My collaborator and I have respected the classical traditions of our *métier*. In a really comic play, as this is acknowledged to be, one is never conscious of the presence of Aphrodite. This feeling only invades when an erotic ardor is suggested. One cannot be amorous, and laugh one's self to death.

If you are prurient, you can, of course, transform the jollity of the play into obscenity, but I maintain that this play is not sexual, in the bad sense of the word, nor is it in any way nasty. It is merely amusing, it is novel; and having these two qualities, it has succeeded. I have cut and cut lines out of this play by request, though I saw no harm in them. I have watched some of the audiences, and, when I perceived a gasp, and a stop, and then a laugh, I knew it wasn't quite right, and out came those lines.

You may tell me that pleasant topics not only interest the intellect, but elicit response from the emotions, whereas an unpleasant topic is interesting only to the intellect. My answer is that few people have much intellect. Most people take only their emotions to the theatre. Then again, there are different sorts of interests. The activity of the mind awakened by music is very different to that awakened by the binominal theorem.

I am of opinion that this is a play, which the middle-class—meaning the majority of people—enjoy hugely. The prurient come to be shocked, though why they should come at all I can't conceive. The play is not meant to appeal to those people who cover up the legs of their pianos and veil their eyes at the sight of a well-turned ankle.

I wonder what would occur, were a Victorian woman, or man for that matter, to see the present fashions. Wouldn't they be shocked? Well, what is my hero but a man of the Victorian type, who has to be brought up to date by a series of—well, make the adjective *outré*—shocks? He is cured, and his excuse is that he has gone through his amusingly untoward experiences for the sake of retaining the affection of his wife, who is perfectly up-to-date.

Is there anything nocuous in the idea, or in the amusing way it is carried out? There isn't.

And here's another point. One man can tell a somewhat broad story in a parlor, or at a dinner table, and be ostracized, whereas another man can, and does, tell the very same story in his peculiar way and is laughed at, and with. Isn't this so?

The drama is a democratic art, and the dramatist is not the monarch, but the servant of the public. The voice of the public should be considered the voice of the gods.

My thesis seems to be axiomatic, and unsusceptible of argument. Yet it is continually denied by the Uplifters, who persist in looking down upon the public, and decrying the wisdom of the many.

The truth must be self-evident that the theatregoers are endowed with a certain inalienable right—the pursuit of happiness—and the audiences which have attended this particular play of mine are most distinctly happy in the way they are amused.



PATRICIA COLLINGE AND GEOFFREY KERR IN "JUST SUPPOSE" AT THE HENRY MILLER THEATRE

H. R. H., crushed at the realization that duty to the State does not permit him to follow the dictates of his heart, takes a heartbreaking farewell of his Linda Lee



MARSH ALLEN, CYNTHIA BROOKS AND HERBERT LOMAS IN "THE SKIN GAME" AT THE BIJOU

War is declared between Squire Hillcrist, representing the aristocratic traditions of England, and Hornblower, a rough, but successful manufacturer, who is marring the neighborhood with his factories



Photos White

JOAN MACLEAN, JOSEPHINE VICTOR AND MARSH ALLEN

Chloe Hornblower (Josephine Victor), fearful lest the secret of her past be learned by her husband, comes to Squire Hillcrist to implore his silence in the desperate fight between the Hillcrists and the Hornblowers

CLASS CONFLICT AND SENTIMENT IN NEW PLAYS

A NEGRO GENIUS IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

THE rather dazzling emergence of Charles S. Gilpin, the negro actor, in Eugene O'Neill's new play, "The Emperor Jones," at the Provincetown Playhouse, Greenwich Village, is an event tinctured with romance. Gilpin is the first negro actor to give a performance which has secured sufficient recognition to place him in the front rank of his profession. Here is a man who for years has had within himself the power to mount to the top of the ladder, and there has been no ladder.

Eugene O'Neill, who wrote, "Beyond the Horizon," made the ladder. His interest in the rich emotional and imaginative temperament of the negro people, first shown in his play, "The Dreamy Kid," given last year by the Provincetown Players, led him to place a negro protagonist, the Emperor Jones, in a dramatic action of universal human significance. When we watch Gilpin in this play we do not stop at feeling what a negro in these circumstances feels and does and says—we are made partakers of the experience of man in the grip of terror. In other words, the center from which the playwright worked is that of the universal artist. The play permits and compels the actor who interprets it, to work from the same center, and Charles S. Gilpin at his best, happens to be equal to the job. In his study of gradual fear, mounting by almost imperceptible degrees to stark panic, he gives an incredibly powerful performance.

The play tells the story of an American Pullman porter whose cunning has enabled him to set himself up as the Emperor of a West Indian Island. He has supported his hazardous position by spreading among the natives the legend of a charmed life which can only be ended by a silver bullet. When the play opens his career has run its course. The natives have hied themselves to the hills to whip up their courage to the point of rebellion. From the depths of the forest there comes the steady beat of the tom-tom.

The Emperor laughs at them scornfully, for he has had the foresight to amass his fortune and in the forest he has buried tinned food to sustain him in his flight. It is a brave, fearless adventurer who reaches the sheltering forest just before the sudden dusk of a tropical night. It is a broken creature, insane with fear, distracted by the unknown terrors and formless fears of the jungle, who has circled the forest in his agonized flight during the night, only to come creeping back at dawn to his starting place, to be shot down with the silver bullets of his former subjects, religiously moulded in conformity with the legend of his charmed life.



Bruguière

CHARLES S. GILPIN

The first negro actor to gain the front rank of his profession

Gilpin was born in Richmond, Va., forty-five years ago. He attended a Catholic school where he showed signs of dramatic and musical ability. After he left school, he worked in the office of the *Richmond Planet*, where he learned the printing trade. On account of race prejudice he left the newspaper and went to Philadelphia, where he found employment in a job printing establishment.

The young negro dreamed of some day being a real actor. He found himself continually hampered in the practice of his trade and finally deserted it in favor of barbering. But the stage was constantly calling to him, though each time he returned disheartened and depressed with the pitiful wage he was able to earn on account of racial discrimination. During the season of 1903, he was with the Gilmore Canadian Jubilee Singers, owned by Carey and Carter of Hamilton, Ontario, and two years later joined the Williams and Walker Company, graduating from this organization into the Pekin Players of Chicago, the entertainment ranging from vaudeville to Grand Opera, a repertoire which gave the young player his first experience in real acting. On the disbanding of this organization, Gilpin returned to vaudeville, to barbering, portering or any other occupation that presented itself as most attractive at the moment. Like the Brutus Jones created by Eugene O'Neill, he was once a Pullman porter. Finally, an opportunity came to join the Lafayette Stock Company, a negro dramatic organization of Harlem, presenting Broadway plays, and it was here that Lester Lonergan found him for William Harris when the cast of "Abraham Lincoln" was being assembled. The sincerity with which he played the old slave who comes to thank the Great Emancipator, was as simple as it was genuine.

In spite of this appearance on Broadway, further opportunity was closed to him on account of his color, and it is a sad commentary on our commercial theatre that the genius of Charles S. Gilpin was being wasted in running an elevator when the Provincetown Players called him to their support. W. A. L.

THE MANAGERIAL LETTER GUSH

WHO says the art of polite letter-writing was lost somewhere in the Eighteenth Century? That it went out with the powdered wigs, lace ruffles, brocaded petticoats and patches of a leisurely and sentimental age? That the carefully-chosen phrases and rounded periods of epistolary buncombe vanished generations before the advent of the prosaic postal card and the unromantic typewriter?

Ask Morris Gest; he knows. Since he put on his big Oriental show at the Century, which cost $50,000—or was it $500,000?—before the curtain rose, glowing letters, sputtering and exploding with adulatory adjectives, have made a perfect halo about his artistic head, so overwhelming him with modest embarrassment that he finds himself printing them in the public press at the usual advertising rates.

Take two or three as examples. His father-in-law—David Belasco, himself not unknown to fame as a dramatist and producer of parts—finds himself, as he might have expressed it in his early California days, "locoed" by the splendor of the young man's new spectacle, and, in his family pride, leads off with a solid six-inch block of typed eulogium which implies, if it does not actually say, that his own "Darling of the Gods," or "The Return of Peter Grimm," are not to be mentioned in the same breath with "Mecca." He is proud of his gifted son-in-law, and he doesn't care who knows it. The Century's publicity department does the rest.

Then comes Elinor Glyn, carefully identified in the published reproduction of her letter as author of "Three Weeks." She, poor lady, seems narrowly to have escaped hysterics through witnessing "Mecca," for she had to write to the producer at one o'clock in the morning. She could not have slept had she not first poured out her soul to the marvelous Morris, to tell him that his production had "not one jarring note," that "the magnificent proportions of the young Greek god of a man" who plays the Sultan was "something satisfying," and that the ballet scene was a "refined orgy," which reminded her of when she "stayed with the Royal Family in Petersburg in the good old days!"

Even so seasoned (*Continued on page* 60)

ON WITH THE DANCE

Hark, hark, the critics bark,
The Dancers are coming to town.
Some in frocks designed for shocks
And some completely gowned.

DRAWN BY
MALCOLM LA PRADE



MATINEE GIRLS BEWARE!

A Male Vampire flits through the "Danse Macabre"



A little Persian now and then
Is relished by tired business men



The Spanish Senorita smites her audience hip and thigh



Jingo and Jongoa, in their Japanese creation, "The Yellow Peril"





A MINUET WITHOUT LEGS

"Ask Grandmother, she knows"

DUSE RETURNS TO THE STAGE

The great Italian tragedienne once more to tread the boards after many years of inexplicable retirement

By ALICE NIELSEN

A CABLE dispatch from Rome the other day stated that Eleanora Duse, the great Italian tragedienne, is about to return to the stage. This news will bring joy to many thousands of her admirers the world over.

For years, there has been much speculation as to the reason Duse no longer appeared before the public—why she had hidden herself so completely as though she had vanished off the face of the earth. Illness, it was said, was depriving the world of her genius, but that was only partly true. Physically, the lovely Italian was well, but her brilliant mind had become benumbed as though from a blow. Her beautiful soul was ill. And the one who dealt the blow was Gabriele D'Annunzio, the celebrated poet and now military dictator of Fiume.

WHATEVER hypothetical reasons may have been given for Duse's retirement the truth is that it was simply due to the fact that D'Annunzio, through his power of suggestion, made her feel that she was old, when she was just upon the threshold of her prime. Blinded by the glamour of his genius, she thought she had met a soul as big as her own, and when she realized her mistake it almost killed her. I know, for I was with her all during that dark and bitter period of disillusionment.

My meeting with Duse is an example of the child-like directness which is typical of her. Some time before this, a mutual friend had arranged for me to meet the tragedienne, but she disappointed us by not appearing. A week later, a tea-party was arranged, and I was assured that the actress would come, but again I was doomed to disappointment. Finally, I made up my mind I would meet her or die in the attempt.

I learned that she was taking a train for Rome the next day. Ascertaining the time, I bought my ticket and boarded the train just in time to see the actress enter her compartment. When we started I presented myself.

SHE smiled. The ice was broken and we began to converse. She laughed heartily when I told her the only reason I took the train was to get a chance to speak to her, and she made me get off at the next station and go home, with the exhilerating promise that she would write me upon her return. Soon afterwards I received an invitation to attend a private musicale she was giving at her villa, the Palazzo Borghesi at Porto d'Anzio, forty-three miles from Rome.

It was a memorable evening. D'Annunzio was present, reciting some of his poetry, the beauty of his voice as well as the brilliance of his verse casting an indescribable romantic glamour upon his listeners. What thrilled me more, however, was the presence of Duse herself in that beautiful room, full of lovely antique things. She was sitting upon an ottoman, rather detached from the general company, in the background. Her elbows were upon her knees, and her face, upon which the lightning expressions flitted ceaselessly, was cupped in her beautiful hands. Very adequately had D'Annunzio named her *"La donna della belli mani,"* the woman of the beautiful hands. At this time, I had not yet seen her in the Italian poet's "La Gioconda," the play whose motive springs



ELEANORA DUSE

from a pair of hands, but I could easily imagine that Signora Duse's hands, as well as her face could express more than those of any other human being.

After D'Annunzio had finished, the tragedienne rose, and pushing me gently by the shoulders toward the center of the room, said:

"Now, La Picola (she always called me 'little one'), let me hear you sing."

Motioning the accompanist to the clavischord, she went back to her corner upon the ottoman.

I sang selections from some of the operas and a few of the old classics. During this performance, her intent gaze never left my face, and she only spoke at the end of each song to ask for "more." At the end, she kissed me on both cheeks, thanking me for "my beautiful gift of song" as she expressed it, making me promise to come and sing for her often. Thus began a friendship which to me has been the most precious that the gods have bestowed.

Duse was often silent and aloof, but not consciously so ever, simply because her mind and soul dwelt upon a plane unknown to most of us poor mortals. This unconscious attitude is expressed in something she once said to me. We were on a train travelling together through Italy, and at the moment were passing the Alps.

"If you had your choice," I asked, "where would you choose to live?" I had in mind the marvellously beautiful country through which we were passing. Without hesitation she pointed to the very highest peak of the mountains in the distance and answered simply, like a child:

"At the top of that mountain!"

I SHIVERED in mock horror. "Oh," I replied, "I like the fields and the flowers and the warm brown earth much too well to leave them for a chilly mountain peak."

But I knew then as I do now that the things of the earth hold very little for her, if the soul and the sublimated mind are found wanting. In such a way had she been disappointed in her poet.

Yet I knew Duse in her gay moods too. Although the world regards her as a tragic figure, I hold that she, a thing of beauty, was intended to be a joyous spirit ever. Instead, she was made a thing of sorrow by a mere man.

In her merry moods, she seemed to be joy incarnate. When I first knew her she would go into paroxyms of laughter over the funny little Scotch clothes she took upon herself to make for D'Annunzio's little daughter, who was then about eight years old.

"See, is this not quaintly adorable and funny?" she would exclaim, holding the tiny pleated skirt in both hands.

She was in one of her most charming and playful moods, when, every morning, she fed her pack of wonderful greyhounds, of whom many legends are told throughout Italy, regarding their precociousness and beauty. Duse made a lovely picture as, dressed in her long, grey nun-like robe, she made the graceful creatures jump high into the air for their food.

TO me she seemed most fascinating and superbly beautiful, when, after the night's performance at the theatre, she would don a soft gown, which, like all her dresses indoors, fell in a simple graceful line from her shoulders to the ground, and wrap her lovely head round and round with yards of the finest, sheerest chiffon.

Taking her place at the head of the long cloister-like table (something of the cloister was always suggestive about the surroundings of the great tragedienne), she looked like some oldtime saint, for I do not exaggerate when I *(continued on page 62)*



Photo White

ALEXANDER ONSLOW AND MR. AND MRS. COBURN IN "FRENCH LEAVE" AT THE BELMONT THEATRE

The gallant general is smitten with the charms of the singer from gay Paree—not really a singer at all, but the younger officer's wife, who has visited her husband without permission



Photocraft

SCENE IN "THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER" AT THE BOOTH THEATRE

Miles Hendon (William Faversham), soldier of fortune, acts as a tender nurse to the worn-out little King of England (Ruth Findlay)



Photo White

ALICE DELYSIA AND W. H. RAWLINS IN "AFGAR" AT THE CENTRAL THEATRE

Delysia, a French extravaganza performer, whose personality, gorgeous costumes and stunning headgear, remind one of the regretted Anna Held and Gaby Delys

HITS IN COMEDY, ROMANCE AND EXTRAVAGANZA

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Bachrach



BELLE BENNETT

This promising young actress who replaced Muriel Martin Harvey as Tilly in "Happy Go Lucky" was recruited from Frederick Belasco's Alcazar Stock Company in San Francisco where she played for eighty-five consecutive weeks. "Discovered" by Marjorie Rambeau, who herself had once been a member of the company, she was urged to come East and her talents were enthusiastically reported to A. H. Woods, who immediately opened negotiations.

WILLIAM SAMPSON

Nearly forty years of acting, is the rich experience this veteran actor brings to the rôle of Mr. Livingston, the comic father in "The First Year." Seven years associated with Augustin Daly, his more recent appearances were in "Polly With a Past," "The Hole in the Wall" and "Please Get Married."



White



Photocraft



Photocraft

HOWARD LANG

Elevated from the position of stage manager of the "Friendly Enemies" company to the star rôle in the London production, this actor returned to America to play the sinister medium, Mogador, in "The Ouija Board." As Franks, the Tory cousin, he is again associated with Louis Mann.

ROBERTA ARNOLD

As the young wife in "The First Year," Miss Arnold's performance stands out unforgettably. A Californian, a graduate of the Morosco Stock Company in Los Angeles, this actress made her Broadway début in "Upstairs and Down." Last season she was in "Adam and Eva"



Photo Manrique Co.

FROLIC AT THE FALLS

Posed by Sacha Piatov and Mme. Natalie, Russian dancers at the New York Hippodrome



Photo Old Masters

MARJORIE GATESON

The female of the crook species in "Little Miss Charity," Miss Gateson deals out seven million dollars, with the same ease and grace as her nimble feet keep time to the tuneful music of this musical comedy



Photo White

(Right)

EDITH TALIAFERRO

So long has this favorite actress played heroines of "straight" drama that it never occurred to anyone that she could do anything in a lighter vein. This season, in "Kissing Time," she is having her first experience in musical comedy



Photo White

CAROLL McCOMAS

The "because" in "Because of Helen" at the Punch and Judy, this vivacious actress, who began her career as a whistler, continues to add to her long string of Broadway hits



Photo Apeda

THERESA MAXWELL-CONOVER

As the fashionable young mother-in-law in "Honeydew," Mrs. Conover is so expert a mixer of cocktails that, off stage, she spends most of her time explaining to her friends that really she is strong for prohibition

PLAYING LEADS IN LEADING PLAYS



Photo White

JEAN ARCHIBALD
Author of "Call the Doctor"

General understudy in "Polly With a Past," is the obscure position that Miss Archibald held before Belasco discovered her. She seldom had a chance to appear and had to content herself writing character sketches. But this casual practice in writing led soon to serious work and study. The result was her first play, "Call the Doctor."



ALAN BROOKS
Author of "Because of Helen"

Epigrams have been the moving force in this actor-dramatist's life. He has thought and talked epigrams until he has the epigram habit. Born in New York City he began early to take an active interest in the stage, finally entering vaudeville as actor, author and producer.



Photo Moffett

DAVID PINSKI
Author of "The Treasure"

A comparatively new figure on the American stage, this author has devoted most of his life to the advancement of his race. His parents intended that he be a rabbi, but he determined to become a writer of plays. Most of his youth he lived in Warsaw and Berlin. He came to America in 1899, and entered Columbia



(Left)

FREDERIC ISHAM
Author of "Three Live Ghosts"

Born in Michigan, this playwright spent much of his life in London. His chief literary interest has been the novel, he being the author of such books as "The Strollers," "Black Friday," "Half a Chance," "Nothing But the Truth," and "Three Live Ghosts."

LITTLE KNOWN AUTHORS OF BROADWAY HITS

WHEN THE SILVER CURTAIN CLOSES

What do they talk about, those langourous, pulchritudinous ladies of the Follies? This will tell you

By C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

"HALF-HOUR!"

Back-stage of the Shubert Theatre pandemonium reigned. Girls, in all series of disrobe, some with furs thrown about them, or diaphanous peignoirs, some with the cosmic atmosphere of the wings themselves, rushed from their dressing-rooms to the sanctity of the wardrobe mistress and back to their dressing-rooms again, to put on a dab of extra rouge, or extend to their lashes more beads of mascarra, while awaiting their cues to take their places behind the footlights. Hosiery that had heretofore been unblemished, was having heels and toes supplemented by hurrying needles. In frantic attempts to manifest marcel waves, hair was being dexteriously singed. One young woman, heedless of circumstance and duty, was industriously chewing gum; another sat in a corner, oblivious to the noise and commotion, reading Ibsen.

Carpenters banged as noiselessly as possible. The rising curtain was to reveal the Village Pawn Shop. The scene plot necessitated a rainy night, and the master workman was busy getting ready the wind and thunder. Mr. Dolliver, the manager, called to Mr. Schannon, the head electrician, "Baby blues, half pinks, full olivéttes. Douse daylight,"—which, in illuminatory language, means "a lovely glow."

THE Bohemians, Inc. had moved uptown from the Greenwich Village. It was the first performance to be rendered in the West 44th Street house. It afforded not only a bigger stage, and more comfortable quarters in which to be costumed, but also vaster spaciousness out front to allow for S.R.O. Ever since the Follies opened, there had been almost as many spectators standing to see the show, as those that were seated.

"I suppose we had to move," pouted prima donna Mary Lewis? "A friend of mine couldn't even buy tickets."

"Of course, dearie,—we hired a larger theatre so he could have two seats."

"And I was just getting used to live down there," moaned one of the "Models," undressed and ready for the Studio Scene.

"Living there!" queried Martha Throop, who sings the *Samovar* song.

"Yep, my dugout's right across the street from the Village theatre. That's why I'm glad we're working up-town. I was getting so darned lazy I wouldn't lace my shoes when I left at night."

"Where's the cat?" asked Elizabeth North, the scintillant blonde of the Birthday Cake. "I've brought it some dinner."

"Here, Pussy, Pussy, Pussy!" everybody cried, chiming in the search. However, no feline emerged. Trunks were scoured, and boxes overturned, to no avail. Miss North left the group dispirited. "I wanted to take it home with me," she mused pensively.

She is very beautiful, with exquisite features, and amber hair. It is said that she belongs to the Beerbohm Trees. Her knowledge of literature and language is remarkable for one of sixteen.

"Fifteen minutes!" shouts the call boy.

"Didn't you hear me call fifteen minutes?" he yells again.

"No, we didn't!" was the instantaneous, indignant response.

"Well, hear me now: Fifteen minutes, ladies and gents! Great Scott, Gimbel, you'd better hurry up!"

HARRIET GIMBEL, the little newsboy, in cerise tatters, had just reported, breathless, panting, with a bag of delicatessen under her arm.

"I didn't have time for eats, Albert. All right, I'll rush."

Immediately she got to work with a stick of grease paint in one hand, and a ham sandwich in the other. "I've been up at Whitman Bennet's studio all day, working in a picture with Lionel Barrymore."

"You wouldn't think she was married, would you?" asked Mrs. Throop.

One certainly would not. She is a handfull of four feet, with roguish face and manner.

"Looks as though she ought to be wheeled home in a baby carriage every night."

"Well, I've been my husband's wife a year." The lady tossed her short cropped head. "Do you blame me?" and she pointed to a modern Adonis framed in silver on her dressing table.

"Who said husband?" inquired Florence Normand, who stood ready in her tight fitting black silk one piece suit to represent "The Black Cat" in the "Bohemia" ensemble. "Look at my man!" she handed us a clipping that read Billie Fitzsimmons was to fight Willie Corbett. It was paradoxical that this exotic type should be a Mrs. Fitzsimmons. One could so easily imagine her a Tanjaroff or Carcucci. And that her husband was a pugilist, proves that pugilists have good taste. Miss Normand creates more than a furore each time in her nonchalant decolleté.

HAVE you a photograph of him here?" "What do you think,—I carry my husband's pictures around with me?" The absurdity made her laugh.

The hell-cat's off again," "Murray Anderson vouched. "We call her our Hell-Cat, don't we?"

"Oh, Murray," Miss Normand said, *"bon soir!"*

"Comment allez vous?" cried a group who had assembled for the prologue.

"Comment helles yourself," greeted Deano, dressed in a Chinese robe he had picked up from a heap in the corner, "dear old shades of Greenwich Village! . . . . My God, I forgot, ..." Five minutes, everybody!

"Five minutes!" echoed through the wings.

"Where's my veil?"

"Are my legs white enough?"

"Have you been to 'Way Down East' yet?"

"Who'll lend me a hair net?"

"A drink! A drink! My kingdom for a Scotch!"

"Please powder my back."

"Anybody wanna piece a gum?"

"Don't chew, thanx

"Where's the Spearmint kiddo with the Wrigley eyes?"

"Did you see this?" Florence Browne asked, displaying a cunning little statuette of a page dressed in the gold costume of the Carnival Scene.

"When did you make it, Flo?"

"This past week."

"It's adorable."

"I have three more like it, for each little page in the company."

"Why don't you model the entire pageant?"

"That's an idea, but I'm afraid it will take too long. I may attempt it, however." And she put the clay Watteau back into its box. Miss Browne once toured with Pavlowa. Her ballet work, like her sculpturing, is naïve and unique. She, herself, pretty and dainty in her teens, looks more the ingenue than the artist.

THE stage hands were letting the rose-silver curtain used in the Valentine divertissement drop. Yards and yards of tinted metallic cloth hung from the fly gallery. "Couldn't you have used plain pink stuff instead?" I asked Mr. Dolliver.

Of course, we could have," he answered, but Murray Anderson always demands the genuine. To procure his wonderful effects he must have the best substance with which to work. In the Pawn Shop, the background is black. There is very little light, and a painted black back-drop would have answered the purpose. But Murray wants night to look like velvet, so he uses velvet. That Tsin number, the Persian scene where the girls represent perfumes, has an entire walling of black velvet, also, Look at these costumes." Satins, crepe meteors, brocades, batiks, tye dyes, embroideries, taffetas, chiffon velvets, . . all of them exquisite in coloring, sumptuous in texture. "The finest," Mr. Dolliver smiled. "That's Murray all over."

He let me touch the silver curtain that the production boasts their pride this year. It is gorgeous, lavish. Mr. Dolliver didn't know exactly how many bolts were used in its construction, but its approximate cost he said was $40,000. Its lining is of jade taffeta, yet only a glimpse of this shows.

"How does being (*Continued on page* 60)



Photo Maurice Goldberg

WALTER HAMPDEN AS ROMEO

This earnest and capable player, now on tour with a repertoire including "Romeo and Juliet," "Shylock" and "Hamlet," is one of the few among our younger American actors with enough love for their art to courageously carry the Shakespearean banner through the land



Photo Nickolas Muray

ILONA FULOP
and
ILOUKA KARASZ

Two Hungarian artists who will shortly add a new theatre to New York's many polyglot playhouses—a Hungarian Theatre in Greenwich Village



Photo Bachrach

ERNEST GLENDINNING

When not engaged in stage love-making this young leading man, so picturesque a figure in "Little Old New York," sits home in his shirt sleeves enjoying his favorite author, Robert Louis Stevenson



Photo Goldberg

NINA TARASOVA

Russian Yvette Guilbert who made her American début at Carnegie Hall, Nov. 24, in a repertoire of quaint Russian folk-songs



Photo Bachrach

(Left)

FLORENCE NASH

This popular ingenue, now in "The Mirage," has a strong sense of civic duty. Here she is seen casting her vote in the Presidential election and from the expression of her face you know she has voted right

PLAYERFOLK WITH AND WITHOUT "MAKE-UP"



Photo
Hixon Connolly

ZOE BARNETT

In "Jim Jam Jems," this actress was given no opportunity to display her dancing talent. Here she is seen in a vampire dance Kipling's "A Fool There Was"

PRINCESS WHITE DEER

Pure blooded Indian girl whose dancing is an attractive feature of "Tip Top"

(Oval Center)

PAUL SWAN

Russia does not entirely monopolize the dancing field. Here's an American with the physique of an Apollo and the grace of a faun who is now touring in Greek, Persian and Egyptian dances



Campbell Studio

(Below)

MILDRED HOLLADAY

Whose Egyptian dance fascinates Keith Vaudeville audiences



Charlotte Fairchild



H. STOWITTS

Californian dancer who has had great success in support of Mme. Pavlowa. The London critics declare him the "best male dancer since Nijinsky"



ALL THE WORLD DANCING MAD



Margaret Mower—the Gladiolas



Mary Nash—the Tiger Lily

FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF STAGELAND

Photos by Bachrach Studio



Allyn King—the Chrysanthemum



Charlotte Walker—the Cosmos Flower



Photo Alfred Cheney Johnston

MARILYN MILLER

This graceful young dancer, long a favorite with Winter Garden and Follies' audiences, has toe-danced herself to stardom. Upon her recent return from Europe, Ziegfeld, Jr., had a play waiting her. "Sally of Our Alley," is the title of the piece in which she will be starred jointly with Leon Errol

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE OPERA

Famous singers as they really are. Amusing unrehearsed happenings. The operatic kiss.

By CHARLES D. ISAACSON

(Concluded from last month)

THE famous operatic singers who, in front of the curtain, appear to the spectator beings little less than divine, are really very ordinary, loveable humans. Caruso, for instance, is noted for his generosity to those less fortunate than himself. Once he heard of a stage hand whose family was in distress in Italy. The man didn't have enough money to take him back home. The tenor paid for his passage and a whole lot more.

I spoke last month of the sadness of the dancing girl whose mother committed suicide. The way the whole company helped, was a joy. At Christmas and other holiday seasons, the principals shower the underlings. A Santa Claus hands out presents. Last Christmas the company adopted a poor little orphan whose parents, working back stage, had died of pneumonia.

As the singers and workers disperse, Farrar greets everybody with genuine friendliness. A confidential whisper to me from a stage hand, as Farrar whisks by, "There's a woman we'd all go to Hell for!" I relay it to her; she clasps her hands, and says "The dears! I love them all. I mean it. So many singers do not appreciate how much these people do. Let *them* fail, and *we* fail. Harmony back stage is all part of the performance. I have seen many who do not realize this, and it has almost killed them. Come with me," and into the dressing room we turn, Farrar running us a race to the door, and beating us!

ONCE during my début in Monte Carlo," she says, "Caruso carried me bodily from the stage to my dressing room, in full sight of the audience."

The beautiful American girl, whose career has been so romantic and eventful, laughs as she remembers how once she stood outside at the rail and wistfully gazed at the stage, and swore she'd sometime be a prima donna! She was sixteen at the time, just into the city from a little Massachusetts town. Her wish was not fulfilled at once; it came via Europe. After she had made her sensation abroad, they sent for her, and now the name Farrar on the bills means a packed house, every time.

She recalls some funny things that happen back stage. For instance, there are the enemies in some operas, who swear at each other, and want to kill each other. But the minute the curtain is down, they are kissing and embracing. And then there are the stage lovers, who will not speak to each other the moment the curtain has fallen. "All told, we have a lovely time . . it is our life . . it is the breath of our existence," she says, "we have our squabbles, we have not all the smooth-running path." Saying this, she runs away to change her costume for the next act, warbling a few phrases of the famous *Jewel Song*.

In the other dressing rooms, we hear the voices running up and down their scales. We see some of the singers spraying their throats. Caruso always has an attendant with an atomizer. Every time he steps off the stage, *ts-st-ts!* goes the spray in his throat. And then *"hm-hm-ha-ho-hum"* the voice phrases, as he taps his nose. When Caruso is unoccupied with his singing, he is forever making caricatures. This is his hobby.

But in the years gone by, despite his fun, and all the humor of his make-up he was a sad man. Once he said to Paul Althouse, "Paul, if I had a wife like yours, I'd be happy."

BUT now Caruso has a wife, and a little daughter, Gloria. She came at Christmas time, and he was as boyish as a youngster. But he is always a boy. To see him capering around, without a trace of dignity, is to know true greatness.

Some of the singers have their dressing rooms sprayed with a disinfectant. The moment Olive Fremstadt entered her room, her maid filled the place with a heavy oily concoction. This prima donna between scenes was like a volcano, ready to burst, perfectly sweet and friendly, but overflowing with a red-hot magnetism. On the other hand, Galli-Curci is as calm as can be between scenes, she is always the gentle, quiet, smiling creature we love so well. I think it was Farrar who compared her to a daisy. I remember watching Mary Garden as she came running from the stage to her dressing room . . her light hair flying, in the very spirit of the character, maddened, afire, crackling with a sparkling sound, almost . . nobody would dare to approach her, and discuss earthly things when she was in the heavens of Debussy!

When Rosina Galli and Bonfiglio appeared for some great ballet scene, the *danseuse* said that her hands were cold and legs shaky, so she and her partner jigged around for a while. Matzenauer in her dressing room, sits knitting; many of the chorus also knit, many read, and some write letters. Jean de Reszké used to spend his off moments mimicking everybody from the box-office man to the chairman of the board of directors.

I WALKED into the dressing room of Craig Campbell, the lyric tenor, at a performance of "The Gondoliers." He was just changing his costume. "A fine shirt this is for a King, eh?" And he showed me a torn undershirt which was being covered with royal robes for the next act. But sometimes real kings come back stage. In Berlin, the ex-Kaiser had the habit badly.

Back to "Faust." The garden scene is ready. Activity again. This time we will go under the stage. It is like descending to Hades. Pitch black—all kinds of peculiar alleys, trap doors, trap drops. Here is where the stage lowers for the famous Rhine scenes in the Wagnerian operas. Here is where in "The Blue Bird," Light and Milk are raised from the ground! Over here is the electrical apparatus by which the entire house is operated. Two men sit at the keyboard all night. Here is the prompt's box.

Suppose we sit during this act, with the prompt. It is a little cubby-hole, raised above the level of the stage. It is covered by a metal hood, which keeps the sight and sound of the prompt from the audience, but which enables him to see the entire stage from the center of it, while he reads the parts aloud. Every word of every opera is intoned in a penetrating voice to the singers—always a few seconds ahead of time. If a singer forgets, it will not be the words. Lapse of memory is a terrible thing. Recently an entire scene was enacted with the principal muttering nothing, and the principal is a very famous artist with a long career

Many times rush-work has to be done. Someone is ill; another is substituted. I remember when Sophie Braslau learned the part of "Shanewis" in two days, for a première of Cadman's opera. Alice Gentle was taken ill; she had been living with the opera for months, and Braslau hadn't given it a thought. But she knew it letter-perfect, the night of the performance. Florence Easton learned the difficult rôle of the "Love of Three Kings" in two days. And then there was Bouillez, the Belgian baritone, singing "Salome" at a performance where Strauss, the composer, was present.

IT was in Belgium, and Bouillez, of course, knew his rôle in French; but for the benefit of Strauss, it was decided to do it in German. At night Bouillez forgot his German, and lapsed into French, while some of the company were singing in the other tongue.

A certain tenor, whose name is not important, once said a strange thing. He forgot his part completely. He stormed about and shouted, "I know the music upside down and backwards; I knew it perfectly, but God failed me, God failed me!"

Once Florence Macbeth fell on the stage, as she was supposed to do; but she fell a little too far front, and the heavy curtain rolled down to her. She didn't dare to move—she was supposed to be dead, and it would spoil everything; and yet, if that board hit her! Just then one of the men, with quick



Photo Francis Bruguière

ROSHANARA

in her new Indian Harvest dance

mentality, rushed forward and kicked her over, just in time.

THE most terrible thing I recall, was a night when "The Huguenots" was playing. In one act Scotti was to appear three times. For some inexplicable reason, Scotti, who knows the opera as well as the composer knew it, forgot about his second entrance. The stage manager and his assistant who had gone to remind him of his cue, were like madmen. The cue was given. No Scotti! The conductor couldn't stop. Rothier was on the stage, knew something was wrong, and sang both parts, so there would be no lapse in the music. A little later, Scotti came on calmly.

"Where have you been?" shouted the stage manager.

"Why?" asked the artist in amazement. "I've been upstairs having pictures made."

"But good God, man, you missed your second cue!" Scotti shriveled up.

"Heavens, how did I do that?"

Which explains why the rule that no one may leave the back of the stage during a performance, is so stringently observed.

BUT down in the prompt's box, it is interesting to watch the singers, as they are close up. Farrar tonight is unusually beautiful. Martinelli extremely romantic. The love scene is truly touching. Farrar is an actress of the first rank. She could give you her message without a word. Martinelli winks as he sings; but then he forgets us in the spirit of his character and wildly he proposes to Marguerite. Farrar goes to the little window in her house. Behind it, the construction is very interesting. It ends with the window, and Farrar rests on a pillar, instead of a pillow. The kiss at the end of the scene is a long passionate outburst. "That was some kiss" we say to him, "Well, I must feel it, and I do!" Which perhaps explains why he is such a master of love scenes. "It is the end of the act," he adds, "and I do not care about the grease paint on the lips getting on the cheek. I can fix it over."

Over at the house of light opera, Craig Campbell has a very "kissy" scene in "The Mikado," behind the lady's fan; and she is very pretty. But Craig Campbell doesn't kiss her, because it would leave a mark on their faces, and that would never do!

Watching the singers from the prompt's box, is a sensation. Barrientos, with a wide open mouth, sticking her tongue under the lips, as she produces each careful phrase. Ludicrous faces some, as they fit their mouths for the grand final note; beautiful, many; and impossible, not a few. All the singers have their little mannerisms of mouthing—some merely part the lips, others spread them until you are afraid the face will break in two.

AS we sat there, I wondered once, if something could make the singers laugh in a sad part of the opera. But who would dare to do a thing of that sort? Well, there was Tosti, the man who conducted at the opera, and who wrote his famous *Goodbye*. He used to have fun. For instance, the closing night of the season, during the death scene of "La Bohème," when Melba suffers the pains of body and soul, Tosti put on a fake moustache and wiggled it like Charlie Chaplin has since learned to do; and Caruso under his breath was telling side-splitting jokes. But Melba held to her rôle!

Upstairs quick—they have just handed a bouquet to Farrar and she is giving a flower to each of the cast. Gatti-Casazza pats Farrar on the hand, and puts his arm around her paternally. "A flower for you, Maestro, and for you Mr. Ordynski—a passionate little thing, isn't it?"

SO to the end of the performance. The shifting of scenes, the marvelous music of the orchestra, the chorus back of the scenes, and in front of the audience, the *Soldier's Chorus*," the tragic church scene, where Mephistopheles appears in the portals, illumined in red, the apparition of the angels, and the end.

We must pause here to treat very briefly of the stage tricks. In "The Jewess" there is a boiling oil-pot, which is lit by red lights. When Rachel (Rosa Ponselle) is executed, she is plunged into the pot of oil. The curtain falling immediately, she is lifted out, and rushes to take her bow.

OVER at the performance of "The Gondoliers," it is amusing to watch the boat as it is propelled along the grand canal in Venice by the aid of sturdy men on the side, where the audience cannot see them. Then there are the stage falls. Evelyn Scotney, in "The Jewess" falls very neatly into her attendant's arms. When Mary Garden dies, in "Pelleas and Melisande," it is tragic. She really suffers the whole emotion. I watched her from the wings and as they lifted her afterwards, she was a wreck without a doubt.

"Faust" is over. See the rush to the dressing rooms, the musicians through their doors, the chorus to their quarters, the stars to their rooms, and then home. And in the solemn quiet of the night, until early in the morning, the second shift moves out the properties and costumes and scenery of the opera and moves into its place the setting for the next performance.

MORNINGS and afternoons, the opera house is a busy place. All languages are spoken The office of the management is a veritable tower of Babel. To be an impresario one must be a diplomat. That singer is insulted, she was not given the right part; this one is ill, and the cast must be revised. This one threatens to break her contract. This conductor is dissatisfied; this score needs revising; this ballet is terrible. Ah, my head! Bedlam! And yet what perfection of motion when the operas are heard! Every opera is given to two casts, two conductors rehearsing. If anyone in cast No. 1 fails, if the whole cast No. 1 fails, cast No. 2 is ready. The conductor in front has his several assistants, who see that backstage matters synchronize. The assistant conductors, how zealously they work and how little they are known!

At rehearsals, peculiar things happen. Some singers must be coached not only in the music, but in the language.

At a performance of the Century Opera Company, a singer gave out this phrase, "I luff her myself, ant I must haf her." The stage official, who was also of the same nationality as his singer, said, "That is bad—we must have good English. Say it like this: I luff her meinself, ant I must haf her!"

PLAYS RECOMMENDED BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

You can't go wrong if you follow this list each month

"BAB": Amusing comedy of sub-deb. life delightfully acted by Helen Hayes.

"BAD MAN, THE": Satirical melodrama with comic relief. A hit.

"BAT, THE": A real thriller. You can't afford to miss it.

"CALL THE DOCTOR": Highly diverting comedy, superbly interpreted.

"ENTER MADAME": Conventional comedy, serving to display the unusual gifts of Gilda Varesi.

"FIRST YEAR, THE": Delightful comedy of newly married life with that inimitable comedian Frank Craven and excellent cast.

"GOLD DIGGERS, THE": Clever comedy of chorus girl life.

"GOOD TIMES": Equestrian, acrobatic and aquatic entertainment. Vast and unique spectacle.

"GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES": Production of rare beauty. Don't miss it.

"HONEYDEW": Pleasing musical comedy with Zimbalist score and lavishly staged.

"IRENE": Delightful musical comedy—one of the biggest hits in years.

"JUST SUPPOSE": Old fashioned love story, with exquisite sentiment and admirably acted.

"LADY OF THE LAMP, THE": Americo-Chinese dream play, beautifully staged.

"LIGHTNIN'": Frank Bacon in a highly successful comedy characterization.

"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK": Charming comedy, introducing in a new rôle that delightful young actress, Genevieve Tobin.

"MARY": Typical Cohan musical comedy success—with pretty girls, excellent comedy and bewitching melodies.

"ONE": Impressive drama dealing with psychic phenomena, admirably acted by Frances Starr.

"OPPORTUNITY": Exciting Wall Street drama.

"SKIN GAME, THE": Stirring and interesting play of class conflict in England today.

"SWEETHEART SHOP, THE": Musical comedy of more than ordinary quality, and with delightful score.

"TAVERN, THE": Highly amusing melodramatic burlesque, with Arnold Daly and competent cast.

"THREE LIVE GHOSTS": Amusing comedy of the war's aftermath.

"TICKLE ME": Musical comedy with elaborate stage investiture and the inimitabe Frank Tinney.

"TIP TOP": Typical Fred Stone show with jazzy music, clever comedy and graceful dancing.

"WELCOME, STRANGER": Amusing comedy with the Jewish-American comedian George Sidney.

"WOMAN OF BRONZE, THE": Old-fashioned emotional drama, admirably acted by Margaret Anglin.

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1920": Girl show *de luxe*. Good entertainment and lavishly spectacular.

(Circle)

CAROL RAY

Beauty is not everything on the stage, but, combined with versatility, it may lead far. This young actress, who danced this season in "The Rose Girl," is now playing a part in "The Mirage"



Photo
Nickolas Muray

BEATRICE BAYARD

One of the models in "Lombardi, Ltd.," and to be seen this winter in a new Selwyn production



Edward Thayer Monroe



Edward Thaver Monroe

ADRIENNE DORÉ

Formerly of the Century Roof, this interesting player will be seen this Winter in a new Ed Royce production



Nickolas Muray

(Left)

ROSE ROSANDER

A former Morgan dancer, seen this season in "The Rose Girl," and also remembered as appearing with Ed Wynn in "Over the Top"

BEAUTY AND TALENT IN NEW PLAYS

PERSONALITY PORTRAITS

No. 5. HELEN HAYES

HELEN HAYES has not gone through life to nineteen unspanked. No indeed, emphatically, maternally, *no!* Her mother is my authority for the intimate statement. When small Helen displayed such wicked traits as unreasoning stubbornness and disobedience she was thoroughly, resoundingly spanked—even though her father retired to the next room and covered his ears with cupped hands during the process.

Helenette didn't approve of corporal punishment in those days of discipline. So strongly did she disapprove it that she stood stoutly at six years of age before the conscientious administerer of the punishment and said, "You are not my mother. If you were you wouldn't punish me."

Whereupon, more spanking.

Don't fancy, with a tender sinking of the heart, that the Cora of "Clarence" and the child of a childless couple's fancy in Barrie's "Dear Brutus," was a broken spirited child. Her small, dark eyed mother smiles too often and is too girlish herself to wield a heavy hand. But the rod was not spared, even though it may have been wrapped in velvet.

Which may be a reason why nineteen year old Miss Hayes is reasonable as well as spontaneous. She is an only child. Her mother did not wish to rear one of the self-centered, introspective, self-sufficient species. Therefore and wherefore discreet correction.

The result is what? At any rate a young person who is exceedingly popular in the companies in which she plays. One who "can't understand why some think actors are quarrelsome. I never had a quarrel in a company and I never will." When she was leaving the "Clarence" company to give the Bostonians "Bab," the company presented her a loving cup. On the side of the gold-lined, silver urn, beneath the flare of its shining lip, was inscribed "Oh! Clarence!" It was Miss Hayes' frequently recurrent line. Beneath it were the names of the members of the company.

Alfred Lunt, the Clarence, held the cup behind him. He had been drafted to make the presentation speech. He began: "Helen, not all of us have been mothers, but we have all had mothers. And it is the love of a mother which we bear toward you." At least that was the speech which Mr. Lunt had carefully prepared. But he was not allowed to go beyond "not all of us have been mothers." The object of his oratory espied the cup's shining lip protruding from behind his coat. Wherat she burst into tears. "I don't want to leave you," she sobbed. "I don't want to star. I want to stay here always and just play Clarence." Ensued much fretting.

For George C. Tyler this might have been the beginning of an epoch of trouble. But, fortunately, Helen had not gone unspanked. Memories of discipline had done their restraining work. Mr. Tyler expected her to go to Boston to play Bab. She dried her tears, received the cup in her tiny flower-like hands, and kissed everybody "goodbye."

She visualized Mary Roberts Rinehardt's mischievous creature of impulse and self will to the grave Bostonians. The Bostonians smiled as did, later, New York. As rivers widen to meet the bay the smiles extended into laughter. Her vivacious young mother said to back stage visitors, "Helen is playing herself when she plays Bab. She wasn't a goody good child. She had to be spanked sometimes and when she needed a spanking she got it."



HELEN HAYES

Proof of the fact that her spirit was not extinguished by early corrections is found in the way she received the critics' exclamation: "A new Maude Adams!"

"I don't like it a bit" she said. "Miss Adams is adorable. No one could be like her. She is in a class by herself and will stay there. As for me I don't want to be like anyone else, no matter how wonderful. I want to be myself as well as I can. That's success."

Sage conclusion. A few thousand of Helen Hayes' elders would be happier if early they had grasped that truth. Having heard her utter it we observe for the first time that Helen Hayes, whom everyone in the company calls "the dear baby," has a well stocked head set gracefully upon her slender shoulders.

She has dolls but she has memories. She still amuses herself sureptitiously with a brood of strangely variegated toy humans led by Herman. Herman is a Teuton doll acquired before the war. But she classes herself demurely as "an old timer" and astounds one with her recollections. She is a "pal" and a discovery of Lew Fields. She knew Vernon Castle who called her 'Our child.' Charles Frohman tutored her in the art of acting in "The Prodigal Husband." John Drew assisted with amiability and enthusiasm in the tutoring. For if you are, as Miss Hayes, an old timer, you will remember that the sauvest of American actors was the star of that drama.

"When I had to create the rôle of the elfin child, a spirit, not a real child, you know, in "Dear Brutus," I didn't believe I could play it. I worried and cried and wrote letters of resignation from the company and tore them up. I was the most miserable girl on earth. One night I cried myself to sleep. Mr. Frohman came to me in a dream. He stood beside me and looked down ever so kindly as he used to do when I was a little girl. He said: 'Don't be afraid. I will guide you through it.' "That gave me courage. I believe he did help me to play the part."

The "dear baby" of her companies doesn t seem to me at all babyish. Rather is she enveloped by a delicate veil of seriousness. Quite as one may expect. I have never known creative artists who bore even a distant resemblance to a clown. Occasional playfulness of spirit they have. It flashes across "the little Hayes girl's" face as sunlight over a lake. But even while you admire it is gone and thoughtfulness descends upon her.

She is composed chiefly of herself and baffling resemblances. She is as small as Mary Pickford and has the same coloring, fair as to hair and dark as to eyes. She has the fragility of Frances Starr and her gravity. Like Billie Burke she has sudden, merry impulses. If being natural and having odd, little, tricky manners is being like Maude Adams she is like her.

She is of Washington. While she was in the acute stage of correction to which I earlier referred she danced at a child's pantomime in the capital city. Lew Fields who was playing in the city attended the dancing school commencement. He wrote to its mistress: "I enjoyed the occasion. You have a child, Helen Hayes, who is so clever that if she ever goes on the stage I should like to know it."

Eventually, Mr. Fields engaged her for "Old Dutch." She remained with him four years. She passed thence under John Drew's banner. George Tyler engaged her for the second "Pollyanna" company. Broadway's acquaintance with her began in Barrie's fantasy at the Empire. Then "Clarence." Then "Bab."

ADA PATTERSON.



Photocraft

ACT II. "THE FIRST YEAR"

(From left to right) *Frank Craven, Hale Norcross, Leila Bennett, Roberta Arnold, Mercita Esmonde*

Mr. Craven endeavors to keep up appearances under difficulties



ARTHUR ELDRED AND HELEN HAYES IN "BAB" AT THE PARK THEATRE

White



OTIS SKINNER (Center) IN MAJOR MASON'S LONDON SUCCESS "AT THE VILLA ROSE"

THRILLS AND FUN IN DRAMA AND COMEDY

OLD FAVORITES

JOHN GILBERT

This fine actor was born in 1810 and died in 1889. Making his début in 1828, he remained on the stage until the time of his death, even from an early age having been principally associated with "old man" rôles, in which field he was without a peer, his extensive repertoire including Sir Peter Teazle, Abbé Constantin, Sir Anthony Absolute and Mr. Hardcastle. He was born in Boston, and there he died.



Falk

CLARA MORRIS

Although Sarah Bernhardt, who was born in 1845, and Ellen Terry, who was born in 1848, are still acting, and recognized as the greatest in France and England respectively, Clara Morris, who was born in 1846, has long since been in retirement. She was formerly considered the greatest actress in America, through her emotional performances in such pieces as "Man and Wife," "Article 47" and "Camille." She was at the height of her fame in the 70's, under the managements of Augustin Daly and A. M. Palmer



LAWRENCE BARRETT

Characterized by William Winter as "one of the noblest figures of the modern stage," Barrett was born in Paterson, N. J., and made his stage début in that city in 1853. He co-starred with Edwin Booth from 1887 until his death in 1891, his greatest parts being Cassius, Hamlet, Lear and Shylock



Falk

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

BIJOU. "THE SKIN GAME." Tragic comedy in three acts by John Galsworthy. Produced Oct. 20 with this cast:

Jill	Joan Maclean
Mr. Hilcrist	March Allen
Fellows	Horace Pollock
Mr. Jackman	Tracy Barrow
Mrs. Jackman	Lillian Brennard
Mrs. Hillcrist	Cynthia Brooke
Dawker	Arthur Bowyer
Mr. Hornblower	Herbert Lomas
Charles	N. St. Clair Hales
Chloe	Josephine Victor
Rolf	Robertson Braine
An Auctioneer	Ernest Cossart
A Country Solicitor	Ashton Tonge
The First Stranger	Douglas Garden
The Second Stranger	Ashton Tonge
Anna	Shirley Gale

IF one compares, "The Skin Game" with either "The Silver Box" or "Strife," earlier plays from his pen, I think it must be agreed that John Galsworthy is not advancing in his rôle of playwright. Nevertheless, the American public should prove responsively grateful for this, his latest offering. There is little of pure drama on the boards today, and those who like some deviation from the innumerable comic trivialities, so prevalent, will take genuine pleasure and derive real enjoyment from this clever, subtle and unflinching presentation of one of the phases of social clash.

An old-time English family, the Hillcrists, have been living residents of a remote county district in England. Into it comes a Mr. Hornblower, an aggressive and unscrupulous business man, who has made himself what he is. He revolutionizes and threatens to spoil the neighborhood by his factories and chimneys. Mrs. Hillcrist snubs the family. The younger generation of the opposing camps are friendly.

War breaks out. In the struggle for certain land, Hornblower's money wins. To set the victory aside, Mrs. Hillcrist takes advantage of her knowledge of the shady past of Hornblower's daughter-in-law. The battle rages with all the ups and downs of real warfare. The daughter-in-law attempts suicide and the conclusion shows that the blooded gentry has won, but as Hillcrist comments as the curtain rings down: "What is gentility worth if it can't stand fire?"

This is all exploited with the literary skill of which Galsworthy is a master. The dialogue is trenchant, opposite and timely. The characters are ably defined, the clash presented with balanced fairness. The company with the exception of Josephine Victor, as the daughter-in-law, is entirely English. It is not brilliant nor, indeed, wholly competent to bring out the inner depths of Galsworthy's philosophy, which by no means relieves Mrs. Hillcrist's character of a "cattiness" difficult to condone. Played by Cynthia Brooke, it seemed unnecessarily hard. The dominating Hornblower was strongly and effectively personated by Herbert Lomas. Marsh Allen superficially indicated the really nice and noble instincts of Hillcrist and the daughter, Jill, with youth's impulsive impressions of right and wrong, was brought into nice and pleasant relief by Joan Maclean.

Two distressed tenants were characteristically treated by Tracy Barrow and Lillian Brennard.

39TH STREET. "THE OUTRAGEOUS MRS. PALMER." Play in four acts by Harry Wagstaff Gribble. Produced Oct 12 with this cast:

Rovena Herrick	Miriam Elliott
Carton	Eugenie Blair
Cardigan North	Herbert Standing, Jr.
House Maid	Louise De Voe
Brandon Sullivan	Henry E. Dixey
Leble	Luis Alberni
Marcelle	Edith Rose Scott
Miss Tripp	Jane Evans
Mrs. Cardigan North	Mary Young
James Holden	Franklin George
Oosy Woozy	Boi Loo-Ylang
Philip Palmer	Raymond Hackett
Mrs. Rollins	Minna Gale Haynes
Miss Clara Beebe	Florence Edney
Guy Dunn	Frank Dekum
Natalie Thompson	May Collins

THERE is nothing outrageous about Mary Young's "Mrs. Palmer." Her's is a deft, sympathetic, and wholly delightful performance, quite one of the acting treats of the season. True, a temperamental character part can cover a multitude of dramatic sins, and it does in this instance. But they are the sins of the playwright, and should not, in fairness, be visited upon the star.

"The Outrageous Mrs. Palmer," is anything but a good play. Mr. Gribble flaunts clap-trap in the very face of his orchestra leader; he is guilty of situations wherein characters behave as never human beings have behaved since they became human; he gives "sob lines" to an ingenue aimed to break the heart-strings of the audience, which, on the night I viewed the entertainment, broke not a string.

Mrs. Palmer is an actress of the ultra temperamental variety. I understand that Mrs. Pat Campbell was in the author's mind as the inspiration of his character. All men love her and she loves all men; until one day her son returns from somewhere, big and tall and handsome and she stops loving other men in order to love him. Incidentally, there is a somewhat unpleasant suggestion of the Electra complex in her attitude. I should like to see Miss Young convey a somewhat more maternal emotion. The son goes off to war after a scene with his mother which estranges them, coming as the result of the mother's announcement to the son's fiancée that he is illigitimate. The fiancée being a modern young lady apparently blames the son for being so careless in the matter of his birth and calls off the engagement. And so on.

Much balderdash ensues, and there is a terrible last act. But through all of it shines the brilliant work of Mary Young. Her interpretation of the rôle is one of the fine things of the year. The lover of good acting should see it.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "HITCHY KOO, 1920." Extravaganza in two acts. Book by Glen MacDonough and Anne Caldwell. Music by Jerome Kern. Produced Oct. 19 with these principals:

Raymond Hitchcock, G. P. Huntley, Florence O'Denishawn, Julius Sanderson, Tyler Brooks, Charles Withers, Douglas Stevenson, Charles, Louis and Verna Mosconi, Grace Moore

"HITCHY KOO" is entertainment that smacks heavily of big time vaudeville. The Mosconis, that excellent quartet of original dancers, and Charles Wither's "For Pity's Sake" are bodily transplantations from variety. There is a thin libretto of anything but original humor which scarcely lives up to the skill of Raymond Hitchcock and G. P. Huntley, an English comedian. The latter is a delighful mime, but there is nothing in "Hitchy Koo's" book which will help give substance to his local fame.

Julia Sanderson is as sweet and as unmelodious as ever. The settings are good, which is more than I can say for the music. By far the best features of the show are the strikingly lovely costumes, specially designed by the admirable Mme. Rasimi.

HENRY MILLER'S. "JUST SUPPOSE." Comedy by A. E. Thomas. Produced Nov. 1 with this cast:

Kingsley Stafford	George Pauncefort
Hannibal	Lawrence Eddinger
Mrs. Stafford	Mrs. Thomas Whiffen
Mr. Warren	William J. Keighley
Linda Lee Stafford	Patricia Collinge
Hon. Sir Calverton	Leslie Howard
George	Geoffrey Kerr
The Marquis of Karnaby	Fred Kerr

A PRETTY story, heavily indebted to "Old Heidelberg" for all of its ideas and most of its situations is this narrative of love-at-first-sight between the heir to the British throne and a sweet Virginian girl. In all frankness, I cannot say that the author is entirely successful in avoiding the saccharin, but those who like tales about love's young dream will find much that is exquisite and entertaining in Mr. Thomas's play.

Love at first sight is a perilous dramatic ingredient. The novelist can play with it to his heart's content, for your book reader believes what he is told. An audience, however, is inclined to draw its own conclusions, and for that reason the comedy's title is helpful in creating illusion, giving as it does, imaginative, if not actual, credence to the fierce flame of love which instantly bursts out in the hearts of H. R. H. and Linda Lee when they gaze upon each other for the first time. If there is any truth in the theory that members of an audience live the lives of the characters unfolded before them, some precious thrills await the young ladies who might enjoy a delirious moment under a Virginia moon in the arms of the most important young man in the world!

There is a needless haste in the play's development, which precipitates the end at the close of the second act. The third and last act merely repeats and gains nothing. On the contrary, there is an anti-climax and in the absence of the humor which pervades the earlier acts, some of the play's charm is lost.

Dramatic force and pathos mark the scenes in which the perturbed British ambassador, played with fine unction and authority by that admirable comedian of the old school, Fred Kerr, essays to keep both young people appraised of the fact that George Chester is not George Chester at all, but England. Beautifully handled, also, are the difficult scenes between the lovers, and on the whole, it is a delightful and charming play.

Patricia Collinge looked lovely and acted with skill the part of Linda Lee, the Virginian beauty who plays such havoc with the royal affections. Geoffrey Kerr was sympathetic as the princely lover, but he did not look H. R. H. Robust, with a rather thick set figure, nothing about him either in bearing or speech suggested the blood royal. Leslie Howard, as an Embassy attaché, injected welcome humor into the sentimental scenes, and dear old Mrs. Whiffen, survivor of a better theatrical era, was a delight as Linda's aristocratic mother.

LITTLE. "THE FIRST YEAR." Comedy in three acts by Frank Craven. Produced Oct. 20 with this cast:

Roberta Arnold	Grace Livingston
William Sampson	Mr. Livjngston
Maude Granger	Mrs. Livingston
Tim Murphy	Dr. Anderson
Lyster Chambers	Dick Loring
Frank Craven	Thomas Tucker
Leila Bennett	Hattie
Hale Norcross	Mr. Barstow
Merceita Esmonde	Mrs. Barstow

STRONG dramatic stuff can be spun out of the most insignificant and humble details of our everyday existence. A veritable crisis can be created by the non-delivery of the Sunday papers, and a dénouement seems latent in the inability of a hired girl to come to work. "The First Year" is full of these precious reflections of our own secret lives, served up in such a way as to emphasize both their humor and their regrets.

In the broader theatrical sense, rather than the purely technical, "The First Year" very nearly approaches being that *rara avis*, "the best play of the season." It is precisely what it is announced to be, a "tragic comedy of the first year of married life." Actually it is a somewhat pastel affair, played in a minor key throughout, happily devoid of what professional dramaturgeons are wont to call "big scenes." The story, the conflict, the suspense, are all, in one sense, thin as air, but, in another, they are as vital as drama can ever hope to be, concerning as they do real people doing real things.

Here we have a typical newly-married embroglio, sans any teeth-gnashing husbands learning the "terrible truth," sans any smut, gloriously sans anything that smells of grease-paint. I doubt not that any hard-boiled Sardovian would, upon learning the story of the piece and being told of its climaxes, nail these to the door of the Little Theatre denying that such twaddle could possibly engage minds that rated Grade B or better. But it does. It engages minds that grade anywhere from A plus to Z minus. See it by all means some time before it leaves town. You'll probably have a few years' time to do it in.

The cast is admirable throughout, Roberta Arnold as the young wife and William Sampson as a comic father, especially distinguishing themselves. But Frank Craven himself, with his unimitable humor, is the whole show.

LIBERTY. "THE HALF MOON." Musical play in three acts. Book by William Le Baron. Music by Victor Jacobi. Produced Nov. 1 with this cast:

Harkins	Herbert Sparling
Mrs. Jarvis	Edna May Oliver
Grace Bolton	Ivy Sawyer
Joe Beckett	Charles W. Lawrence
Anne	Virginia Shelby
Mary Bolton	May Thompson
John Copley Adams	William Ingersoll
Henry Hobson	Joseph Cawthorn
Bradford Adams	Oscar Shaw
Charlie Hobson	Joseph Santley
Estelle	Elaine Palmer
Maggie Green	Maude Eburne

THEATREGOERS of the eighties have pleasurable memories of the phenomenal London success. "Our Boys." In "The Half Moon,"

the illiterate but kind-hearted butler is an American Pork packer, a rôle which gives Joseph Cawthorn a free and liberal hand for the projection of his rich and juicy humor. With the exception of a few brief interludes of rather soggy fun, we have a polite, genial and amusing musical comedy. It is presented with nice distinction, costumes are in good taste, the stage settings suggest refinement and the general atmosphere is more politely rarified than is usual in productions of this description. The unctuous kindliness of the packer and the patrician calm of the proud-blooded son of Massachusetts, the two fathers, is nicely contrasted and the manner in which the course of love in their respective cases is so rudely interrupted, only to be adjusted happily in the end, makes for some nice scenes of drama and humor.

William Ingersoll is the Proud Papa, a rôle which he plays with sustained dignity, while his sister is personated by Edna May Oliver with admirable address and an artistic devotion to conventional form. Very engaging in youthful vivacity, charm, adolescent enthusiasm is the quartet of young lovers, Ivy Sawyer, May Bolton, Joseph Santley and Oscar Shaw, while two servants, Elaine Palmer as a parlor maid dancing sprite and Maude Eburne as a charwoman lend sprightliness and comic unction to their several scenes. The stage management of Fred. C. Latham presents many adroit and original touches, while Victor Jacobi's score is well above the average. It is scored with fine musical dexterity and its songs, sentimental and otherwise, have graceful interest, lilting suavity and melodious dash.

BOOTH. "THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER." Play in four acts by Amelie Rives, founded on Mark Twain's story. Produced Nov. 1 with this cast:

Mistress Canty	Mary Rehan
Nan Canty	Madeleine King
John Canty	Reginald Barlow
Tom Canty	Ruth Findlay
Prince Edward	Ruth Findlay
Hugh Gallard	Lowden Adams
Princess Elizabeth	Clare Eames
Sir Thomas Seymour	John Anthony
Margery Mallow	Harda Daube
Francis	Harold Webster
Ralph Hendon	Walter Sherwin
Earl of Hertford	Montague Rutherford
Miles Hendon	William Faversham
Mad Anthony	Cecil Yapp
Moll—A Gypsy	Gertrude Davis
Andy	Harry Kittredge
Lord Crammer	Alexander Loftus

THE absurdity of the star system was never more strikingly demonstrated than on the first night of "The Prince and the Pauper," when Miss Clare Eames—seen only once before on Broadway, in a small part in "Déclassée—won hands down the honors and applause which, by all laws and customs of the theatre, are reserved for the star.

Miss Eames has only a small part —that of the Princess Elizabeth, sister of Edward VI, but she played it with consummate artistry. Admirably "made up," with flaming red hair, and historically correct as to costume and manner, she looked like a Holbein canvas descended from its frame. The traditional mannerisms and traits of England's Virgin Queen—her shrewish irascibility, quick wit, strong imperious will, her flashes of passionate ardor, her ambition, hates, her regal bearing, gestures, intonations — all were sketched with such authority, *finesse* and sureness of touch, that I sat back and gasped: "There's an actress!"

There have been several stage versions of Mark Twain's well-known story. The present one, by Amelie Rives, is no better, no worse than its predecessors. Arranged in seven tableaux, we see the frail, little Edward, son of Henry VIII, changing places for a prank with poor Tom Canty, whom he strangely resembles, the pauper assuming the splendors of royalty and the prince lost in the labyrinth of London's unsavory slums. Harried by the town roughs, who mock him when he discloses his identity, the royal lad is in actual danger when the gallant Miles Hendon appears on the scene with his trusty rapier and puts the tormentors to flight. Then the scene in Hendon's attic, where the soldier-adventurer, amused by the boy's pretentions and serious manner, lends himself to what he considers a whimsical fancy. Then a royal kidnapping and more adventures, followed by a quick change to the palace where the beggar boy is overwhelmed and terrified at the honors and splendors heaped upon him, and the real prince is eventually restored to the throne of his ancestors. These are the principal scenes in a play interesting enough, no doubt, to juveniles, but hopelessly old-fashioned and painfully obvious throughout.

The rest of the cast were tame by comparison with the fine performance by Miss Eames. The single exception, perhaps, was the excellent acting of Cecil Yapp, as the insane old sot, Mad Anthony. Mr. Faversham, never entirely cured of his old-time propensity to strut, finds in Miles Hendon a rôle dear to his heart. If swagger and rapier thrust, studied attitudes and sonorous speech constitute good acting, nothing could be more satisfying than the star's portrayal of the soldier-adventurer. Ruth Findlay gives a rather colorless performance in the dual rôle of prince and pauper. Her reading was artificial and stilted in the opening scenes, and at no time did she rise above the commonplace, although to do her justice, there is little in the part of any acting value. The actress, however, made a charming picture as the frail, shrinking Kinglet.

GARRICK. "HEARTBREAK HOUSE." Comedy in three acts by George Bernard Shaw. Produced Nov. 10 with this cast:

Ellie Dunn	Elizabeth Risdon
Nurse Guinness	Helen Westley
Capt. Shotover	Albert Perry
Lady Utterword	Lucille Watson
Hesione Hushabye	Effie Shannon
Mazzini Dunn	Erskine Sanford
Hector Hushabye	Fred Eric
Boss Mangan	Dudley Digges
Randall Utterword	Ralph Roeder
The Burglar	Henry Travers

G. BERNARD SHAW evidently takes keen delight in writing lengthy prefaces to his plays, and, personally, I always experience true intellectual stimulation in reading them. But as forewords to what is to come, I don't think they need always be followed. I can see no necessity of reading a "Europe Before the War" symbolism into "Heartbreak House," with which The Theatre Guild has scored a veritable artistic knock-out at the Garrick. To me it is one of those helter-skelter combinations of adventure through which Mr. Shaw puts a varied and superbrilliant number of quasi-humans. It is delightfully bizarre, extravagantly fantastic, perfectly impossible, but withal, splendidly entertaining.

Allow that Mr. Shaw defies all the conventions of a well-made play; granted he is sincere in his arguments or argue that there is not a grain of sincerity in his literary make-up. Take him seriously or set him down as a mountebank, the fact remains that what oozes from his pen fails but seldom to provide

amusement of the very best kind. For this much let us be thankful, whatever his intent or motive.

To analyze or even rehearse the doings of these remarkable people—they assemble for two acts in the home of Captain Shotover, whose living room is a replica of the ship's cabin in which he spent many years—would require a vast amount of space so interdependent are they in their mixed emotions and reactions. Sufficient to say that they principally do nothing but talk, by which they lay bare their inmost soul. It is something like Gilbert's "Palace of Truth," wherein all had to speak the truth regardless of consequences. This makes for the usual showers of paradoxical fireworks and the constant crack and sparkle of verbal pinwheels.

The acting is of the highest order and the performance in almost every particular as satisfying as it well might be. So, too, is the setting of the two scenes designed with fine intelligence by Lee Simonson.

Three characterizations are perfect: Elizabeth Risdon, as Ellie Dunn; Effie Shannon, as Hesione and Dudley Digges as Boss Mangan. The subtlest shade of psychological veracity is indicated with supreme skill. The eccentricities of the Captain are tinged with genial humanity and philosophic reflection by Albert Perry, while Lady Utterword has the nice authority of the true woman of the world.

The interpolated burglar is most amusing as sketched by Henry Travers, while Helen Westley as the old nurse and Ralph Roeder as the neurotic attaché do good work. Fred Eric as Hector and Erskine Sanford complete the cast.

For humor and literary vivacity, "Heartbreak House" should not be overlooked.

BELMONT. "FRENCH LEAVE." Comedy in three acts by Reginald Berkeley. Produced Nov. 8 with this cast:

Corporal Sykes	Dallas Welford
Rifleman Jenks	Harry McNaughton
Mlle. Juliette	Mrs. Coburn
Madame Denaux	Helen Tilden
Captain Glenister	Alexander Onslow
General Root	Mr. Coburn
Lieutenant Graham	Noel Tearle
M. Jules Marnier	Arthur Klein

OF extremely light texture is this little comedy which the Coburns, of "Better 'Ole" memory, are using as a vehicle this season. Much in the same vein as its predecessor, but not nearly so amusing, it has the war as an unseen background and Mr. Coburn appears as a gouty, crusty, old brigadier general, instead of the bewhiskered, bleary-eyed, gin-soaked "'Ole Bill."

The complications are few and of the most obvious kind. The humor—some of it good—is often forced, and grows out of situations so old that there is not much more laughter left in them.

Captain Graham's attractive little wife, defying Army regulations, comes to the headquarters, "somewhere in France," disguised as a Paris singer. The captain's delight on seeing her is modified when he realizes that her mad prank renders him liable to court martial. His annoyance is heightened by the fact that the gallant old general and a sentimental lieutenant immediately proceed to make violent love to the supposed singer. The situations arising out of this quadrangle are the usual ones and, while there are amusing scenes, no one need fear jaw dislocation from too much hilarity.

Mr. Coburn, of course, is delightful as the old general. Unfortunately, the part doesn't give him enough to do. Mrs. Coburn is vivacious and charming and wears some stunning gowns as the singer from gay Paree. Dallas Welford, an old-time comic favorite, has little opportunity as a discipline-loving corporal, but he extracts every ounce of fun out of the character.

PARK. "BAB." Comedy in four acts by Edward Childs Carpenter. Produced Nov. 1 with this cast:

James Archibald	Sam Edwards
William	James Kearney
Mrs. Archibald	Percy Haswell
Leila Archibald	Edith King
Hannah	Helen Gurney
Carter Brooks	Tom Powers
Bab	Helen Hayes
Jane Raleigh	Lillian Ross
Clinton Beresford	Arthur Eldred
Eddie Perkins	Stephen Davis
Guy Grosvenor	Robert Hudson

WHILE "Bab" is, primarily, a play for the adolescent youth and maiden, it is not without its appeal for grown ups. It either reminds us of our growing children, or turns back the clock so that we return to the days of our own raw youth.

"Bab" is a play much like "Seventeen," "Penrod," "Clarence" and others which have among their central figures a boy or girl just developing into manhood or womanhood. Mary Roberts Rinehardt's "sub-deb" stories from which "Bab" was created, are too well known to the public to go into detail regarding them. Helen Hayes, who plays the title rôle in "Bab," and who made an instantaneous hit when she first appeared in the rôle, is decidedly adorable as the piquant, romantic, mischievous, imaginative, affectionate school girl, and catches the spirit thoroughly of the type she delineates. She has excellent support from all the members of the cast who understand well the peculiar mixture of humor and pathos which must be woven into a play of this sort.

KNICKERBOCKER. "MARY." Musical comedy in 2 acts. Book by Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel. Music by Lou Hirsch. Produced Nov. 8 with this cast:

Jack Keene	Jack McGowan
Mrs. Keene	Georgia Caine
Tommy Boid	Alfred Gerrard
Madeline Francis	Florrie Millership
Mary Howells	Janet Velie
Huggins	Frederic Graham
Gaston Marceau	Charles Judels
Mr. Goddard	James C. Marlowe
Dea'on	Gene Richards
Meakon	Wesley Totten
Chicky	By Herself

THE predominating impression after seeing a performance of "Mary," is of having been present at a speed and endurance test. This test is participated in by the chorus, helped on by certain of the principals, who, when they are on view are always in rapid and strenuous motion. It seems impossible that so much vigorous gymnastic work was ever crowded into one musical comedy before.

Otherwise, "Mary" is the conventional type of musical comedy, put on in the usual way, with people in the principal rôles who are adequate to the few acting requirements, but not one of whom can sing. Janet Velie in the title rôle is a newcomer as a principal and was satisfactory. Florrie Millership as a grass widow is sufficiently sophisticated and delivers her lines with plenty of catty venom. Georgia Caine is entirely at home as Mrs. Keene.

Jack McGowan as the hero has a most engaging smile at his command and evinces much sincerity and earn-

(*Continued on page 58*)



(Left) *Jack McGowan and Janet Velie.* (Top center) *Florrie Millership and Alfred Gerrard.* (Right) *Georgia Caine and Charles Judels.* (Bottom center) *Sibylla Bowhan and James Marlowe*

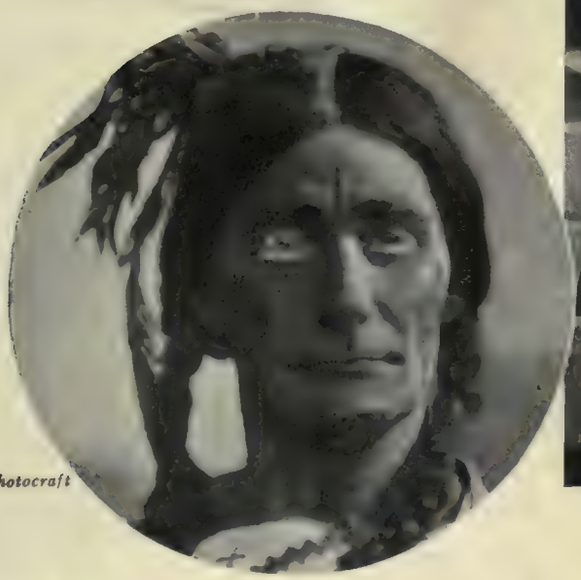
THE PRINCIPALS IN "MARY," THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY WHICH HAS ALL THE QUALITIES OF A TYPICAL GEO. M. COHAN SUCCESS—PRETTY GIRLS, SMART GOWNS AND BEWITCHING MELODIES



Abbé

JULIA SANDERSON AND RAYMOND HITCHCOCK IN "HITCHY KOO 1920" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM

This clever farceur and charming comedienne manage to extract good entertainment out of old material



Photocraft

FRED STONE

***As a cheerful, irrepressible** Indian, this inimitable comedian scores another hit in the musical extravaganza, "Tip Top," at the Globe Theatre*

FAVORITE FUN MAKERS IN MUSICAL COMEDY

MUSIC MAD NEW YORK

Brilliant Opera Season Opens at the Metropolitan

By FRANK H. WARREN

IF we reckon by quantity, New York has become the musical metropolis of the world. Between last October and next May, everybody can have found something to suit his musical taste. For, beside opera by the Metroplitan forces, with a million dollar subscription sale, and the Chicago company, returning for six weeks late in January, more than two hundred orchestral concerts are scheduled for the season, divided among the three local orchestras and visiting symphonic bands from Milan, Italy, led by the skilled Toscanini; Boston, Philadelphia, and Detroit, with a probability of Chicago and Cincinnati hurling their representatives at us. Add, to this, chamber music organizations, plus recitals by pianists, violinists, other instrumental soloists and singers, and the deluge is complete.

In spite of a month or more of earlier concerts the big gun of the season is not officially fired until Mr. Gatti-Casazza raises the Metropolitan Opera curtain upon Enrico Caruso and his collection of priceless throated singers. The operatic bombardment began Monday night, Nov. 15, with a performance of Jacques Halevy's "La Juive," old-fashioned, bombastic and houp-la. It was attended by all the now familiar concomitants of society resplendent, gathering of the city's musical clans, lobby promenading, lobby gossip, excitement and general much-ado. That Caruso was singing was sufficient, but it may be added that others in the opening performance were Rosa Ponselle, Evelyn Scotney, Orville Harrold and Leon Rothier with Artur Bodanzky in the conductor's chair to keep the squeaks from being heard too plainly.

INASMUCH as Mr. Gatti-Casazza, general manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has at his command the largest number of artists and can offer the greatest variety of entertainment, music followers in New York usually look to him to set the pace for the season. Mr. Gatti is serving his thirteenth music feast and, as in other years, his menu contains not only the customary revivals but, to us, two brand new dishes. One is the opera, "The Polish Jew," by the Czechoslovak composer, Karl Weis, to a libretto by Victor Leon and Richard Batka. Bohemian, the tongue in which the book was written, being a bit beyond the lingual accomplishments of the Metropolitan artists, the opera will be given in English. Mr. Weis, who is close to sixty, is a composer of German and Czech operas that are familiar to Prague operagoers. "The Polish Jew" was first given there in 1901.

And while on the subject of English texts it may be said that, encouraged by the reception of "Parsifal" in English last year, Mr. Gatti has added "Lohengrin" and "Tristan and Isolda" in the English language to his repertoire. Old translations of these works have been utilized.

The Metropolitan's directing forces held off for a long time on Charpentier's "Louise" and Giordano's "Andrea Chenier," operas that Oscar Hammerstein introduced to the local public. Why Charpentier's work was outside the fold for years is a matter for conjecture. Anyhow, "Louise" is to bring intimate Paris to the Metropolitan stage. Whenever this opera is mentioned knowing ones usually start humming "Depuis le Jour" and speaking of Mary Garden. But Geraldine Farrar is out after the Chicago prima donna's laurels, for she has the title rôle at the Metropolitan.

ANDREA CHENIER" has never been given at the Broadway house. Mr. Hammerstein produced it in 1907-08 with Eva Tetrazzini in the chief female rôle.

Boito's "Mefistofele," heard back in 1907-08 at the Metropolitan, was Mr. Gatti's first revival of this season. The Russian artist, Boris Anisfeld, who painted "The Blue Bird" last year, has designed some weird settings for this piece.

For data on "Don Carlos," another promised revival, with Caruso singing, one would have to browse through the programmes of the oldest living opera-goers. This is one of Verdi's works that the Italian master revamped later in his career. In style it may be bracketed with "La Forza del Destino" and "The Masked Ball."

The other novelty on Mr. Gatti's table is entitled, "Il Carillon Magico," The Magic Chimes, officially designated a mimic symphony comedy. It is a ballet in three scenes and is the work of Pick-Mangiagalli and is said to have found success in Europe. The light-footed Rosina Galli, the non-warbling star of the Metropolitan, is the ballet's chief protagonist, as Mr. Gatti puts it, and all the evolutions are her own.

In the company's personnel there are few changes. The list of conductors is unchanged but a new stage producer and director, Samuel Thewman, has succeeded Richard Ordynski. Mr. Thewman comes from the Opera of Prague.

OF the singers, Emmy Destinn has returned to the fold and Cora Chase, an American coloratura, will divide with Mabel Garrison, operas that call for trills, cadenzas, and other vocal embellishments that amaze. A welcome bit of news is that Lucrezia Bori, whom vocal difficulty has kept from the singing lists for several years, will reappear the latter half of the season. Who can forget her impersonation of Ah-Joe in "L'Oracolo" or of Fiora in "L'Amore dei Tre Re?"

Then there is Benjamin Gigli, tenor from La Scala, and Guiseppe Danise, a baritone, besides a dozen lesser lights to help rule the nights.

Perhaps a legitimate music note is the announcement that the opera directors have added to their board, Frederick A. Juilliard and George Eastman, of Rochester, a genuine patron of music and father of the kodak. Hereafter, why not kodak as you go—to the opera?

Not to be outdone by Mr. Gatti's activities, the local symphony orchestras have been hot on the trail of patronage. The National Symphony, reconstructed and reorganized from last season's New Symphony, whose tempi destinies Artur Bodanzky directs, got away to an early start in order to complete its season's schedule. Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony chose the final day of October for their plunge into the symphonic sea, and the Philharmonic Society, now in its Seventy-ninth year, with Josef Stransky again at the helm, opened its season in November. So keen is the competition among these three organizations that one conductor apiece is not sufficient. Consequently, the National Symphony has summoned Wilhelm Mengelberg, conductor of the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Holland, to share, for three winter months the baton with Mr. Bodanzky, who is doubly busy with opera. Alfred Coates, a conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra and at Covent Garden, is a guest conductor at Mr. Damrosch's invitation, and Henry Hadley, American composer-conductor, is associate conductor of the Philharmonic. Each band has its staunch adherents and which is the best is a daily matter for lobby discussion.

OF the artists who have been heard in recital, Josef Lhevinne, pianist, received universal commendation. Leopold Godowsky, pianist, played his new "Triakontameron" a group of thirty pieces in triple time on all sorts of subjects from Moonlight to Syncopation; ingenious and interesting. Ottilie Schillig, soprano, emphasized the fine impression she created last year as a singer of uncommon gifts.

Coming to Ervin Nyredghazi, a Hungarian pianist, and but seventeen, we have the sensation of the thus far season. Already he has played three times. Besides his unusual technical gifts and talent, he has that something different, that individuality, that so many are on the lookout for. Mishel Piastro seems to be the best of the new violinists.

Of the familiar stars, Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave an extremely finished piano recital, and Fritz Kreisler again demonstrated that he is still the king of fiddlers.

The London String Quartet in their series of concerts proved that they are worthy of the platform of our own Flonzaleys.



Maurice Goldberg

ROSINA GALLI

Premiere danseuse and ballet mistress at the Metropolitan. Mme. Galli will be the "star" of the new Symphonic ballet, "The Magic Chimes"

WILLIAM MENGELBERG

Conductor of the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Holland, who is coming to New York to conduct the concerts of the National Symphony orchestra for three months







Maurice Goldberg

ARTUR BODANZKY

This busy conductor divides his time between the Metropolitan and the National Symphony Orchestra, an organization that is developing rapidly under his skilled baton

MANNA ZUCCA

One of the best known and most promising of New York's musician composers. She is represented on nearly every singer's programme

LUCREZIA BORI

Soprano, whose loss for the last few years has been keenly felt in operatic circles. She returns to the Metropolitan this season



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PROMINENT FIGURES IN THE MUSIC WORLD

It Takes Four to Make a Play

THE AUTHOR

I'm sending you a four-act play
  That's full of sex appeal,
I hope you'll read it right away,
  And tell me how you feel.
The play is crammed with modern stuff
  That ought to cop the coin;
Just here and there a trifle tough,
  But mostly tenderloin.

THE MANAGER

I've read your play with deepest zest,
  Will sign contract today;
Let's hope it stands the acid test
  When once it strikes Broadway.
Am glad you choose a woman theme,
  If Mayor will enjoin,
We'll have 'em coming in a stream
  And simply rake in coin.

THE CRITIC

This is the sort of sewer play
  That's built to draw the crowd;
Such scum as this means race decay—
  It should not be allowed.
We must deplore the current fad
  To teach upon our stage
That all mankind at heart is bad,
  And life's a smutty page.

THE PUBLIC

I went to see Rotwood's new play!
  Of course it's rather strong,
But not enough to make one say
  That, morally, it's wrong.
I took my wife the other night—
  She thought it was "some show."
It seems to me the play's all right,
  If I were you, I'd go.

—Edwin Carty Ranck.





Photo Nickolas Muray

DORIS KENYON

After dashing in, out and under beds on the stage in "The Girl in the Limousine," Doris Kenyon has settled down to the more even pace of screen productions. When not engaged in acting behind footlights or in the studio, Miss Kenyon writes slim little volumes of very charming verse

WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

By ALISON SMITH

THIS month, like Thackeray's novel, has been a story without a hero. Nothing could be more cheering to the devoutee of realism than the increasing number of plays on stage and screen which refuse to feature demi-gods as the central figure in their plots. That tailor-made dummy which used to stalk through our film action like an animated wax figure in a man's furnishing store, is being replaced by real human beings whose authors have actually dared to mingle a few faults with their super-human virtues. It is a healthy and progressive sign to find that the old-fashioned hero, too good to be true, is at last in a class with the last rose of summer.

TWO of the most forceful and significant films of the month have as their principal figure the man who went wrong. These characters are not traced in maudlin, or sentimental, lines, but drawn boldly as if defying the audience to accept them as they are. As the result of this treatment, Lionel Barrymore has been permitted to create a new screen character which is as great as any of his stage rôles.

He dominates an excellent screen version of "The Devil's Garden," which was adapted from the successful novel by W. E. Maxwell. His rôle is that of William Dale, a village post-master who learns that his wife has compromised herself to save his position in an English town. In this sullen, arrogant character, Barrymore has caught the dumb entreaty, the helpless grouping for sympathy that is found in these individuals whose emotions are inarticulate. We are not familiar enough with the novel to know whether Maxwell emphasized this point. But Barrymore does, and in this lies the strength of his production.

His picture is not all character study—there is also the melodrama which descends in a torrent of violence. It is the turbulant life story of a man whose naturally gentle impulses are strangled by the imps of malice which dance in the devil's garden—the human heart. The part the wife plays is used to its best and cruelest advantage. It is a "La Tosca" theme in an "Esther Waters" setting. But it's real, in fact, its only reason for being filmed, is Lionel Barrymore.

THE other powerful film with an outlaw as its central figure was presented in "The Great Redeemer." This is a curious mixture of melodrama and mysticism with a brooding atmosphere about it which sets it apart from the usual wild west thriller. A train robbery, done in the best Bill Hart manner, provides the principal sensation in the melodramatic part. It is the average order of "horse opera" swiftly directed and staged.

The second mood which deals with the hero in prison is quite another and more serious matter. Its real spirit is in the penitentiary scenes which are built out of solitude and the shadow of prison bars and "the little patch of blue which prisoners call the sky." In fact, all these pictures suggest "The Ballade of Reading Gaol," very strongly. They were directed by Maurice Tourneur who, we are sure, had the Oscar Wilde poem in his memory and communicated it (perhaps unconsciously) through the shadows on the screen.

House Peters plays the Erring One in this drama of Crime and Punishment. He puts real force and vitality into the picture of the artist-convict whose sketches on the wall of his cell bring forth a miracle—or an hallucination as you will. Margery Daw plays the girl for whom the redemption is brought about. She fights valiantly with the villain in one scene and comes out victorious with exactly the air of an adorable outraged kitten. The supporting cast is excellent.

THE NORTH WIND'S MALICE," which is the latest Rex Beach tale to be filmed, not only lacks a hero, but has the North Wind itself as its principal villain of its plot. It is a study of the effect of weather on human moods and destinies. This discovery is not altogether original, but its evidences are dramatic and are well known to all of us in the personal drama of our own daily life.

You need not be a playwright to recognize the influence that an evening fog, or a humid afternoon, or the first insinuating breeze of spring, may have on our important decisions. Ask any Californian what "earthquake weather" means and he can tell you, for it is a term as definite as it is non-scientific. In this story, Rex Beach has taken the malicious wind of the North and personified it as a demon of evil which reacts on all the characters in his very stirring tale.

IT is unfortunate that the director has not always done the most that could be done with this original and interesting motif. Toward the end, the main idea becomes lost in the struggles of the characters to assert themselves above their atmosphere and the film degenerates into just another "far North" movie. This may have been done to satisfy the public's imaginary desire for "more action" and to speed up a love-story which is hectic enough to melt all the ice and snow of the Yukon.

Whenever they are permitted, however, the actors catch all the subtleties in the plot with its curious balance in the relations of morals to the barometer. Vera Gordon, who played the Jewish mother in "Humoresque," holds the centre of the screen as she did in the Fannie Hurst play. She has proved that the sudden and unqualified triumph which her debut brought her, was the result of her very power at characterization and not as the accidental appeal in the rôle itself.

As in most of these frozen romances, the background is a refreshing medley of firs and snow-drifts.

IN "Something To Think About," Cecil DeMille has turned from jazz and electric lights to daisy fields and bird-songs. The background is a small New England Village and at first it would appear that this lively director is out of his element so far away from Broadway. But he has proved that he can do as much with apple-blossoms, leafy lanes and chickens (the barn-yard variety) as with the cabarets and Great White Ways of his former pictures. It is only his milieu that is changed, the characters remain much the same and behave in a typical DeMillish manner to the great delight of the matinée girls.

THE story is one of those Pygmalion and Galetea themes which are such a potent aid to the distraced playwright. It deals with one of those scholarly young men who met a gauche but attractive back-woods girl and moulds her manner and accent much as Bernard Shaw's hero did in his own version of the "Pygmalion" legend. In this case, however, the Pygmalion is a cripple and the Galetea is ungrateful enough to elope on the eve of her wedding to him, with a country super-man who has charmed her by his strength and agility.

She meets disaster in this marriage, however, and returns to her Pygmalion to live presumably happy ever after. Thus is Nietzsche refuted in five reels and a prologue.

Gloria Swanson has an unusually subdued role in the characterization of the faithless maiden. It is only in the last reel that she is given a chance to wear her fantastic costumes she delights in, and this only for a few scenes. In spite of this, however, her creation is convincing.

ALICE CALHOUN

A great-grandniece of John C. Calhoun, whose piquant beauty has been an agreeable note in recent pictures. She has done her most successful work in the two reel pictures of the O. Henry stories. Each, as you know, has a whimsical twist at the finish. Usually, Miss Calhoun is the twist



SCENE IN BERT LYTELL'S NEW PICTURE "HELIOTROPE"

The bright particular star of this elaborate production is Bert Lytell, but, as the picture shows a convent scene, he naturally is not included within its gates. The pensive young lady in the foreground is Diana Allen



© Lumiere

NAZIMOVA IN "MADAME PEACOCK"

In the hectic drama, "Madame Peacock," Alla Nazimova surpasses the dazzling bird of the terraces, more famous for ornament than amiability. She is shown here in one of her periodical bursts of artistic temperament





BRYANT WASHBURN

This very energetic young man is back in one of his little stories of married life which always have a moral sugar-coated under the comedy. It is called "An Amateur Devil," but probably is not as wicked as all that. Bryant Washburn has played at least 57 varieties of young husbands



ESTELLE TAYLOR

Twenty reels of continuous vamping is enough to furrow the brow of the most industrious Cleopatra. But Estelle Taylor, who wields a wicked stiletto through the serial of "While New York Sleeps," has apparently emerged looking calmly for fresh victims to conquer



ALICE JOYCE

Notwithstanding the "Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire" pose, this photograph presents a scene from "Cousin Kate," another stage rôle identified with Ethel Barrymore. Alice Joyce will create it on the screen in a production directed by Mrs. Sidney Drew



Abbe

HARRIET HAMMOND

One of the famous bevy of bathing beauties immortalized by Mack Sennett. Harriet Hammond has also had more important rôles in the plots which have made the custard pie famous throughout the world. The bathing girls are soon to be the basis of a stage production by Al. Woods

PEARL WHITE

This placid and unruffled scene is a far cry from the cliff-swinging and wall-scaling adventures in which Pearl White has built up her reputation for bravery. She has proved, however, that she is as much at home in boudoir scenes as in the wild, wild jungle





MARY CARR

The white-haired heroine of "Over the Hill," who can draw more sympathy from the audience in one forlorn gesture than many screen ingenues in reels of emotional acrobatics. We see her here deserted by her children, a pathetic, feminine King Lear

INTERESTING FIGURES IN THE SILENT DRAMA

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

By M. E. KEHOE



(Upper)

Scene at Herne's Oak in Shakespeare's "The Merry Wives of Windsor" as recently done in the Brookside Park Sylvan Theatre by the Pasadena Community Players



(Center)

A scene from "The Maker of Dreams" as produced by the Players Club of Utica



Photo by Frank Scott Clark

The Detroit High School used a set, noteworthy for its simplicity, in their presentation of the operetta, "The Eleventh Hour"

DRAMATIC ACTIVITIES FOSTERED BY COMMUNITY SERVICE

By ETHEL ARMES

IN the recent production of the pageant-drama, "Raleigh, The Shepherd of the Ocean," by the citizens of Raleigh, N. C., the high-water mark of community enterprise in the dramatic field was reached. A work of art was achieved.

So radiant an interpretation and presentation of this rare play was given that the people of North Carolina are themselves startled by what they themselves could do. Hereafter, when the phrase "community drama and pageantry" is used, it will have, for North Carolina, a content and a certain noble significance granted indeed to very, very few localities.

In the first place they had a play. Frederick Henry Koch, professor of dramatic literature in the University of North Carolina, is the author of "Raleigh." Secondly, they had as dramatic director, one of the leaders in the small group of present day American dramatic experts, Elizabeth B. Grimball, of Community Service (Incorporated), and thirdly, while they had for actors absolutely untrained people, they were men and women of culture who were so inspired with the message of the play, so eager, sincere, humble, sympathetic and hard-working, that before they realized it, veins of pure gold were uncovered.

North Carolina has done for the Pilgrim Tercentenary Celebration a memorable thing. Perhaps no other state would feel in the presentation of "Raleigh," what the people of North Carolina felt—bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh. Ninety-eight percent of the cast was pure Anglo-Saxon—all descendants of the early English colonists. One of the actors was a descendant of Sir Francis Drake. The sword wielded by young Sir Walter Raleigh was one used by an Elizabethan Knight, and loaned by the N. C. Hall of History. The dais used by Queen Elizabeth was the "Virginia Dare" chair carved years ago from wood grown on Roanoke Island, site of the Lost Colony.

The play was given out-of-doors. The baseball park was transformed into "somewhere in England." The stage was constructed against soft green background of natural foliage. The lines—the action of the play, flowed like a silver stream. Old times lived again. Six thousand people witnessed each of the three performances. Only one person in the spell-bound audience, a woman, left before the play was done—"and she left," they say, "because her baby cried!"

THE Community Drama Department of New York Community Service, with Mr. John R. Howard, Jr., director, and Mrs. May Pashley Harris as assistant director, is organized this season to give practical service to neighborhood groups throughout Greater New York. It works in close co-operation with the New York Drama League, and is itself active in the matter of coaching and producing both plays and pageants and is developing a community costume club.

In a bulletin recently issued by the Executive Secretary of the National organization of Community Service (Incorporated), by Mr. Howard S. Braucher, the urgent need of creating and maintaining high standards in drama is emphasized.

"As we develop in the communities in which we are working, various phases of community drama," says Mr. Braucher, "it will be well to keep in mind the need for maintaining the highest standards in festivals, pageants and entertainments held in connection with state fairs, granges, old home weeks, American Legion celebrations and entertainments and money raising benefits given by fraternal organizations. The high standards set in such forms of community drama should go far to counteract the highly undesirable nature of many of the traveling carnivals which go from city to city. While it is not the function of Community Service to undertake the negative censoring side of such carnivals, it should see to it that opportunities for the right kinds of celebration are developed."

AN old abandoned theatre in Buffalo, N. Y., has been secured on an indeterminate lease by Buffalo Community Service. With the help of the different departments of the city and various public-spirited citizens it is being renovated and remodeled into a community theatre.

The Buffalo Street Department cleaned it and furnished a man to do janitor work the year round; The Building Department undertook the necessary repairs and did the electrical work; the City Lighting Company provides the electric current and the Park Department gives the recreational workers. The first use of the theatre was made September 16, in a dance for the Italian colony nearby. It was a great success. A play was given October 19 under the direction of Miss Alice Hunter, who is an expert in drama and pageantry.

As the old building is equipped with assembly rooms, dressing rooms, and a number of large rooms available for checking, for retiring, for dining and sitting rooms and for club purposes generally. Mr. A. R. Fergusson is arranging sub-rentals by local clubs and lodges that promise to pay rent, light and heat. A cosmopolitan committee has been formed by Catholics, Jews and Protestants; business and professional men and women. A number of large employers of labor are co-operating as yearly contributors. This contribution entitles each employer to the use of the theatre at any time when his employees wish to give a festival or play under his name. A winter's program of plays, festivals and dances has been arranged by the people of Buffalo for this new center.

TWO of the latest Pilgrm pageants are: "The Pilgrim's Bride," by Elizabeth Hines Hanley and "The First Winter," by Rosamond Kimball.

"The Pilgrim's Bride," is a pageant for the Pilgrim Tercentenary Celebration. The theme is the presentation to the Spirit of Liberty of the notable documents granting civil and religious freedom to men, beginning with the offering by Holland of their grant by Marie of Burgundy, continuing successively with Magna Charta, by England; the Legislative Grant to Virginia, by Governor Yeardley; the Mayflower Compact, by Governor Bradley; the Providence Plantation Charter, by Roger Williams; the Maryland Charter, by Lord Baltimore; the Declaration of Independence, by George Washington; the Emancipation Proclamation, by Abraham Lincoln, and President Wilson's Declaration of War against Germany, by the Nation. The finale includes an interlude of folk dancing by all the nations of the earth, and a grand march of review. This pageant can be had in mimeographed form from Community Service (Incorporated), One Madison Avenue, New York City, at a nominal charge.

"The First Winter," is published by the Missionary Education Department of the Interchurch World, 160 Fifth Avenue, New York City, at a nominal charge.

A NEW note in community plays has been struck by Des Moines, Iowa. A demonstration of the social activities of the city in the form of a play was recently given in this progressive western city. The play, entitled, "Big Moments in Life's Problems," was written by Mrs. A. A. Wilson and directed by Edward Riley. It brought in the agencies participating in the Public Welfare Chest of the Des Moines Chamber of Commerce, such as The Day Nursery, The Traveler's Aid, Red Cross Home Service, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Playground Association, The Girls' Community Service League and others, showing in an interesting story aspect the particular work of each organization and the precise results obtained from the public moneys for community welfare and civic progress.

AN A. E. F. Minstrel Show has been written and arranged by McElbert Moore, staff playwright of the 2nd Army Toul., author of the 88th Division show, "Who Can Tell," etc. Information regarding this minstrel show is being sent by the American Legion headquarters to local posts which by application to Community Service (Incorporated), 1 Madison Avenue, New York City, may secure one copy free of charge. It is possible that in some cases Community Service will be able to assist the American Legion post in putting on the show.

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Ceremonials have been especially written for the Legion for the Presentation of the Government Victory Medals.

THE TOWN OF SCARSDALE GIVES A MASQUE ON COLUMBUS DAY



Mrs. Faith Van Valkenburg Vilas, author of the masque, "The Trees of the Blazed Trail," staged in Scarsdale on Columbus Day, by the prominent women of the town, as a part of the dedication services of a community athletics field and playground for the use of the citizens of Scarsdale



Mrs. Glenn Flory, a fascinating reincarnation of "Spain," in the recent Scarsdale Masque



Mr. Franklin Henshaw, who played the part of the great explorer—"Columbus," in "The Trees of the Blazed Trail"



Maidens of Scarsdale in the episode, "Our valley is white with fragrant blossoms in the Maytime of the year"

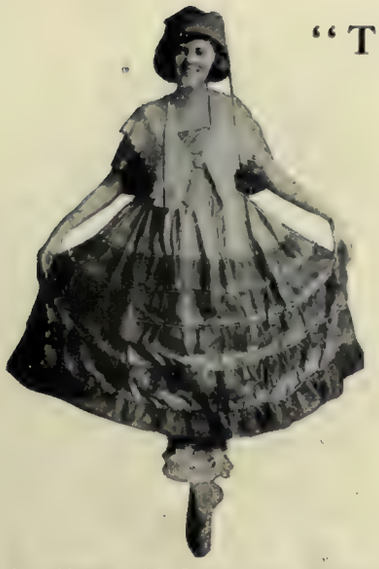
"THE TREASURE BOX"

A FANTASY OF THE "LONG AGO"

PRESENTED AT THE ROCHESTER EX-

POSITION, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

FLORENCE COLEBROOK WETMORE



An old-time girl from "The Treasure Box," in a charming costume in which cambric and cheese cloth play important roles



The Pavanne costume, fashioned of black cambric on which fascinating red and yellow roses were painted in oils

IN every home there is a Treasure Box where have been carefully folded and placed with loving hands, trinkets and locks of hair, old love letters, a patchwork quilt, daguerreotypes, golden curls sacrificed for the grown up boy's pride; the adored rag doll, the Cameo that pinned on Grandma's paisley shawl, a worn book of Fairy Tales where, in fanciful dreams, are woven magic mysteries of fairies who live in castles blue behind a rainbow wall—and last, the Bridal Veil, holding in its folds the charm of centuries—Memories!

The city of Rochester, New York, needed some spectacular evening feature for the annual Exposition and Horse Show, and entrusted the management and production of this "something" to Florence Colebrook Wetmore.

Mrs. Wetmore went about her task from a novel standpoint. She realized that every girl, whether she be the girl of the factory, the busy typist or the pampered débutante, is a lover of the mimic world—all dreamers of dreams with the deep-down hope that one day the mysteries of the kingdom across the footlights will be theirs to explore. She recognized the difficulty of obtaining the necessary number of people who could and would spend weeks in rehearsal and finish with the six performances in a manner worthy of the Exposition. She placed an advertisement in the local papers, calling for volunteers. There were numerous responses—almost all of them from inexperienced young people.

Mrs. Wetmore had a theory that the success of an entertainment such as she proposed to give was not dependent upon previous experience, but that interest, added to the natural ability of the average young person, would produce enough momentum to insure success.

IN order to sustain enthusiasm, all of the participants were encouraged and helped in the making of their own costumes which were of inexpensive fabrics such as cambric and cheesecloth, dyed, silvered or gilded to produce lustrous effects. These effects were very unique—for example—the most elaborate costume, that of the white peacock, was based on a simple wire frame fashioned by the foreman in a wire fence shop in Rochester. It was covered with white cambric with chicken feathers and beads worked in various designs—the eyes of the tail crayoned with colored pencil—and at a total cost of $9.50!



The Louis XIV bride, one of a group of period brides from "The Treasure Box"

The Pavanne costume—the skirt of which was eight yards in circumference—was made on a light steel frame, over which was hung black cambric, oil-painted with red and yellow roses and trimmed with red, yellow and lavendar cambric and gold tinsel cord. The headdress was made of five-and-ten cent store lace guilded. All of the girls made their own sandals from inexpensive insoles laced with guilded tape.

A CINEMA machine flashed the titles introducing each scene, and gave the story of the scene to follow. On the stage, which was sixty-four feet long and forty feet wide—there were three scenes. A large Treasure Box of Chinese orange and gold set in the center of the stage, was the means of producing the Treasures, and from it the performers appeared, stepping from the box down six gold steps to the stage.

The second scene revealed a fountain with a blue wall and a lovely flowered trellis, whence came mist maidens, clouds and swans—a veritable Fairyland of living characters.

The third scene, "Her Bridal Veils," depicted Period Brides, whose costumes were reproduced from Mr. Anderson's Review, "What's In A Name?

The entire effect produced was one of lavish expenditure and artistic taste. As an actual fact, the total cost of the costumes for one hundred and fifteen girls was less than $1,500.

THE case of Rochester is only typical of what the Pageant has done for cities all over the country, and of what it may do for those that have not as yet tried the experiment. The awakening of ambition, the birth of latent talent, the cultivation of civic pride, and last, but by no means of least importance, the opportunity provided for a glimpse into an art that refines, cultivates and uplifts—all of these we owe to Pageantry, which, fortunately for the good of the Community at large, is Paul Revere-ing from Coast to Coast.



An outdoor presentation of "Twelfth Night," at Loretto College

LORETTO COLLEGE AND DRAMATICS

DRAMATICS at Loretto College, Webster Groves, Mo., are a fine blend of Little Theatre, laboratory work for the classes in dramatic literature, and sheer joy of acting. When in 1916 the new College opened its doors in beautiful Webster Groves, just outside of St. Louis, the Muse of Drama seems to have wandered in, looked around, liked it, and unpacked her wardrobe trunk with every intention of staying. And the college girls gave her a welcome that made her distinctly glad she had come.

In fact, the course in dramatic expression was among the first to be offered, and from an original nine, inexperienced, untrained, but eager, the class has expanded until the Loretto Little Theatre, which is the outward expression of the class, includes in some capacity practically the entire student body. Mrs. Anna McClain Sankey, who was placed in charge of the course, brought to her work the essentials of a successful director, infinite patience, contagious enthusiasm, and a knowledge and love of stagecraft. In co-operation with the Dean of the College, she has made her course the most popular offered.

Mrs. Sankey was faced from the start with a double difficulty; her material was green, an altogether unknown quantity; and she had only girls to work with. In spite of this, she set her standards high, impressed upon her first handful of students her own high regard for dramatic work, and insisted that finished productions should be the first aim of the class. Better than that, she succeeded quietly but effectively in creating an enthusiasm that has lasted on in spite of the drudgery of rehearsals under which so many flourishing amateur dramatic organizations



have sickened and died. In a very short time after its inception, the Loretto Little Theatre became the center of a ceaseless dramatic activity that began with the first month of class and ended only with the pretentious production of Commencement Week.

THE method employed at the College is a simple, but extremely effective one. Through a series of small plays a corps of finished players are built up, experienced, sure of themselves, trained in a variety of rôles, who, at the end of the year, are able to grasp and handle a production that taxes the average amateur's abilities. Because of this method, the college theatre is the scene of a series of plays in which, with definite intent, class is pitted against class, newcomer against older student, until the interest has been whipped to top speed and the eyes of the whole student body have been fixed on their theatre.

The result is, of course, a fine community spirit in the theatre, so that no college girl would think of missing a play produced by the drama class, and all, during the course of the year, take their turn as costumers, designers, actresses, and even as electricians and stage hands. Most of the college plays are open to the public; but it is an interesting fact that even when only a student and faculty audience is present, one finds the same keen interest and quick appreciation that can come only to those who know the stage and love it with a love born of experience behind the right side of the footlights.

This spirit of competition and general interest reached its climax in the Commencement Week of 1920, when two complete and distinct casts on two successive nights presented Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."

The plays presented during four years have ranged from a skillful adaptation of Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," with exquisite care for costuming, to elaborate productions of Mr. Stephen's "The Drawing of the Sword," and Shakespeare's "As You Like It." The plays have represented the more conventional work of the drama class, but have blossomed forth in distinct novelties. Of these a production of Vachel Lindsey's "The Chinese Nightingale," half pantomime, half chant, half music, was the most noteworthy. The better work of the one-act playwrights has found frequent places on the programs. Throughout modern scenic effects and lighting have been employed.

(*Continued on page* 60)

The Programme of Fashion

By Pauline Morgan



Florence Walton reflects the evening spirit of Paris in a diamond drop bandeau and the newest designs in jewels and furs

MOST of her gowns are from Callot and Lanvin, with chic accessories carefully selected from *Les petits magasins de Paris*. The silhouette and irregular skirt outlines are notable features of this very smart wardrobe, which is shown in detail on the following page. Above, Miss Walton is posed in a Callot evening gown of jewel embroidered tulle over peach colored satin. Cut on circular lines, it introduces the fuller skirt, which is a persistent rumor in the fashion world. A full length chinchilla wrap is likewise cut on circular lines with collar and cuffs of enormous proportions

FLORENCE WALTON returns to America with an "everything from Paris" wardrobe



A new silhouette for the evening gown designed by Callot. Metal brocade in a blend of flame and gold and purple makes the slim skirt, and a width of the brocade hugs the bust and spreads in low-hanging paniers at the sides without any fullness. The extension is obtained by wiring



Campbell



One of the new taffeta frocks with a snug fitting bodice and full gathered skirt. Made by Lanvin of course with a design on the skirt done in white crystals

Four photos by Geisler and Andrews



A youthful and novel manner of joining the bodice and skirt is introduced in a Lanvin model of silver tissue and coral chiffon velvet. A rather stiff bolster puff of the tissue rolls about the waist and launches a very chic fashion note. The wrap is of tailless ermine

Lanvin has read the signs of the times, and anticipated the vogue for fur gowns and suits. She has made Miss Walton an unusually smart coat-dress of Mole, which wraps the figure in a slim silhouette



(Left Oval)

A substitute for the fur wrap has been happily solved by Callot. Elephant gray duvetyn with two wide bands of Squirrel on the skirt balances warmly and beautifully with the huge collar and high fur cuffs

MARY YOUNG in the "Outrageous Mrs. Palmer," wears some of the most stunning gowns seen on the stage this season



One piece frock of green duvetyn with a semi-attached collar which swings in a long scarf at one side. It may also circle the throat as a choker

Ira L. Hill



A tunic and low bustle puff of black velvet brocade on gold cloth becomes the over-dress of a long-trained gown of black chiffon velvet. The bustle ends in an irregular drapery continuing the graceful outline of the tunic. A shallow somewhat fitted bodice is encrusted with dull gold beads of varying sizes

Lucille has surpassed herrself in designing this negligée for Miss Young. Chiffon of aquamarine blue drapes over a flesh colored slip. The mysterious way in which the hips are girdled, and the wing-like sweep of the back draperies offer enchanting ideas for the lover of robes intime



You would know it to be a Lucile gown by the very distracting color combination!

It is purple chiffon with touches of turquoise blue velvet which also makes the bodice

Justine Johnstone in Winter Regalia



Miss Johnstone is about to make her screen debut in a new picture—"Blackbirds"

A coat that resembles a street gown has become an absolute rage. At the moment Miss Johnstone is wearing an adorable coat-dress of black duvetyn, trimmed with monkey fur, made for her by Milgrim. Oblong blocks of fur decorate the skirt and deep rolling collar and cuffs

Another coat-dress, not removable introduces a stunning new model. Made of grey kidskin and edged with grey duvetyn, it gathers into a stiff frill at the side, opening over a chamois waistcoat. The black and gold Louis hat will be recognized on the screen

The charming little Colonial frock will doubtless be much copied—it is so quaintly feminine! Made of black velvet, it needs only the collar, fichu and little undersleeves of net edged with Mechlin lace, to complete its beauty. A black velvet hat with bright green, glycerined feathers, gives the only touch of color to the entire costume



Geisler & Andrews





Miss King wears a Napoleon hat of canary plush with changeable green ostrich feathers



Through the Opera Glass

A glimpse of new fashions on the stage

Vivian Rushmore, as Helen, wearing a white chiffon gown with a bloused panel back and vivid sash of scarlet tulle



Carroll McComas in her white spangled gown and sash of jade green tulle



Again as Helen, she wears a lilac taffeta embroidered in silver motifs. A rhinestone girdle and a fan of ivory ostrich!

BECAUSE OF HELEN—

or because of Alan Brooks who wrote it, or because of the lovely frocks and fashion ideas, we can't decide which was the most fascinating interest in the play. As scores of women, however, are now viewing a smartly costumed play as they do a fashion magazine, a soupçon of gossip about "what they wear on the stage," will reflect the newest interest of the fashionables.

Petulant and beautiful, with puffs of pale gold hair piled high on her well-poised head, Vivian Rushmore as Helen, wears the simple gowns of a gentle woman. Characteristically American they are, sans the intricacies of many French models. Only the brilliantly colored sashes of tulle catch and hold the eye—sashes that crush about the waist and tie at the side, swinging in lacy ends to below the hem of the frock, which is the last word in smart style.

A pale blue Georgette gave us new ideas for a dinner gown; strings of crystal beads make the blouse bodice to a low waistline, and repeat the arrangement on the skirt, rustling in an airy fringe from hip to bloused hem line. We were fascinated by the posteresque appearance of Carroll McComas as Verna. The first act introduces her in a straight line evening frock of flame colored velvet—very décolléte, held over the shoulder with a narrow band of brilliants. A graceful puff drapery of velvet at the side is the only effort at trimming, and the chic handling of a fragile black lace fan with this costume was only less effective and brilliant than the sparkling dialogue of the play. The spangled robe worn in the second act by Miss McComas boasted one of those amusing little panel backs draped from the sash to under the hem. Again a quaint quill fan, but this time sharing honors with the long tulle sash of jade green.



Helen Bolton in "Pitter Patter"

Photo by Ira L. Hill

PITTER PATTER—

A shower of dazzling frocks for Miss Helen Bolton, to say nothing of the demure bouffant gowns worn by the very "peppy" chorus! Off-the-shoulder, snug little bodices with feather-boned, transparent overskirts persist in the 1870 suggestions which are as correct in the ballroom as on the stage. Lace scarfs, Spanish combs and brilliant color introduced in lace and feather fans, flutter through the acts with an undeniable forcast of fashions. The most effective gown is worn by Miss Bolton in the wedding scene and is shown as a silhouette at the left of the page, sans the veil. Spangled and beaded cream net makes the beaded apron tunic which hangs from the shoulder, and shapes like a bib in front. The long train is a feature, made with a heading of full gathers at the proper waistline.

BAB—

Altogether adorable Helen Hayes wears girlish little frocks, leaving the question of style and fashion to Edith King! We were impressed with the importance of color combinations when we viewed the subtle color blendings of the designs made by Bergdorf Goodman. First there was the apple green Crepe de Chine day frock without a sign of ornamentation or color, but made very distinguished by the plumed hat of canary plush, and again the psychology of color was emphasized in an evening gown of gold lace panels over pale lavender taffeta. The photograph at the right gives a faint intimation of the back panel arrangement, attached loosely at each shoulder and draping the entire length, swinging open from the hip. No trimming—no jewel—but a gorgeous fan of turquois blue ostrich feathers.



Edith King in "Bab"

PERHAPS YOU HAVEN'T HEARD OF THIS

By ANGELINA



EVERY week I meet another woman who is doing something big in business. It makes me very pleased with myself that I am doing a *little* something, anyway. Perhaps in time . . . And it's most interesting to see how far men's antagonism towards possessing wives who work has broken down. A lot you meet don't mind, and a smaller proportion positively like it. I could substantiate with many anecdotes. You'd be surprised . . .

This is à propos of the attractive woman I met the other evening, "at a party." They said we should "take to each other" as we had so much in common. And we did. She is the head and shoulders of a unique specialty shop—carried on since the death of her husband—that I have passed a hundred times or more on Fifth Avenue, without ever having had my footsteps directed inside. I told her so shamefacedly and she laughed, and said then I mustn't let another day pass without paying her shop a visit. Sheridan's . . . You know. Just above Thirty-fourth Street. Shows how some of the best bets in life may escape you by chance, for the want of anyone to signal your attention. I'm not going to let this one escape *you,* you can be sure.

* * * * *

The shop is for the woman who wants clothes—frocks and furs only are carried—that are smart and artistic, but not too extreme. For the woman of taste and refinement. That's been said before, and, with all due respect, not been as true as it might be. Here it is. To which the shop's immense prosperity bears witness.

One goes in on the ground floor, where the furs live. And then below in a cosy lift to a basement room, long and narrow, opening out into a larger one. There is atmosphere created by lights and long mirrors, and simple, but charming decoration. Just the atmosphere in which to select at unhurried ease. Lining the walls from start to finish are wardrobes. And within them every kind of frock imaginable. For day, for afternoon, for evening. In velvet and duvetyn and crêpe and net. The kind of frocks you would like to wear yourself. The kind you would like to see, or would be envious seeing other women wear. Their secret being first of all, that they form a happy harmony in line between fashion and grace; and secondly that they are of most unusual color combinations, colors that usually only the French dare put together.

Such frocks are the two at the sides of the page; one taking its inspiration perchance from some of the old Chinese porcelains, where deep rich ultramarine blues are blended with turquoise greens; and the other, with its black serge and bright green pipings, and red and black and gold bead sleeve hems, from the Russian.

* * * * *

And while we are on the subject of rare color combinations, and of things that you may not have heard about, let me mention the Harry Comlett blouses. If you happen to be wearing one you will, I am sure, echo what I say. And if not, you will want to have one—one? two, several, dozens—as quickly as possible. I have seen nothing else like them in New York, nor the spirit with which they are created. Made in the happiest, sunniest *ateliers,* where from Mr. Comlett and Mrs. Comlett—there's another successful woman in business for you!—down to the humblest of the little foreign hand-embroiderers, each individual seems to be enthusiastically interested in co-operating for the final artistic results. And that the Harry Comlett blouse certainly achieves. Perfection of every detail, exquisite material, beautiful cut, the neatest and tidiest of special finishings, in the way of embroidery, of buttons, of cords and tassels . . . Beyond all such delicious and original color schemes as you have never seen before in blouses! To make your mouth water and exclaim that each one is lovelier than the last! Ladies, step up and get your Harry Comlett blouse now!



A frock whose unusual color scheme of ultramarine blue velvet and turquoise chiffon with gaily colored bead motifs is illustrative of the type of frock found at Sheridan's



Another frock from Sheridan's in black serge with pipings of bright green duvetyn, red and black and gold bead bandings to the hems of sleeves and skirt, and a little vest tucker of coffee-dipped Swiss embroidery



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TAL-LY-HO!

A NEW FABRIC

"Tally-Ho" is an absolutely new silken weave.

It has never before been produced.

"Tally-Ho" has been created to answer the peculiar demands for outdoor wear for the Spring and Summer seasons of 1921.

If you are searching for the new—the different—and the attractive fabric in garments for Spring — for Southland Wear — look for "Tally-Ho."

A tiny label identifies the garment — the fabric bears the name on the selvage.

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TRUE to our reputation for furs of distinction, our styles embody the smartest conception of the foremost European and American designers.

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Barbara Dean of the "Midnight Follies" is snapped in an old fashioned garden. Very unprofessional she appears in a garnet sweater and one of the new Tal-ly-Ho sport skirts

NO sooner has the holiday season past, than fashions for the southern resorts become the chief topic of thought and conversation with the smart women. Curiously enough, women take a peculiar interest in personally selecting the various intimate garments that go to make up the chic sport outfit. It seems to be the one good excuse for wearing separate skirts, and the color combination of skirt and sweater is limitless. The newest sport fabric we know of is called Tal-ly-Ho, a name that carries incidentally a very prophetic vibration. If you think of Eponge—Grenadine—Fan-Ta-Si, and roll them up into one luscious texture, you have this new fabric. The color is introduced more through traceries of thread woven in smart designs rather than through a dyed fabric. The new thing in sweaters which will be seen in the southland is the tailored coat, cut after a coat pattern and very well tailored. The slip-on, roll-up model worn by Miss Dean continues popular for early morning sports.

EILEEN WILSON appearing as T'ien Tao in, "The Lady of the Lamp," has occasion to wear but one American frock in this unusual play. She decides on chemise lines and extreme simplicity as characteristic of the most winsome fashion. The loose over-dress is a robe of crystal beads made over a skimp slip of flesh colored Moon-Glo satin. She wears no jewels save a long, heavy chain of brilliant red beads.



The heels of her satin slippers are bright red to match the very long Oriental chain. This clever new fashion in footwear is evidenced also in jeweled heels



Josef Hofmann at his Steinway

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

HIS moving fingers touch the Steinway into life—the master and his instrument are one—there comes a shower of gorgeous sound —a sense of beauty fills the air—there is a hush of breathing while the listener drinks the beauty from each fleeting note. Perhaps the master is Hofmann, perhaps Rachmaninoff. Yesterday it might have been Paderewski. Half a century ago Franz Liszt and Anton Rubinstein were kings. But whenever the time and whichever the master, the piano remains the same—Steinway, Instrument of the Immortals.

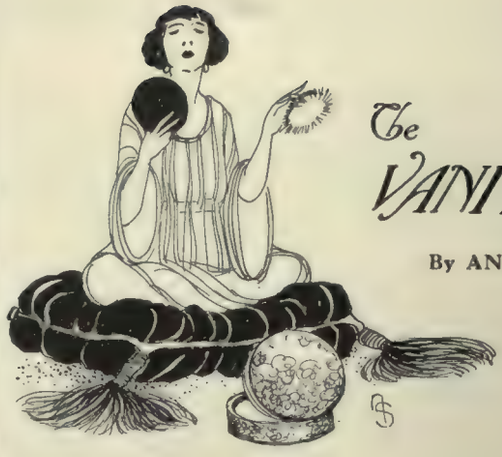
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The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

WE were recently in the dressing-room of the lovely Hope Hampton, at the Hope Hampton Studios, during an interval between the taking of scenes for her last picture, while she waited for a new set to be put up. If you've ever been in a moving picture studio you know that this gives you ample time to discuss the affairs of the universe. In the midst of our verbal globe-trotting entered Kate, the maid. She carried over her arm a grey duvetyn skirt and a grey georgette blouse in as perfect a match as one would wish to see. I wondered . . .

"Would you like to see how this blouse came out, Miss Hampton?" said Kate. "I thought you might be wearing it this afternoon for tea at the Ritz."

"Oh, that's splendid, Kate!" replied Miss Hampton. "That's one of the best 'jobs' you've ever done. Yes. Indeed I will wear it this afternoon." Then turning to me with a little laugh, she explained. "When I go out of the pictures, Kate and I are going to set up in the dyeing business. We have accomplished the most wonderful results together in dyeing. I first showed her how, and now she's much more skilful at it than I am. Really, though, the credit is primarily due to those new soap dyes. . . But, of course, you know all about them . . . you must have used them." But we didn't. And hadn't.

NO!" exclaimed Miss Hampton. "I find so many women who don't. They're quite marvellous! You'd better tell about them then." And she proceeded to do so herself, as follows:

"I first heard of these particular soap dyes through a friend of mine out West. She told me last year of a home dyeing club she belonged to, where everybody came and compared notes over what they had accomplished and explained how they had obtained their results. It went out of my mind at the time. And then in the spring I happened to want a particular kind of openwork stocking in a particular shade of tan, to match a tan suit. Doesn't a pair of stockings that is just off set your teeth on edge? I hunted all over town and could find every other tan shade but the one I needed.

"Suddenly the dyes my friend had spoken of came back to my mind. I sent Kate out for a cake of the dye in tan. We took a pair of pale grey stockings and experimented a bit, and finally produced a triumphantly exact match for the suit. We were so thrilled and pleased with ourselves we've been dyeing ever since. I call dyeing my latest avocation. We've dyed last year's blouses to match this year's suits. You saw one just now in that grey blouse. We've dyed stockings and ribbons and gloves and materials of every sort.

ONE of our best efforts was some pre-war material I had saved that couldn't be duplicated for even three times its original price. The color was *passé* and a bit faded, but we brought it up to date in a beautiful tobacco brown. You see a moving picture actress has to be provided with so many clothes for appearing in public, as well as on the screen, that every little helps. The dyes come, by the way, in the largest possible assortment of shades, and one of their greatest assets and differences is that they dye silk and wool and cotton just alike. So that if you are assembling matching tones for a costume, everything can go into the same dye pot at once."

(For the name of the dyes that Miss Hampton tells about, write The Vanity Box, care THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, *6 East 39th St., New York).*



The Romance—illustrated—of 8 Feathers and 3 Plumes. Amberoid, Shelloid or Ivoroid handle. Price $28.

Note the hair ornament of Ostrich (No. H-708—Price $16.)—a new fashion note—one of several styles created by EISEMANN

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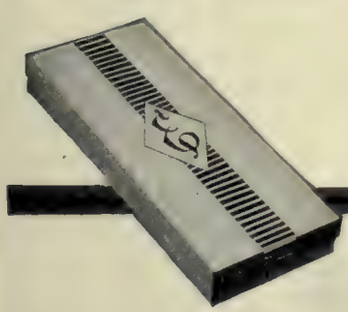
And, should you inquire you would discover that most every one was an EISEMANN Fan. For everywoman knows that the name EISEMANN on a Fan means superiority in style and quality, the highest note in Feather Fan creation.

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Marilynn Miller, the Ziegfeld star, wears her dress of Pussy Willow with all the distinction and grace with which the famous artist endowed the talented, beautiful English actress.

From "Mrs. Robinson" —one of Gainsborough's finest masterpieces.

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Cellucotton Products Company, Chicago, Illinois

INEXPENSIVE, COMFORTABLE, HYGIENIC and SAFE—KOTEX

(Continued from page 32)

estness in his work; and the two chief comedy parts are capably cared for by James Marlowe as a grouchy solicitor and Charles Judels as a French adventurer whose tongue frequently gets twisted.

The two stage settings are attractive, and the costumes are throughout in good taste. There is nothing new in the music provided by Lou Hirsch, but it is rythmical and so serves its purpose.

GREENWICH VILLAGE. "SAMSON AND DELILAH." Drama by Sven Lange. Produced Nov. 17 with this cast:

Peter Krumback	Ben-Ami
Dagmar Krumback	Pauline Lord
Sophus Meyers	Robert T. Haines
Laura	Marie Bruce
Munson	Thomas Meegan
The Director	Edward G. Robinson
Kristensen,	Samuel Jaffe
Dukar,	Robert Harrison

ASSOCIATED with some of the most noteworthy achievements of the Jewish Art Theatre is the name of Ben-Ami, a young Russian who, after a novitiate in his own country, came to America some more than five years ago. From the lower East Side to the Garden Theatre, he has progressed steadily in the finish and comprehensiveness of his methods. Now Mr. Arthur Hopkins has raised him to the heights of stellardom.

The play is allegorical in its modern application of the story of the strong man of Israel. Ben-Ami plays an impractical, dreamy poet. His wife, a selfish, sensual actress, like the syren of Babylon, betrays him to the Philistines, typified in this case in the person of a successful furniture merchant. "Samson and Delilah," the play within the play, which the poet has written, brings about the inevitable revelation of the wife's perfidy. Unable to kill the guilty pair, Krumback, as the hero is called, kills himself. After an interminable first act, the drama takes on form and purpose and in the handling of the ever-recurring triangular theme, asserts itself in some scenes of tried dramatic effectiveness.

Ben-Ami is an actor of temperament and poetic feeling with a thorough command of the continental methods of stage expression. He has a fine dramatic sense and a keen disposition to the more advanced phases of naturalism. There are crudities in his performance. Apart from his accent, which at times prevents his speech from being intelligible, he is unnecessarily noisy. For instance, the loud slamming of the door of the bedroom where he goes to hide himself on the arrival of his guilty wife and her paramour. is something that no one in his position would do, and his trick of throwing himself about the room, and particularly his astonishing sommersault after he shoots himself, smacks more of acrobatics than of histrionism. But these are only minor faults—probably the result of appealing to the temperamental audiences of his own race—in a performance that deserves high praise. His Krumback was, taken altogether, a sound example of characterization, labored in its devotion to extraneous details, but indicative of a capacity for better work in a still better medium. Pauline Lord was hopelessly miscast as the actress wife, Edward G. Robinson as the Director of the theatre was excellent.

PLAYHOUSE. "THY NAME IS WOMAN." Drama by Carl Schoner and Benj. F. Glazer. Produced Nov. 15 with this cast:

Guerita	Mary Nash
Pedro	Jose Ruben
Juan	Curtis Cooksey
Baptiste	Edwin Maynard

SPAIN as a dramatic background is quite the vogue since Benevente's "Passion Flower" drew attention to the possibilities of the Iberian temperament for dramatic expression. Now comes, "Thy Name is Woman," by a Continental author, Carl Schoner, adapted for the American stage by Benjamin F. Glazer, a new variation of the eternal triangle with its single scene set in a tanner's house atop of a mountain in the Spanish Pyrenees. This latest contribution to the all too limited serious drama, I regard as a splendid example of expert technic, subtle intimate knowledge of the primal emotions and their reactions, with three vividly drawn types of husband, wife and lover placed in circumstances that suggest them the puppets of an implacable fate.

A young and handsome Frontier Guard offers to trap a wary old fox of a smuggler by making love to his young and attractive wife. Warned in advance, Pedro, the husband, urges the wife to accept the proferred attentions, that the contraband may meanwhile be smuggled over. Wife and officer awaken in each other a true passion. A tragedy is the conclusion.

Mary Nash, resplendently youthful and beautiful as the wife, invests the rôle with all the many details of inward and outward expression that go to the making of a finished creation, while the sickly, crafty husband is sketched by Jose Ruben with a vulpine fidelity that makes for superb picturesque and histrionic conviction.

The setting designed by Livingston Guard offers to trap a warry old fox

(Continued on page 74)

Out of the Past into the Present



Rides Milady on her Palfrey to

Nardi

·HABIT MAKER·

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B. F. Keith's **PALACE** The Million Dollar Theatre

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No boiling, bleaching nor bluing—just rinse it out at home.

Vanity Fair Double-Back Knicker 2410.

It lasts longer—it is longer!

THERE are ever so many reasons why Vanity Fair lasts so long. In the first place the silk itself is firmly, closely woven. And then, the gentle washing which is all it needs, gives it such a wonderful advantage over those fabrics which are laundered by less kindly hands and at fabulous prices.

As for actual length, four extra inches might be little in the height of a sky-scraper, but in an undervest, they mean a dignified silken line from corset to stocking top. There are the shoulder straps, too, which simply can't frisk down your arm, because they are placed at a decidedly non-skid angle.

Each article of Vanity Fair undress has a special feature. There's the union suit with the sure-lap, the knicker with the double-back, the step-in with neither snaps nor buttons, to say nothing of the Sports Bloomer, Pettibocker and Vanties.

Your favorite shop carries—or will secure for you—any Vanity Fair under-apparel you wish.

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Makers of Vanity Fair Silk Underwear and Silk Gloves

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announce the arrival from their Paris house of a fascinating collection of their new originations. Included are

ROBES, MANTEAUX
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Such a glowing diversity of tones, such flowing grace of line, such appropriate and effective detail, could only come from the atelier of these great designers, virtuosos of feminine allure.

A display is given daily from eleven to one and from three to five under the personal direction of Boué Soeurs, Madame la Baronne d'Etreillis and Madame Sylvie de Montegut. Your gracious attendance is invited.

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During the continuance of this Sale every article in our store will be offered at a very substantial reduction.

The value of this reduction will be appreciated when it is understood that owing to advantageous purchases of raw skins our stock at present is moderately priced.

C. G. Gunther's Sons

391 Fifth Avenue

THE MANAGERIAL LETTER GUSH

(*Continued from page 8*)

an actor as John Barrymore catches the epistolary fever. Snatching up his doughty fountain pen, he writes to D. W. Griffith congratulating him on "Way Down East"—the wonder of the ages. Stone, Sr., with unerring sense of humor, immediately sends a communication to Stone, Jr., telling him what he (Stone, Sr., a perfectly disinterested party, of course), thinks of Stone, Jr.'s talents as comedian. And so the merry exchange goes on, fooling nobody, naturally, and bringing joy to the newspapers only too glad to sell their advertising space.

Here is another letter to Mr. Gest, dated from Greenwich Village, which has not yet been published. Possibly the manager never received it, which would explain its non-appearance, for it seems to be just what is needed to complete the series:

"Glorious Gifted One:

"Before thy great achievement I bow the knee. By thy genius thou hast ennobled my soul, attuned my senses to the music of the spheres, lifted my psychic being to a hitherto unattainable plane. Thou hast apotheosized scenic structure, cut-drops, stage-braces, Edison current, rouge and grease paint. Thou hast artistically and bewitchingly revealed the feminine spinal column, and poetized anew the legs of the ballet. Thou hast— But words fail me. I have seen 'Mecca,' and am faint with its wondrous beauty.

"In the presence of such perfection, I could have slain the ribald person sitting near me who dared to say of one of your Greek gods, 'Why doesn't he shave his chest?' As it was, I merely froze him with a whispered 'De Gestibus'—I mean, 'De gustibus,' etc. Oh, Morris! Great is 'Mecca!' Hail, King of American producers!"

A. KNUTT.

WHEN THE SILVER CURTAIN CLOSES

(*Continued from page 16*)

with the Greenwich Village Follies compare with being with the Ziegfeld Follies, Mr. Savoy?"

"It's cosier—it's cosier—it's cosier," effused Margie's friend.

"No dull moments?" interpolated Mr. Brennan.

"Mr. Savoy hid his beautiful face in his lace handkerchief. It's cosier!

Just then, Margaret Severn gave a messenger at her door a note for W. T. Benda, the artist. "Tell him he can take the masques after the performance. I hope the paint will be dry before to-morrow night!" She came down the stairs, a lovely, slim girl.

Miss Severn is having her voice cultured; she plays the piano; her paintings and sketches are extraordinary. Her mother is Dr. Severn, the physcho-analysist.

"Overture! my birch of Arabian Nibbties," Deano called.

LORETTO COLLEGE AND DRAMATICS

(*Continued from page 46*)

PERHAPS the most noteworthy point about the actresses in the Loretto Little Theatre is a charming naturalness and ingenuousness that makes their plays as fresh and sweetly appealing as one could expect from college girls still in their 'teens. There is always a simplicity and sincerity, an absence of mawkishness and mock heroics and artificiality. The morbid in subject matter and neurotic in handling has been notably absent so that the plays become in a very true sense a reflection of the wholesome, normal college life of which they are an expression.

During the present summer the Loretto Little Theatre has been completely overhauled. Footlights and boarders have given way to floods and indirect lighting which permit of effects never before attainable. The more or less conventional scenery which is the heritage bequeathed to most amateur companies has been scrapped to give place to a neutral mouse-colored cyclorama designed to catch and hold any tone of light, and several sets of scenery built in the unit system by Mr. Carrol French.

But perhaps the most unique feature of the newly constructed stage is a fore-stage which will consist of a platform built in the Greek fashion and designed to give space for dancing and interpretative choruses.

Plans for the future are in a line with the work already attempted, but modified by the added opportunities of the rebuilt theatre. Early in the season a series of short plays will be presented, including "Lima Beans" and "Overtones," the test plays of all Little Theatres. But this year instead of biding to a Shakespearean production, the preliminary plays will be directed to the production of a Greek play, probably "Electra," to embody besides the work of the drama class, the aesthetic work, the music, and the plastic art of the College.



The Hand of Ina Claire

HANDS are *expressive*. The slightest movement of the hand—the simplest gesture—focuses the attention immediately. What is the appearance of *your* hands? How do they *feel?*

The *artist* appreciates most, perhaps, that the skin of the hands should be kept in perfect condition—smooth, soft, pliable, attractively beautiful—free from blemishes or painful irritations which annoy and distract.

Ina Claire recognizes the cleansing, softening, healing properties of Hinds Cream, and uses it regularly to keep her skin in perfect, natural health.

The comfort and charm this snow-white, daintily scented skin lotion brings, makes Hinds Cream the indispensable toilet requisite in many refined homes.

FOR TRIAL: Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 5c. Either Cold or Disappearing Cream 5c. Talcum 2c. Face Powder, sample, 2c; trial size 15c. Toilet Soap, 8c. Be sure to enclose amount required, but do not send foreign stamps or foreign money.

Hinds Cream Toilet Requisites selling everywhere or mailed postpaid in U. S. from laboratory.

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The HINDS WEEK-END BOX *six dainty pink Packages in trial Sizes 50¢*







Use 20 Times

Then see how your teeth improve

This offers you a ten-day test of a new teeth-cleaning method—enough for 20 uses.

Each use will bring five much-desired effects. See how your teeth conditions change after ten days' use.

A film combatant

The great object is to fight film—the cause of most tooth troubles.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The tooth brush, used in old ways, leaves much of it intact. So millions of teeth are dimmed and ruined by it.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Now a new era

Now dental science, after years of research, has found ways to fight film. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. And leading dentists everywhere now advise their daily use.

The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. Millions now employ it. And to their homes it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

Watch these five effects

Each use of Pepsodent brings five desired effects. The film is attacked in two efficient ways. The teeth are so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

Then it multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest the starch deposits which cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus it increases, in a natural way, Nature's teeth-protecting forces.

See what this means. A 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent is sent to any one who asks, and millions have thus proved it. Every person owes himself that test.

This ten-day test will show the way to whiter, safer teeth. And it may mean their salvation. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent
PAT. OFF.
REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, combined with other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

532

Ten-day tube free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 262, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family.

Watch them whiten

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film coat disappears. Cut out the coupon now.

DUSE RETURNS TO THE STAGE

By Alice Nielson

(Continued from page 14)

say that a luminous, unearthly sort of light emanated from her face and seemed to form a halo round her turbaned head.

Upon these after-theatre supper occasions, it was my custom to take my place at the foot of the table, facing Duse. Invariably this hour before retiring we spent in unbroken silence, the servants, moving about noiselessly, serving the simple repast in earthenware dishes, another of Signora's hobbies.

ONE evening, after she had arrived from the theatre, I slipped away to my room. She sent a servant to summon me at once.

"Why are you not at your place?" she asked. Remembering that for two evenings past, she had practically ignored me, I replied:

"But Signora, it occurred to me you might prefer to be alone."

"No, I do not prefer that when you are in the house. I love to look at your young and pretty face across the table. Never again fail to present yourself for supper!" And patting my cheek with her indescribably soft and satin-smooth hand, she smilingly pushed me toward my chair.

Often, after that, she would look searchingly into my face and sigh:

"Ah, you do not know how fortunate you are, to be so young and fair!"

Her child-like wonder and heart-rending grief at the thought that things of beauty must perish and genius must die, never left her. She was the possessor of one of the five death-masks made of Richard Wagner. One day she came into the music room with this mask on a black velvet cushion, and showed it to me. I started to touch it, but she raised her finger forbiddingly. Her own hand caressed the air above the face of the dead composer lovingly, as though it were too precious to touch. "Oh, dear, wonderful meistro, gone!" she murmured, while tears rolled down her cheeks.

ALTHOUGH she never mentioned it, I knew that the canker of the suggestion that she was growing old was eating into the very marrow of her being. A great soul, she could not rise above her disappointment in the man who had said it. She would not permit a word said against him, however. "Do not forget, he is Italy's greatest man!" was her answer. Her adoration of his genius is expressed in the following:

"We must bow before the poet, even when it seems to us he does wrong. He is a poet; he has seen something; he has seen it in that way; we must accept his vision, because it is a vision."

THERE was a report at one time that Duse did not like America. The only reason she did not like this country, was because our public would not accept D'Annunzio's plays. The last time she toured America she started by presenting only his plays. Duse's managers had asked her not to act in these plays, but she insisted, and a great deal of money was lost. At one performance in Baltimore, after she had especially been requested not to give D'Annunzio, and she still persisted, there was not even one paid admission. After that she complied with the wishes of her managers, and in a two weeks' capacity run of "Cavalieria Rusticana" and "Camille" all losses were regained.

One day after a week's visit with Duse, on my way to Milan, D'Annunzio drove me to the station.

"Why you study with Signora Duse?" he asked in his bad English. "She can teach you nothing; she too old!" And that beautiful soul, intended to be eternally young, was only forty-two at the time!

It was at this time that her friends began to notice a really great change in Duse. Her gay, merry moods grew fewer and farther apart, and finally she succumbed to a sort of trance of abysmal gloom. She would sit for hours, her eyes staring unblinkingly into space, with the hot scalding tears running down her cheeks.

WHEN "The Flame of Life," the book in which D'Annunzio, the soul-hunter, carefully exposed portraits of "a celebrated Italian actress" and himself, set wagging the tongues of the curious, Duse herself seemed utterly unconscious of it all. One of her friends, a little piqued at this indifference, asked her what she thought of the book.

"I do not know, I am sure," she answered simply. "I have not read it."

She has the greatest brain of any person I have ever known. I was on the verge of saying she has a man's brain, but I check myself, remembering Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst's retort when some kind friend complimented her in a similar fashion. "Show me the man!" she retorted. So say I about Eleanora Duse. She knew everything—the topics of the day, politics, economics, art, ancient and modern history, literature;

(Concluded on page 64)

POOR SIR WALTER IS FORGOTTEN, DICKENS NEGLECTED, THACKERAY DISREGARDED, AND STEVENSON, MACAULAY, LAMB AND ALL THE REST BECOME DUST-LADEN WHEN—

The Bound Volumes of
Theatre Magazine

come into your library. Here is the one complete record of the American Stage—the one publication devoted exclusively to the Art, the Literature, the Mechanics of the Drama.

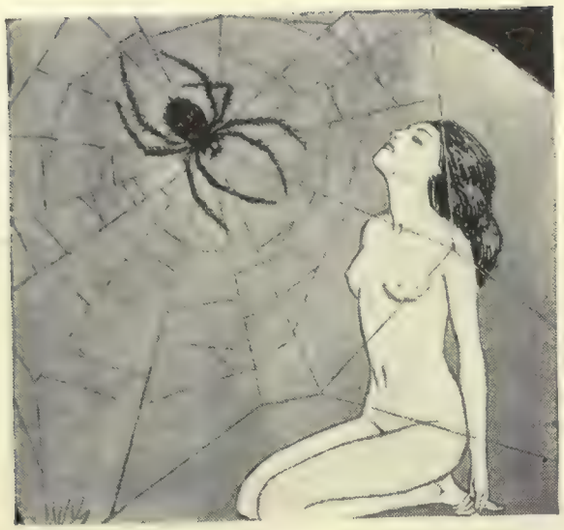
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YOUR LOOSE 1920 NUMBERS

if sent prepaid to us, plus $6.00, will be taken in exchange for two new bound volumes (comprising the twelve issues of this year) completely indexed.

If you've loaned your Theatre Magazines and never got them back, these two bound volumes for 1920 will cost you $10.00.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.
6 EAST 39th STREET
NEW YORK



"THE MAKE-UP SPIDER"

How it works and enmeshes

A bit of color deftly distributed, a dab of the lip-stick, a well-placed pencil stroke to set off a point of attraction . . . they can be made to convey art and beauty. Besides, sometimes we just cannot help looking off color, we women, and there is no reason why the whole world should have notice of our temporary frailty. As a necessary prop to our beauty, let us have it by all means, and I am for it to such an extent that I have made it my business to bring together a fascinating assortment of wonderful rouges and exquisitely tinted powders and lip-refreshers. But make-up for the mere sake of make-up, . . . well, it is certainly unnecessary, to say nothing of the taste displayed. If truth must be told, it is encouraged by catch-penny beauty parlors. Lacking most elementary principles of physiological beauty-building, their inevitable final refuge is make-believe, and make-believe alone.

The Secret of Skin Beauty

is a simple one: Make your skin work. If it has become sluggish from any cause, coax it to greater activity. Do not allow it to stagnate under an overlay of paint and heavy creams Inactive, it will become greasy, flabby, infirm. It will sag. The pores will clog up; then they will expand. Blackheads will form and pimples. With others, again, the skin will dry and fall into wrinkles. It will be pallid and pasty. At this point a sense of false pride will fasten upon you the practice of covering up with make-up the ravages due to make-up. *The make-up spider has spun his web . . . .*

Make Your Skin Work

I said a little while back. The most uncanny unfailing means by which you can accomplish this is Valaze Beautifying Skinfood, many years ago confided to my hands by that Russian Specialist Dr. Lykuski. It has gained its great fame because it yields so freely that lively skin-action and beautiful purity of flesh tints, without which no complexion can long hold its own. It will keep your skin at work, mildly, imperceptibly. It will infuse freshness, animation and vigor *into* the skin itself, keeping away in this manner lines, discoloration, spots, harshness, sallowness or weather-beaten appearance. Price: $1.25, $2.50 and $7.00.

This preparation as well as the other described below is to be used in your own home. But if you have the opportunity to call at my

Maison de Beauté Valaze

in New York or abroad, you will realize, perhaps for the first time, the enormous strides which have been made in the Science and Art of Beauty. You will realize that whatever misgivings or disappointment you may have had as to the maintenance of your good looks, you have at last found the combined equipment of experience and knowledge that leads to fond fulfilment.

Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion, a companion preparation to the Skinfood, braces, revivifies; prevents and aids in suppressing lines. For normal and oily skin. $1.25, $2.50 and $5.50. For dry skin, Skin-toning Lotion Special. $2.25, $4.50 and $8.50.

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Valaze Beauty Grains: A sensational skin rejuvenant. Its importation from Europe has only just been resumed. Used for washing in place of soap. Keeps the skin creamy-white, safeguards its texture and guarantees against coarseness and oiliness of the pores, blackheads and other impurities. Should be a household article in every home. Men, women and children will be free from skin defects by using Valaze Beauty Grains. $1.25, $2.50 and $5.50.

Valaze Cream of Lillies, the new outdoor cream for normal and somewhat dry skins. $1.50, $3.00 and $5.00.

Valaze Foundation Cream, another day cream and foundation for powder, for normal but rather oily skins. Produces that delightful "mat" tone. $1.10, $2.20, $3.30 and $5.50.

Valaze Lip Lustre. Restores the full richness of lip color, protects from chapping. In darker or lighter, fruit or coral, shades, for day and evening. $1.00, $1.75, $2.50, $3.50 and $5.00.

Valaze Crushed Rose Leaves: A delightful face coloring, in loose powder or compact form. *Ocre foncé*, for brunettes; *Mandarin*, a saucy, cherry red, suitable for any complexion; *Framboise, Clair*, imparting the happy coloring of the bonnie Scotch lassie; *Moyen*, for the light brunette. $1.00, $1.50, $3.50 and $7.50.

Valaze Rouge En Creme: Waterproof rouge unguents, for blondes and brunettes. Put the imprint of brightest, but unexaggerated witchery upon the cheeks. $2.00, $3.50, $5.00 and $6.50. Handy and very economical.

Valaze Complexion Powder: Discrimination should be the first law in the use of powders. Different powders for different skins. The normal and oily skin cannot do without Valaze Complexion Powder. The dry skin must have the nutritive Novena Poudre. In white, flesh, rose, natural, rachel, ocre. In boxes at $1.00, $1.50, $3.50 and $5.50.

When ordering goods kindly add war tax of 4 cents on the dollar and pro rata.

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Atlantic City, N. J., 1427 Boardwalk: **New Orleans,** Mrs. C. V. Butler, 8017 Zimple Street; **Boston, Mass.,** E. T. Slattery Co.; **Chicago, Ill.,** Mlle. Lola Beekman, 30 Michigan Avenue; **San Francisco, Cal.,** Miss Ida Martin, 177 Post Street and Grant Ave.; **Dayton, O.,** Elinor's

DUSE RETURNS TO THE STAGE

By Alice Nielson

(*Concluded from page 62*)

and she could read the soul of a man or woman with uncanny intuition.

FAR from being jealous of any rivals, she seemed to always be searching for talent and beauty in others. I remember when I was rehearsing "Traviata" for her. She had taught me to stand perfectly still during the delivery of the aria in the scene with the father, letting my voice and face express all the emotion. As I sang, she crept toward me quietly, stealthily, never taking her eyes from my face. When the song was finished she was so close to me, her cheek almost touched mine. Peering searchingly into my face, she straightened herself and joyously exclaimed; "Yes, you are pale; you have emotional talent; you will succeed in opera!" If she had only known, it was fright at her extraordinary approach that made me lose color.

When I accompanied Duse upon her last provincial theatrical tour through Italy, I would stand, fascinated, in the wings and watch her. It was during a performance of "Monna Vanna", in the scene when she rushes off the stage to kill herself, that she frightened me. Her acting was so intense, her expression so fierce, that when she came face to face with me back stage, momentarily I had the feeling that she would kill me.

In every rôle she played she hypnotized herself in believing she *was* the heroine she portrayed. She lived her rôles and at the end of each performance she was absolutely exhausted.

ARTHUR SYMONS has captured in words the greatness of her genius:

"Other actresses seem to have heaped up into one great, fictitious moment all the scattered energies of their lives, the passions that have come to nothing, the sensations that have withered before they flowered. the thoughts that have never quite been born. The stage is their life; they live only for those three hours of the night; before and after are the intervals between the acts. But to Duse those three hours are the interval in an intense, consistent, strictly personal life; and the interval over, she returns to herself, as after an interruption.

"And this unique fact makes for the particular quality of her genius. The reason why Duse is the greatest actress in the world is that she has a more subtle nature than any other actress, and that she expresses her nature more simply. All her acting seems to come from the great depth, and to be only half-telling profound secrets. No play has ever been profound enough, and simple enough, for this woman to say everything she has to say in it. When she has thrilled one, or made one weep, or exalted one with beauty, she seems to be always holding back something else. Her supreme distinction comes from the kind of melancholy wisdom which remains in her face after the passions have swept over it."

ANOTHER writer has written of her: "Eleanora Duse is Italy; we find traces of her in all that country's various arts; she looks out from all their books; her existence is the perfectly natural outcome of many effects No other nation could have produced her, any more than any other country but Germany could have produced Wagner or Nietzsche. Her art has expanded to universal comprehension, because she has absorbed and become "a part of all that she has been." Every woman finds in her some unspoken part of herself. Her art is so true, so simple; she follows so intently the line of absolute realism; never forgetting that in all reality, no matter how dark, there is ever the significant touch of beauty and hope. "Life to her is so great, the soul so unspeakably earnest," therefore she is more than an artist, she is a spiritual force; giving us of her deep inner life, her heart's blood, and of the silences of her soul. And who can ever forget those silences of Dusè's and their helpless pathos? As in the greatest dramas, her most potent effects are gained from passiveness. We are overwhelmed, and weep then, at the troubled language in her eyes."

ONE of my dearest hopes was that this heaven-lent gift should again enrich the world. Now that we are told that this wonder-woman has consented to resume her work before the public all theatre lovers will rejoice. Her genius, I know, must be undiminished, and her great soul, dwelling on the heights, will uplift and hearten the multitudes.





The ensemble from "Robin Hood," produced by the Three Arts Club, of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, in the splendid Theatre presented to the Goodyear employees by the Company

YOUR COMMUNITY
YOUR COLLEGE
YOUR CHURCH

What have you done to bring to them the broadening influence of the Drama and the Play?

The Theatre Magazine, the recognized authority on the Stage and the Drama, in order to foster a new national interest in the Drama has established

THE AMATEUR THEATRICALS DEPARTMENT

to keep our readers in touch with what is being done in the colleges, churches and communities, toward the permanent establishment of the Play and the Drama—to bring to them the realization that something more is needed in developing and upbuilding a city or town, than the mere establishment of business and industries.

We are glad to receive for possible publication in the Amateur Theatricals Department, photographs and articles concerning successful amateur productions. Inquiries come to us from churches, clubs and colleges throughout the country, and this service is open to all our readers.

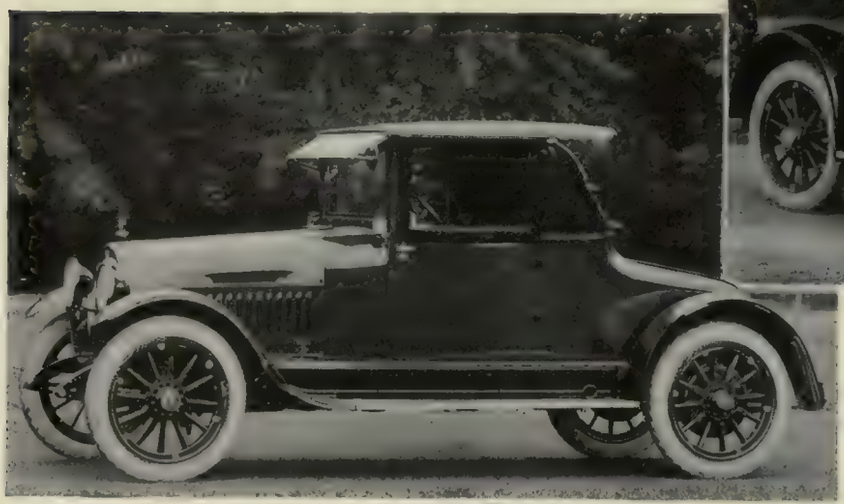
Address the Editor, Amateur Theatricals Department, THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, New York



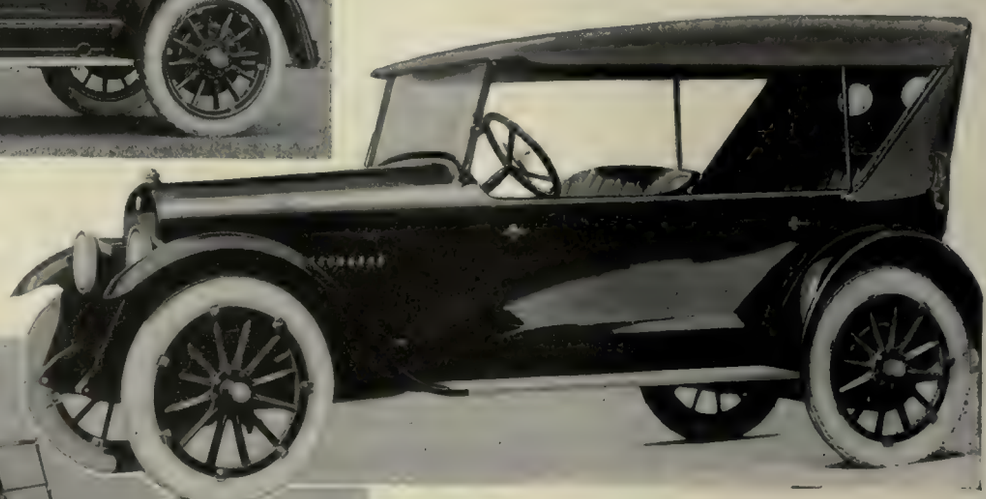
The Templar Two-Passenger Touring Roadster is a new creation in the sport model class. It is fast, sporty and shows its class in every line—an ideal car for a woman to drive through city traffic with safety

The usual niceties of appointment found on all Packard Cars are included in this Single Six Sedan

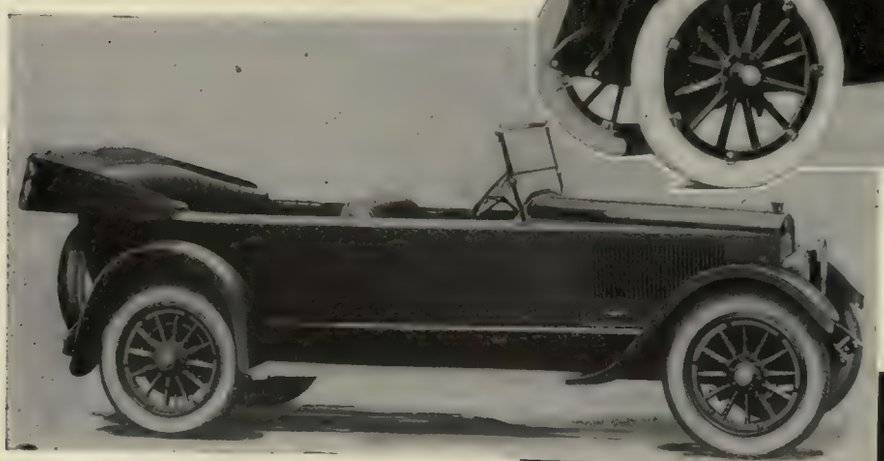




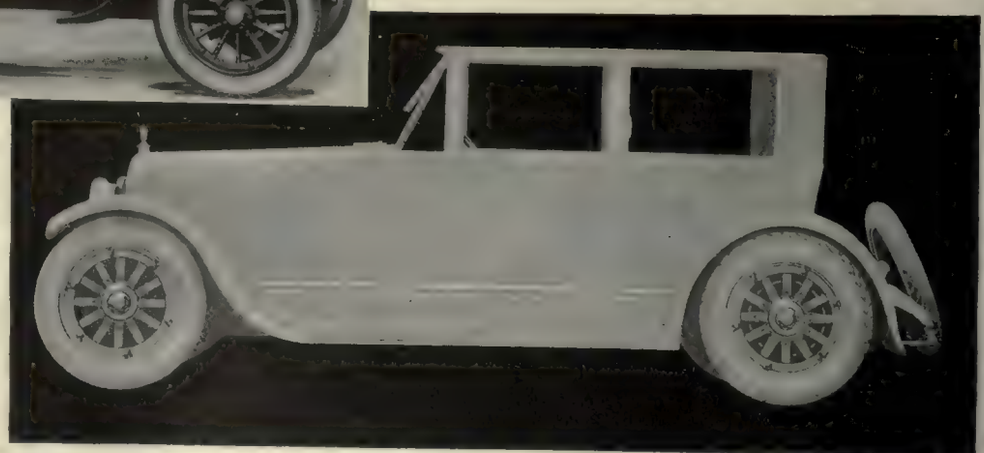
This new enclosed Hudson model makes its particular appeal because of its remarkable body beauty, smart fittings, finish and interior comfort. The top itself is stationary, the external bows adding to its rigidity and appearance



Harmony and grace of body lines; extraordinary roominess and convenience; completeness and accessibility of controls and instruments are clearly portrayed in this Studebaker Light Six



A charming witchery of style is woven into the Winton Six—a magnificent motor car, alive with power, correct to the smallest detail and refreshingly restful



Marking the advancing popularity of the closed car, the Jordan Silhouette Brougham is notably distinctive. It's a five-passenger with all-aluminum body

THE LAST SYLLABLE IN SMART CARS



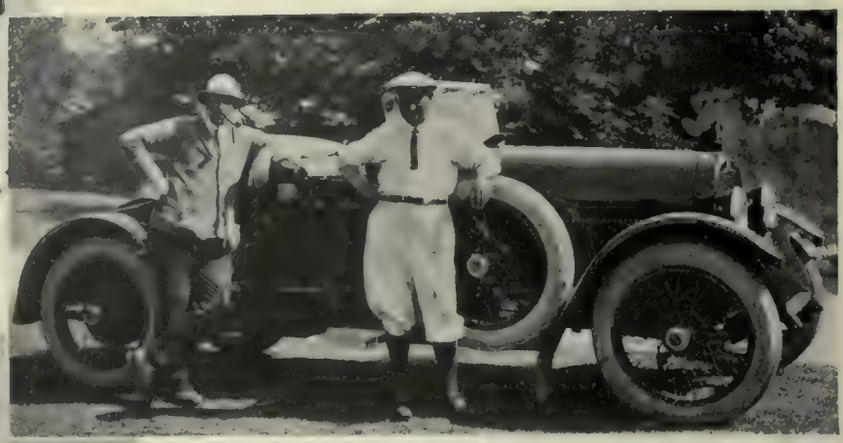
Stutz has not changed with each whim of fashion—its distinguished lines are stabilized

STUTZ MOTOR CAR CO. OF AMERICA, INC., Indianapolis, U.S.A.

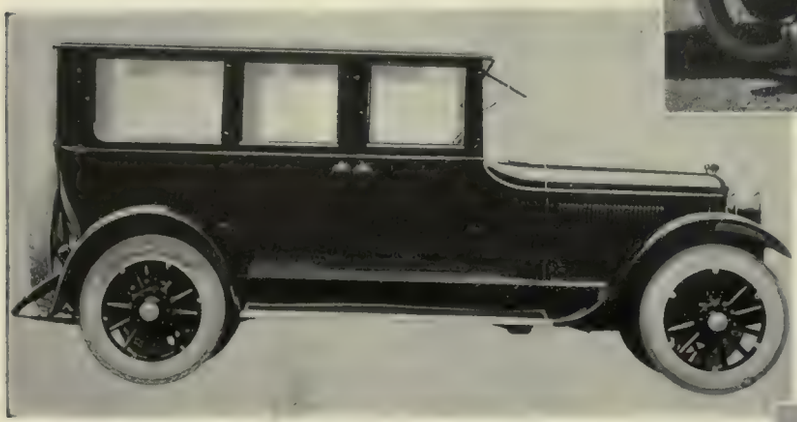
ADVANCE MODELS FOR DISCRIMINATING MOTORISTS



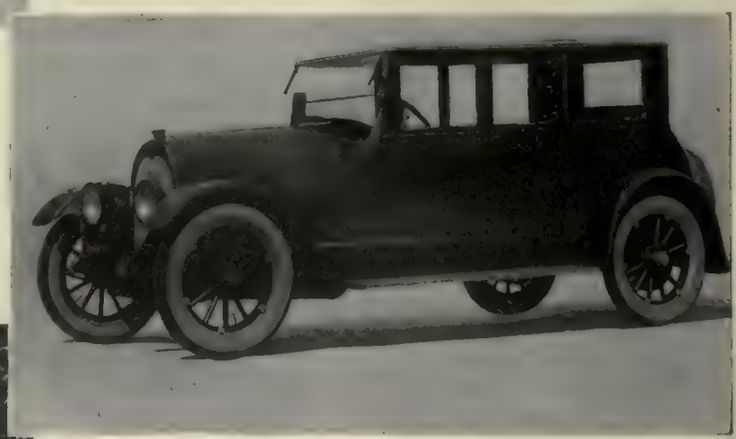
Kissel policy is that of working far in advance on engineering betterments, eliminating radical changes and equipping Kissel products with engineering achievements



Vardon and Ray, world-famous British golfers, are keen admirers of perfection whether it be in the realm of golf or automobiles. That is why they have become so enthusiastic over the new Haynes Special Speedster during their present visit to the United States



The year 'round appeal of the closed car is stronger than ever in the new Paige seven-passenger Sedan on a chassis which shows considerable variation from the preceding design of the large six model. It is, in fact, a larger edition of the Paige 6-42 model, which has already reached a successful production of over ten thousand cars



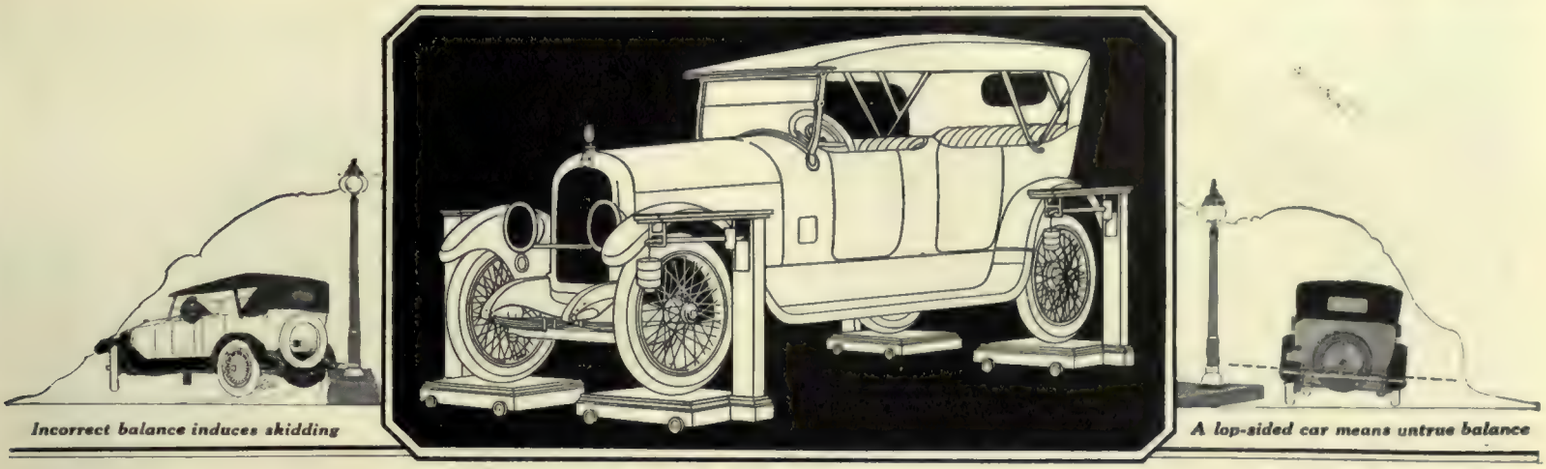
Probably no model of the enclosed type has gained greater popularity during the past twelve months than the compact four passenger enclosed job offered by Apperson Bros. and known as their Sedanette model. The Apperson Sedanette is a coach of distinction and has class of external line—good taste of interior luxury—every appointment and visible detail of hardware blends in form and finish



It is a mistake to assume that motor cars have, as yet, reached the pinnacle of excellence. There are still many refinements to be accomplished. For example, the old method of shifting gears by hand is most obviously a crudity. In *Premier* alone, has this crudity been removed. Premier's gears are shifted electrically by means of an inconspicuous lever on the steering quadrant



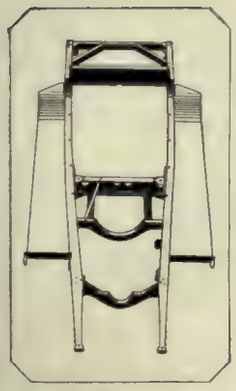
Specially designed for Mr. Joseph Nathan of New York by Brooks-Ostruk Co. The chassis is a 48 Pierce-Arrow. Notice the graceful line of the front mudguards and the six fenders



Incorrect balance induces skidding

A lop-sided car means untrue balance

The Marmon on four scales shows equi-balance and light weight which mean:



Weight and balance are two considerations which should be of major importance in selecting a motor car. They are factors which have claimed the studious attention of Marmon engineers for many years.

True balance is not a laboratory theory. Its reasonableness is obvious.

No car should be too heavy nor too light. No car should be out of balance. Incorrect distribution of weight is simply faulty or old-fashioned designing. It is inexcusable.

It is easy to find out whether a car has true balance. Every Marmon Distributor will gladly show you a Marmon on four scales. Then you can make comparisons.

Spring suspension a contributing factor

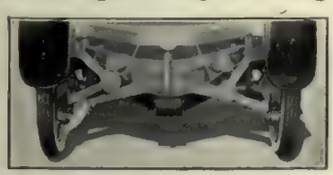
In your study of car balance, observe the elements that go to make up suspension; the springs, the frame, and their assembly

Upon proper suspension depends the elimination of vibration, the reducing of side-sway and the absorption of shocks.

Proper suspension means *Comfort for Passengers* and *Long Life for the Car.*

Improper suspension means the opposite: Uncomfortable riding, hard steering, destructive vibration, dangerous skidding, body-racking side-sway, shorter life for the car, maximum upkeep.

So one must choose between two extremes. There is no middle ground in engineering. Principles are right or they are wrong.



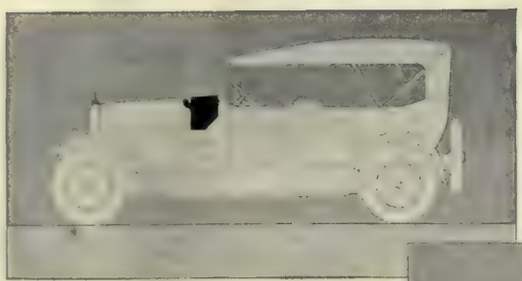
Study Marmon springs

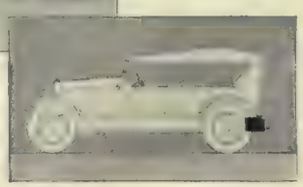
Note the rear—the compound cantilever cross-suspension type. Note the front, semi-elliptic, extra long. Observe the inbuilt shock absorbers.

This advanced principle of suspension, together with the improved frame, permits a lower center of gravity, so that motion is vertical, and side-sway is eliminated.

The Marmon keeps to the road with greater surety and travels at higher-than-usual speeds without discomfort to the passengers or harm to the car.

1. **Easier riding and easier steering.**
2. **Safety at varying speeds—less skidding.**
3. **Greater tire and gasoline economy.**
4. **Lower upkeep and longer life.**
5. **Quicker acceleration and deceleration.**





Centered vs. rear gasoline tank

Is it reasonable, may we ask, for a gasoline tank to be at the rear? Its weight is constantly variable, as it is filled and emptied.

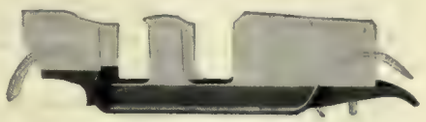
Were its weight static it could be counterbalanced by front weight. But gasoline represents poundage. A gallon weighs 6¼ pounds. So when a tank is full, its eighteen gallons weigh about 112 pounds. As it empties down to one gallon the weight decreases to 6¼ pounds.

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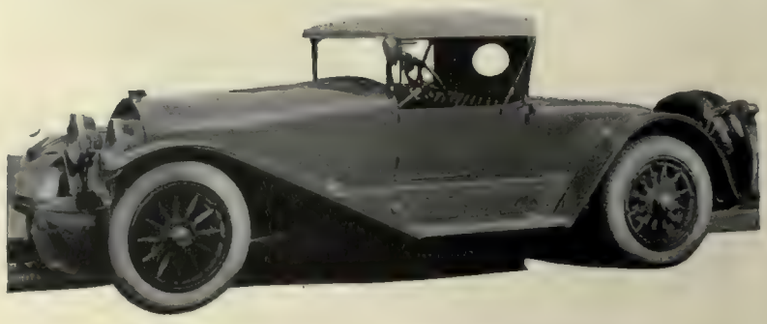
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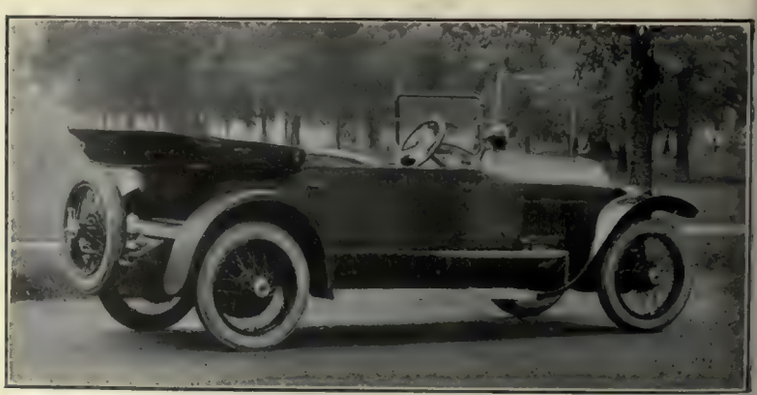
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In Preparation

"Fixing It for Archie", a comedy by Ian Hay, with music.

An Operetta by Emmerich Kalman.

"Cook", a comedy by Jerome K. Jerome.

Thomas C. Dagnall's English production of **"Lord Richard in the Pantry"**, a comedy by Sydney Blow and Douglas Hoare.

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 58)

Platt is a gem of scenic expression.

BROADHURST. "When We Are Young." Comedy in three acts by Kate L. McLaurin. Produced November 22.

ONLY by way of record it is necessary to even mention this nondescript piece of sentimental rubbish—one of the most stupid shows ever inflicted on a Broadway audience. How any manager could have spent time and money staging such hopeless, amateurish stuff passes all understanding. My sympathies went, first to Alma Tell, George Marion and Henry Hull, capable players who floundered in a morass of the most obvious situations and platitudinous dialogue, and second to the unfortunate spectators, lured from the comforts of their homes, to waste their evening on such sickly twaddle.

CENTRAL. "Afgar." Extravaganza in two acts. Book by Fred Thompson and Morton David. Music by Chas. Cuvillier. Produced Nov. 8.

THE acknowledgement of the French source on the program of this latest importation from London was hardly necessary. Old-fashioned in plot, cumbersome in action, yet distinctly gallic in spirit, the piece recalls those operas *bouffe* that used to attract a special public to the Paris Nouveautés in the palmy days of those inimitable Boulevard funmakers—the Brasseurs, father and son. The only difference is that "Afgar" is not nearly so good as the worst of its ante-bellum models and that an absurd attempt has been made to localize the piece by injecting into the lines a number of wretched puns about Flatbush, the Lambs' Club, Dr. Straton, etc.

The story has to do with a rebellion among the fair inmates of the harem and the virtuous resolve of a Spanish prisoner to resist the voluptuous charms of Zaydee, the Sultan's favorite.

Alice Delysia, the pulchritudinous, not-to-be-denied vamp, who comes to America with the reputation of a great vogue in London music halls, is a tall, handsome woman, rather more blonde than the conventional French type. She has charm of manner, a fairly good voice and great physical attractiveness, but she lacks the archness of Anna Held, and also the scintillating daintiness that marked the magnetic personality of Gaby Delys, two performers whose particular field the newcomer expects to fill. I think Madame Delysia would be well advised if she censors some of her songs, or at least, modifies the "business" with which she sings them. New York is not particularly prudish, but there is a certain point beyond which we do not go. London music hall audiences laugh at suggestiveness that would not be tolerated here. There are many lines in her songs that would be better toned down.

Whatever success "Afgar" had on the opening night was due to the beautiful bare back of the star, and to the nimble legs and clever fooling of Lupino Lane, a remarkable comedian whom I should like to see in something more worthy of his talents.

Much was made in the preliminary announcements about "wonderful gowns by Poiret of Paris." They proved to be very ordinary, freakish and gaudy creations that far from satisfied my sense of beauty. Our local designers have accustomed us to much better.

APOLLO. "Jimmie." Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Otto Harbach, Frank Mandel and Oscar Hammerstein II. Music by Herbert Stothart. Produced November 17.

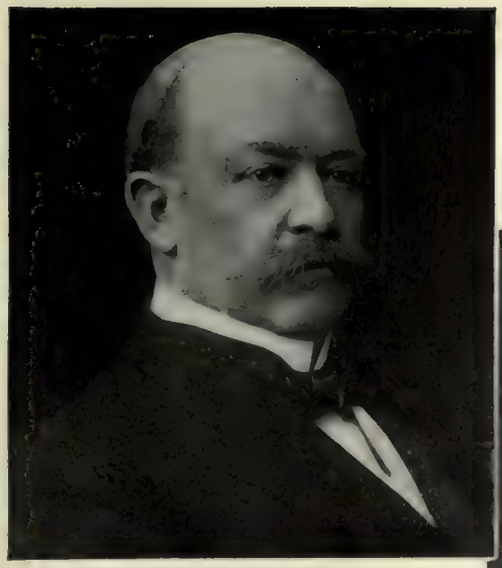
THERE are fashions in musical comedies as well as in many other things, and the greater number of those produced this season bear a very distinct resemblance to each other. They are not much different from last year's styles, excepting, perhaps, that there is more dancing, less singing (if possible) and a greater economy in the amount of the material used in the costumes.

"Jimmie," shown for the opening of the New Apollo Theatre, is a bit better than the average, in that, being tailor-made, it succeeds in fitting very well the individual talents and abilities of Frances White, whom it ushers into stardom. Petite and chic, and possessed of a distinctive personality, Miss White is given opportunity to do the things which she does well, and she has added to these the evidence that she can, at least for a few minutes, forget her pert ways and do serious things, even verging on the pathetic. She hasn't much of a singing voice, but she manages very cleverly what she has.

As first assistant appears Ben Welch, one-time Hebrew comedian in vaudeville, who is good in several scenes but becomes tiresome when he introduces whole sections of his vaudeville monologues.

Rita Owin makes a hit with her eccentric dancing in which she is really funny. There are several others who help to fill in, and then there are the girls, several of them pretty.

(Concluded on page 76)



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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Concluded from page 74)

CORT. "JIM JAM JEMS." Musical pastime in two acts by Harry L. Cort and George E. Stoddard. Music by James Hartly. Produced Oct. 4 with this cast:

Cyrus Ward	Stanley Forde
June Ward	Ada Mae Weeks
Annette	Rose Langdon
Phillip Quick	Joe E. Brown
Johnny Case	Frank Fay
James	Harry Langdon
Geraldine McCann	Kathryn Miley
Archie Spotter	Ned Sparks
Birdie McIntyre	Virginia Clark
Murphy	Gattison Jones
Minnie	Miss Gay
O'Ryan	Joe E. Miller
Miss Flipp	Irma Marwick
Mr. Jazz	Roscoe Ails
Miss Jazz	Midgie Miller

ALMOST the entire appeal of this piece is made to the eye; for of music worth while there is none, the ear being constantly assailed with energetic jazz dissonances which serve as an accompaniment to dancing which is as bad in its suggestiveness as the music itself. Good dancing, like good music, is a worthy expression of beauty; but the modern musical show seems to think of it simply as a vulgar display of physical development, both muscular and fleshly. In "Jim Jam Jems" this display is brought to the fore in almost every scene to the point of tiresomeness.

Very little of the wit is clever, and much of it is vulgar or inane. The few bright spots are made to appear more bright than they really are by comparison with the dreariness which surrounds them. It needs no mental exertion to comprehend the matter of the whole show—one only needs to look. There are several things to attract the eye, some elaborate stage settings and a lavish display of costumes rich in the quality, if not always the quantity, of their material.

There is not very much beauty in the chorus, nor any extra amount of ability among the members of the cast. A few of them, including Frank Fay, Stanley Forde, Joe Barnett, and Ada Mae Weeks might do better if their parts gave them a chance. There is a question in one's mind why Miss Weeks should be featured, except for the fact that she is given more to do. As to the majority of the cast—they seemed at home in the piece—no better nor worse.

BROADHURST. "THE GUEST OF HONOR." Comedy in three acts by William Hodge. Produced Sept. 20 with this cast:

Jack Weatherbee	Graham Lucas
Mrs. Murry	Jennie Lamont
Mr. Warner	William H. Thompson
Laundry Boy	Howard Morgan
Mr. Wartle	Edward O'Connor
John Weatherbee	William Hodge
Robert Thisby	Harold Heaton
Rosamond Kent	Helen Wolcott
Ione Curtis	Miriam McCauley
Helen Kent	Alice Bricker
Mr. Lesoir	Louis Barclay
Mr. Kent	Frederick de Belleville
Mrs. Kent	Ann Warrington
Butler	Lee Frank
Tom	John N. Wheeler

MR. Hodge has not added anything to his laurels either as a playwright or as an actor in this his latest effort.

The play is poor and most theatrical, as may be judged when such fine artists as Mr. Thompson and Mr. de Belleville find it well-nigh impossible to make one forget that they are acting. There are no new situations in it and the old ones are worn threadbare.

Mr. Hodge's interpretation of John Weatherbee is monotonous to a degree. His speeches tumble over each other with a glibness that makes one sure they are all well learned and have been repeated many times. It is a cold-blooded business proposition with him, and his short attempt at sentiment is as cold-blooded as the rest of it.

The comedy, what there is of it, is furnished by Jennie Lamont—and well furnished too—as an Irish washwoman; with Edward O'Connor as a foil. The others of the cast, excepting of course, Mr. Thompson and Mr. de Belleville, are stagy and theatrical. How could they be otherwise with such artificial parts to play?

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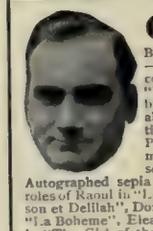
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Whole No. 239

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Charles Maigne's Production "The Kentuckians," by John Fox, Jr.; with Monte Blue

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A George Melford Production "The Faith Healer"

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Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in "The Traveling Salesman"

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Sir James M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" A John Robertson Production

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A George Melford Production Dorothy Dalton in "The Money Master" By Sir Gilbert Parker

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

STOP, LOOK, LISTEN!

We are going to ask you to be candid, Mr. or Miss Average Reader. What appeals to you most in the THEATRE MAGAZINE—the pictures or the articles? Would you like more articles and fewer pictures or more pictures and fewer articles?

What sort of reading matter interests you most—chatty, intimate interviews with the players; analytical reviews of plays; academic discussion of the drama; or articles in a lighter vein, dealing with the many various phases of theatrical art, stage fiction, etc? We aim to please you—hence the question.

Take us into your confidence. Don't be afraid of hurting our feelings. The editorial epidermis is hardened against attack, merited or otherwise. Write in and let us know what you think.

WHAT'S become of the man-actor? Look at the show bills. They're nearly all headed by women—Florence Reed in "The Mirage;" Mitzi in "Lady Billy;" Helen Hayes in "Bab;" Mary Nash in "Thy Name is Woman;" Ina Claire in "The Gold Diggers;" Patricia Collinge in "Just Suppose;" Margaret Anglin in "The Woman of Bronze;" Gilda Varesi in "Enter Madame;" Madge Kennedy in "Cornered;" Frances White in "Jimmie," and so on.

Why has the weaker sex been permitted to usurp the centre of the stage, almost to the exclusion of the man player? The men, to be sure, are gradually coming back. We have Frank Bacon in "Lightnin';" Fred Stone in "Tip Top;" George Sidney in "Welcome Stranger." But why did the actor ever allow the actress to out-rival him in the public's affections?

There's a reason. In our February issue, Helen Ten Broeck has a well-written article on this subject—an article which will interest not only the layman, but the professional as well. Don't miss it. You'll find it both instructive and entertaining.

Has the suave prestidigitator ever extracted a live rabbit from your pocket or made a shower of five dollar gold pieces drop from your nose? If these miracles never happened to you—you've certainly seen the magician perform the trick on others in the audience.

How is it done? Who are these people who seem to rise willingly in the darkened auditorium to lend their services to the conjurer? Are they confederates, or are they just plain spectators like you and me?

Read "Theatre Plants," by George C. Jenks in our next issue. The article will tell you some surprising stage secrets.

Must the playwright, to be successful, have been an actor? Question of vital interest, this, to all those eager to win the fame and fortune that awaits the popular dramatist.

Many successful playwrights, of course, have never been actors, but, probably, most of them could act, if suddenly put to it. On the other hand, many of the great dramatists were players. Shakespeare was an actor. So was Molière.

In our own day we have James A. Herne, Edward Harrigan, Charles Klein, George M. Cohan, James Forbes, Frank Bacon, Winchell Smith, Frank Craven, Edwin Milton Royle, Rida Johnson Young, Edgar Selwyn—all players and all authors of successful plays.

In the March THEATRE MAGAZINE, Ada Patterson refutes the absurd notion that it takes a college professor to write a play. The successful dramatists are play builders—not play writers. Read her article in our next issue. You will enjoy it.

Georgette Leblanc, the French actress and former wife of Maurice Maeterlinck, the "Belgian Shakespeare," has come to America to appear in motion pictures. This interesting woman, whose influence on Belgium's mystic poet was such that she changed his very mood—transforming him from the black pessimism of "The Blind" and "The Intruder" to the more robust optimism of "The Bee,"—has been so long a prominent figure of continental theatrical life that her views on dramatic art cannot fail to be interesting. To an interviewer for the THEATRE MAGAZINE, the actress outlines her philosophy and speaks about the celebrities she has been associated with. A feature of our March issue which will be welcomed by all.

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIII. No. 239. FEBRUARY, 1921.



White

LIONEL ATWILL AS DEBURAU

"DEBURAU"—A PLAY OF DISILLUSIONMENT

Celebrated French pantomimist the protagonist of Sacha Guitry's tragi-comedy



SACHA GUITRY
Author of "Deburau"

EVERY now and then—perhaps once or twice in a decade—Europe sends to America a really fine play, a play of genuine human feeling, one that quickens the pulse, and stirs the emotions. Such is "Deburau," tragi-comedy in four acts by Sacha Guitry, which, after a long run in Paris, was recently given an American production by David Belasco. Necessarily, it is a sad play. Laughter touches only the surface. The source of tears lies far deeper. "Deburau" is a sad play because it is a story of poor Pierrot's disillusionment—that cruel, merciless disillusionment which, sooner or later, comes to all of us.

The two Deburaus, father and son, were famous Pierrots, one after the other, in the days when Alexander Dumas, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset and George Sand shed the light of their genius on the French stage.

Jean Baptiste Gaspard Deburau, French pantomimic actor, was born at New Kolin, Bohemia, in 1796. His childhood was spent amid the most abject poverty. His father, an old soldier, finally organized a troupe of acrobats and equilibrists made up of his own family and for years they toured the country fairs, their travels extending all over Europe. Jean Gaspard soon distinguished himself above the others, and on his return to Paris, he joined the company at the little Théâtre des Funambules, on the Boulevard du Temple, where he excelled in pantomime. Soon he was acknowledged without a peer among the moon-face harlequins and all Paris ran to acclaim him, George Sand, Théophile Gauthier, and others proclaiming him "the greatest artist of his time."

In 1832, Deburau, ambitious other worlds to conquer, went into vaudeville at the Palais Royal, but the experiment proved a failure. This resulted in his return to the old theatre, where he was welcomed back with a remarkable tribute.

In his pantomimic work, Deburau expressed the emotions of life by the simplest methods and did as much for pantomime as Garrick did for drama. For years he drew crowds to the little Théâtre des Funambules—not a fashionable following by any means, for the *intelligenzia* of the time affected to disdain Pierrot's antics. But those able to appreciate his art did not regret the long journey to the Boulevard du Temple, and his fooling ever a source of unalloyed delight to the *jeunesse* and *grisettes* of the *quartier*, Jean Gaspard remained enthroned in the public affections, until one day, while performing, he fell on the stage, injuring himself so severely that it proved fatal. On his death, in 1846, he was succeeded by his son, Charles, who had followed closely in his father's footsteps. But the boy lacked much of his father's skill and never achieved the fame enjoyed by the elder Deburau.

On this foundation which, in some respects, recalls his own career, Sacha Guitry, the talented actor-son of an even greater Boulevard favorite, Lucien Guitry, has written a beautiful, impressive and pathetic play. Pathetic because its smile masks the lonely comedian's breaking heart. This is the web and woof of Guitry's play, written in spirited and often inspired verse which Granville Barker has Englished for our stage.



EXTERIOR OF THE THÉATRE DES FUNAMBULES
Miniature Paris playhouse (period 1830) made famous by Deburau's pantomimic art



JEAN GASPARD DEBURAU
(from a contemporary sketch)

The play opens at the Funambules. Deburau is at the height of his fame. Once more has he triumphed and the audience goes wild over him, much to the discomfiture of fellow performers, temporarily eclipsed by his genius and vogue. A crowd gathers at the stage door to greet the idol of the hour, among them certain frail sisters, who, completely infatuated, are ready to throw their beauty and charms at his feet. But Deburau, a domesticated man, resists the blandishments of the temptress, and to their amorous advances, responds by talking of his little son and showing them his wife's portrait. Picking up his traps, he is starting for home, when, suddenly, he is confronted by another of the sex, no less a personage than the famous courtisan, Marie Duplessis. This time the temptation is beyond his courage to resist. He succumbs and they walk away together as the act ends.

The original of Dumas' "Lady with the Camelias," that unhappy heroine of an unselfish love whose untimely end has probably caused more tears to flow in the theatre than any other stage character, Marie Duplessis was the daughter of a laundress. A frail, exquisite creature, she soon succumbed to the life of pleasure and when she died at the age of twenty, the most famous literary men in France, including the younger Dumas, whose infatuation for her was well known, made the pilgrimage to Montmartre Cemetery where her grave is pointed out to visitors to the present day.

Act II shows Marie's apartment. Deburau has been there not once, but several times Conscience stricken, he returns home to his wife, only to find that she has eloped with another man. Overjoyed, he returns to Marie, but he finds that during his absence, a rival, younger and more handsome, has taken his place. He starts to withdraw, with apologies for his intrusion, when Marie halts him, introducing the new comer:

"Monsieur Deburau — Monsieur Armand Duval."

Act III finds poor Pierrot despondent. Disillusionment has begun. Ill in body and mind, he has not acted at the Funambules for months and he doesn't care if he never appears there again. His son, Charles, thinking to please him, offers to don the motley and act in his place. The unintentional thrust goes home. Well Deburau knew that one day the boy would succeed him, but he did not realize that the day was so close at hand. Marie comes to see him, no longer the adored mistress, but the sympathetic comrade, sorry for her old friend (*Continued on page* 148)



CURTIS COOKSEY (*the lover*); MARY NASH (*the wife*); JOSE RUBEN (*the husband*)

New variation of the eternal triangle and three vividly drawn types of husband, wife and lover in, "THY NAME IS WOMAN," at The Playhouse



White

LOTUS ROBB AND ROLAND YOUNG in Clare Kummer's delightful comedy "ROLLO'S WILD OAT" at the Punch and Judy

Rollo, an idle rich young man, decides that the ambition of his life is to play Hamlet, and picks out for Ophelia a young woman who admits she can't act at all—all of which makes for most amusing situations

TRAGEDY AND LAUGHTER IN RECENT PRODUCTIONS

FASHIONABLE THESPIANS

Actresses whose talent and beauty have won ducal coronets

By HAROLD SETON

THE recent marriage of Miss Jose Collins, of the London comedy stage, to Lord Robert Innes-Kerr, youngest brother of the Duke of Roxburghe, reminds us that there has always been strong sympathy between Society and the Stage. Actresses have become peeresses and leaders of fashion have deserted the drawing room for the footlights. Romantic matings of this kind were even more common in the last century than they are today. Kitty Clive, the well-known Drury Lane actress and Mrs. Farren, greatly admired for her impersonations of fine ladies, both married into the nobility, while Anne Oldfield, the erstwhile barmaid, became the associate of duchesses.

From the earliest times, the nobility have befriended and patronized the player. In Shakespeare's day it was not safe for actors to even attempt to give public performances unless they first placed themselves under the protection of some ducal house.

Originally banded together in small companies, the players wandered from place to place, presenting plays in the courtyards of inns or in the residences of nobles. At best, they were merely regarded as clever vagabonds. In Shakspeare's time women took no part in these performances. It was not until the reign of Charles II that Samuel Pepys records in his famous diary the advent of a female on the London stage.

After that, with the ever-increasing popularity of plays, actors and actresses were as much admired in private life as in public, and many men and women of the theatre became favorites in society—a surprising fact in view of the humble origin of most of these favored ones. But personal charm and artistic ability were able to overcome even the formidable barriers of British conservatism.

An instance of extraordinary advancement from obscurity to fame is that of Mary Ann Yates (1728-1787). The daughter of William Graham, a ship's steward, she appeared at Drury Lane in 1753, the piece being Samuel Crisp's "Virginia," in which David Garrick played Virginius. Continuing in the company, she was gradually entrusted with the leading parts. Mrs. Yates, whose husband, Richard Yates, was a well-known comedian who reached the age of ninety, succeeded Mrs. Cibber as the foremost tragic actress of the English stage, and was in turn succeeded—and eclipsed—by Mrs. Siddons.

This famous "queen of the stage" (1755-1831), the eldest of the twelve children of Roger Kemble, an actor, was born in "The Shoulder of Mutton" public-house, at Brecon, Wales, and appeared on the stage while still a child. Her marriage to William Siddons, an actor in her father's company, was objected to, so Siddons was dismissed, and Sarah was sent as lady's maid to a Mrs. Greathead, at Guy's Cliff, in Warwickshire. Here she recited Shakespeare in the servant's hall. Garrick engaged her for Drury Lane, but she produced no impression, and she remained in the provinces until 1782, when she appeared at Drury Lane in Southerne's "Fatal Marriage," achieving a triumph only equalled in the history of the English stage by Garrick's own first night at the same theatre. The enthusiasm was unbounded.



MRS. YATES

One of the foremost tragic actresses of the English stage (1728-1787)

In her earlier years she appealed by her tender sensibility, in later life by her overwhelming grandeur. Her greatest parts were Lady Macbeth and Queen Catherine in "Henry VIII," although she held audiences spellbound as Ophelia, Desdemona and Volumnia in "Coriolanus."

Dr. Johnson wrote his name on the hem of her garment in the famous portrait of the actress as the Tragic Muse by Sir Joshua Reynolds. "I would not lose," he said, "the honor this opportunity afforded to me for my name going down to posterity on the hem of your garment." Portraits by Lawrence and Gainsborough are in the National Gallery, London. She was buried in Paddington churchyard, but there is a statue to her memory in Westminster Abbey.

Elizabeth Farren, a contemporary of Siddons (1759-1829), was the daughter of an itinerant actor named Farren, and she appeared upon the stage as a child. Her London début was in 1777 at the Haymarket Theatre, as Miss Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer." She was greatly admired for her impersonations of fine ladies, and on the retirement of Mrs. Abingdon, became England's leading actress in comedy. Long received in the most aristocratic society, she married the Earl of Derby. Her portrait, one of the earliest and finest examples of the work of Sir Thomas Lawrence, is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

Another famous actress Dorothea Jordan, popularly known as "Mrs. Jordan" (1762-1816), was born in Ireland. Her father was a stage-hand. She did not appear in London until 1785, when she played Peggy in "A Country Girl," at Drury Lane Theatre. Before the end of her first season she had become a great favorite, being especially admired in comedy. In 1811 she transferred her services to Covent Garden, where, in 1814, she made her last appearance on the London stage, the following year retiring altogether. She was the favorite of the Duke of Clarence, afterward William IV, the eldest of her ten children being created Earl of Munster.

Eliza O'Neil, after whom Nance O'Neil was named, was born in 1791. The daughter of an Irish actor, she first appeared in Dublin in 1811, and made her London début at Covent Garden Theatre in 1814, achieving immediate success as Juliet. For the next five years she was extremely popular in comedy and tragedy, although preferred in tragedy, being rather unwisely compared to Mrs. Siddons. Having become a favorite with fashionable folk, she retired from the stage in 1819, at the time of her marriage to William Wrixon Becher, an Irish Member of Parliament, who in 1831 was created a baronet.

A picturesque stage personality of the 17th century was Thomas Betterton (1635-1710). The son of an under-cook in the household of Charles I, this famous actor began as a member of Sir William Davenant's company at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre. His merit quickly recognized, he was sent, at the instigation of Charles II, to Paris, to study the French stage, this visit bringing the young actor in contact with Molière. The Merry Monarch thought so highly of Betterton that for a performance of Alvaro, in "Love and Honour," His Majesty lent his coronation costume to the player. After a retirement of many years, Betterton being in reduced circumstances, he was tendered a public benefit. He was buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey, this being at that time, a unique distinction for an actor.

THE MERCILESS MANAGER

Holding, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature.

DRAWN BY
MALCOLM LA PRADE





THE STAGE BEAUTY

This fragile flower protected herself against the wintry blasts that blow about the vicinity of Times Square, but—
the heartless manager costumed her for his big Esquimau Scene



THE VAMP

She was happy in the bosom of her family, but—
the manager snatched her from it and placed her in the proper surroundings for a she-male of her species



THE HEROIC LEAD

No longer young as he once was, this peaceful gentleman was content to promenade the Pom in morning coat and spats, but—





the manager got him, so now he wears no coat at all, and his spats are with bad men

Elizabeth Barry, an actress who followed in Betterton's footsteps, was in the beginning so unsuccessful that she was dismissed from one company after another, but she was carefully coached by her admirer, the Earl of Rochester, who had laid a wager that he would make a first-rate actress of her. Mrs. Barry's performance as Isabella in "Mustapha," so impressed the Duke and Duchess of York that the Duchess took lessons in English from the actress, and later, when the Duchess had become Queen, she followed the example of Charles II and Betterton, and lent her coronation robes to Mrs. Barry for the rôle of Elizabeth in "The Earl of Essex."

Another actor who attained distinction was Barton Booth (1681-1733). He was related to Henry Booth, Earl of Warrington. After running away from Oxford, where he was studying for the church, he went on the stage, gaining immediate approval at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre. In 1713 he played Cato, in Addison's tragedy of that name, and became the rage among the nobility, who placed their carriages at his disposal, and besought the honor of his company at dinner. As the guest of royalty he frequently stayed at Windsor Castle over night.

ONE of the most romantic of stage careers was that of Anne, better known as "Nance" Oldfield (1683-1730), whom tradition credits with having started life as a barmaid. The daughter of a private soldier, Farquhar the dramatist overheard her reciting some lines and, through his influence, she obtained an opening at Drury Lane. Ten years later she was the foremost actress of the time and the idol of all classes, duchesses vying with each other for the honor of her acquaintance. She was especially successful in polite comedy, and was noted for her beauty and handsome costumes. Only forty-seven years of age at the time of her death, she left, it was said, "all the court and half the town in tears." She was buried in Westminster Abbey, beneath the monument to William Congreve.

ANOTHER actress of very humble origin, was Hannah Pritchard (1711-1768), who was found singing at a public fair. During the last twenty years of her life she was a member of Garrick's company at Drury Lane, where, both in comedy and tragedy, she was highly esteemed. Her farewell appearance was as Lady Macbeth, her most noted rôle. A few months after her retirement, she died at Bath, wealthy and respected, for some time past having been received in the most exclusive circles of society.

Kitty Clive (1711-1785), who underwent a transformation, was an Irish girl. Some people who overheard Kitty singing while scrubbing a doorstep were so impressed that they secured her a theatrical engagement. In 1728 she appeared at Drury Lane Theatre, then under the management of Colley Cibber. Soon after that she married George Clive, a relative of the great Lord Clive, soldier and statesman. In 1731 she became firmly established as a comic actress and singer in Charles Coffee's operatic farce, "The Devil to Pay," and henceforth was a universal favorite. Her quick wit and sound sense made her the welcome companion of the most noted people of her time. She was unreservedly praised by Goldsmith and Johnson. Horace Walpole placed in his garden a memorial urn with this inscription:

The Comic Muse with her retired,
And shed a tear when she expired.

An actress as eccentric as her name, was George Anne Bellamy (1727-1788). Born in Ireland, she was educated at a convent in Boulogne at the expense of Lord Tyrawley, British Ambassador first to Portugal and later to Russia. Through Lord Tyrawley she met many prominent people in London, including David Garrick and Peg Woffington, and made her stage début at Covent Garden in 1744. Owing to her personal charm and social prestige, her success was immediate, and she played the principal tragic rôles until 1770. Her last years were passed in poverty and ill health, the result of her own dissipations.

A PLAYER who literally rose "from rags to riches," was Frances Abingdon (1737-1815). The daughter of a private soldier, she began life as an errand girl, and acquired a knowledge of French and an eye for effect from a milliner by whom she was employed. Becoming a flower-girl, she was known to the town as "Nosegay Nan," and finally made a stage début at the Haymarket Theatre in 1757. She married Mr. Abingdon, her music-teacher. In 1765 she joined the company at Drury Lane.

The original Lady Teazle, after the retirement of Mrs. Pritchard and Kitty Clive, she had no rivals on the London stage, and became the leading comic actress of the period, a great favorite in society. Her characteristic headdress was copied by aristocratic dames, "the Abingdon cap," being known even in Paris. Dibdin records that, "Her taste for dress was novel and interesting. She was consulted by ladies of the first distinction, not from caprice, but from a decided conviction of her judgment in blending what was beautiful with what was becoming." Sir Joshua Reynolds painted his best portrait of her.

KILLING THE GOOSE

An inquiry into the decline of "the road"

THERE is a decided tendency on the part of the modern commentator on affairs of the theatre to question the business sagacity of our commercial managers in the conduct of their past and present attractions on the road. For "the road" has fallen upon evil days. Not a manager launches a company upon its course, no matter how successful the vehicle presented, without fearful misgivings of its power to duplicate its New York impression.

Time was when Topeka or St. Joe could be expected to rise magnificently to a "William A. Brady Presents:" but a number of reasons now contribute to the stony calm that such an announcement might be expected to create, should the billboards of said towns—which are to be taken as typical—blazon forth such an announcement—which is also to be considered typical.

For the managers have only themselves to blame for killing the road—the goose that laid the golden egg—and try as they will to find an alibi in the increased costs of production, transportation, the drawing power of the movies, etc., they cannot escape the fact that they have been remiss in repeatedly imposing on the credulity of the small-town audience.

It is not so long ago when "the road" believed that a play that ran for three or four months in New York *must* be good, not realizing that the only reason it was kept in New York was for the advertising value attached to the length of its metropolitan run. "Direct from a five month's run at the Criterion Theatre" sounded very impressive to the inhabitants of Topeka, where a play seldom stayed longer than a day. But after the good citizens had planked down their several dollars and sat through a shabby production, shabbily acted —a presentation which compared unfavorably with the work of a familiar stock company, the glamour of New York prestige began to wear off. And in the end, as was to be expected, they "wised up" to the tricks of the theatrical trade.

Another contributing cause toward the prevailing apathy of the road lies not alone in the inferior companies sent out as duplicates of the New York companies, but also in the inferior casts that are sent on the road in support of a star. Thus, Mr. H. T. Parker, writing in the Boston *Transcript*, scores Marjorie Rambeau for acting "The Sign on the Door," on the road "in a key far different from that originally set and by a cast appreciably inferior to the earlier players," and caustically concludes: "Our compensation is presumed to be the great, the good, the condescending Miss Rambeau, deigning at last to set foot upon Bostonian, Chicagoan, Philadelphian stages."

In view of the enormous profits which a few years ago accrued to the astute commercial manager who sent a worthy attraction on the road it is rather difficult to understand why they have sold their birthright. The audiences of the road are certainly as loyal as metropolitan audi- (*Continued on page* 132)



DAISY ASHFORD
(Grace Dougherty)
Has an "Idear" and begins work on her masterpiece



Ethel and Salteena dash to the station. They are on their way to "unconventionally" visit Bernard Carter



Ethel and Salteena enjoy the luxury of breakfast in bed in their adjoining rooms at the Gaiety Hotel



As Bernard Carter's guest, Salteena learns that non-familiarity with social usages has its drawbacks

DAISY ASHFORD'S FAMOUS BOOK "THE YOUNG VISITERS" DRAMATIZED

REVIVAL OF "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA"

Famous old burlesque produced at the Greenwich Village Theatre

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

AN event unique in character and interest is the revival by Arthur Hopkins at the Greenwich Village Theatre of Gay's famous burlesque farce, "The Beggar's Opera." First performed in New York by the Murray-Kean Company in 1750, this piece, which first took London by storm in 1727, continued popular on the American stage for over half a century.

For months and months this strange and brilliant work has been attracting thousands to a suburban house at Hammersmith, near London. Age has not withered, nor has custom staled, its wit, its charm and its relentless irony. Two centuries have almost come and gone since it was first revealed. And still its spell persists and holds the crowd.

When John Gay dared to write, "The Beggar's Opera," the opera of the day was ruled by foreigners. Already, Addison had mocked at snobs who applauded works they could not understand, for they were sung to them, not in the English tongue, but in Italian. To some extent, Gay's sprightly ballad opera protested cleverly against this rank absurdity. But its first object was to lampoon the rank corruption of the Cabinet, which was then headed by Sir Robert Walpole. And it was meant, of course, to do much more than that —to lash the manners of a coarse, immoral age. It did its triple task with ruthless wit and frankness, denouncing social vices and political rottenness.

To most of us, however, it appeals not as a satire on the sins of Georgian days, than as the beginning of the topsy-turvy humor which, long after, found such wonderful exponents in Gilbert and Sullivan. Without John Gay we might have never had "The Mikado," and "The Pirates" and "H. M. S. Pinafore." It was Gay, and the composers to whose lilts and airs he set his reckless words who inspired the works of those Victorian ironists. The tricks of style, the point of view, the forms at which we laugh in Gilbert's lyrics had their inception in the ancient "Beggar's Opera." The patter songs and humors of "The Mikado," above all, were clearly foreshadowed in the ditties scattered up and down the pages of that work. At points the similarities are staggering. Had Gay not lived, we might have had no Gilbert.

The chief character in the "opera" is Macheath, a highwayman, who flirts and rakes and is loved by all the ladies. A cynical jailer, and an outrageous hangman, supply much of the grim comedy in the opera. The sentiment, largely amorous and unshrinking, is added by two of Macheath's numerous rival sweethearts.

As it was written, in the plain language of Gay's time, some of the text has had to be toned down and bowdlerized. For Gay wrote with the crudeness of Defoe. We are too prudish to endure such things he said. Yet, if we would but be sincere, we might admit that many vices which he attacked in life and politics need scouraging just as much in our own day. The highwaymen of Gay's time are now gunmen, train-robbers, profiteers and motor-bandits. They are less picturesque than in the long ago. But, in essentials, they are just what they were then. Our Cabinet Ministers and law-makers drink grape juice. They go to church and ape respectability. But are they really very different from the characters lampooned so savagely in parts of "The Beggar's Opera?"

The "Lillibullero"—a political air once hummed by every Londoner—may have lost its point. But that other air, named "Green Sleeves," still means much to us.

"Since Laws were made for ev'ry Degree,
To curb Vice in others, as well as me,
I wonder we han't better Company,
Upon Tyburn Tree!
But Gold from Law can take out the Sting;
And if rich Men like us were to swing,
T'wou'd thin the Land, such Numbers to string
Upon Tyburn Tree!"

The lilts of the lyrics in "The Beggar's Opera," were borrowed here and there, as suited Gay. One of his songs ("Let Us Take the Road"), at least, was set to Handel's music—another ("Virgins Are Like the Flowers of May"), to an air Purcell had given us. Some of the songs and choruses and dance tunes in the score are just as ravishing, in their naiveté, as when they first delighted London town. Listen and you may find in one of the ballads the fount and origin of the "Titwillow," sung in "The Mikado." Another has in it the ditty anent crime and punishment. In "The Beggar's Opera" are airs (*Continued on page* 132)



Polly Peachum and Lucy Lockit making vain pleas for Macheath's life.

HOGARTH'S FAMOUS PICTURE OF ACT III, "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA"



Nickolas Muray

BEN-AMI

This young Russian actor, first seen on the lower East side and later associated with the best achievements of the Jewish Art Theatre, is now appearing in the vernacular as a Broadway star. His performance of the betrayed husband in "Samson and Delilah," has stirred some critics to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, although the more conservative commentators are somewhat reserved in their praise



Marion Barney, at present playing Mary Courtney in "The Woman of Bronze," has acted tragedy so long that she is glad of an occasional laugh when off duty. Hence the book—one of Mark Twain's funniest



(Right)
Jane Meredith, the vamp of "Enter Madame," is not engrossed in "Three Weeks" as you might suppose from her line of business. She finds far more pleasure in the respectable pages of Thackeray



(Center)
Beatrice Nichols, after breaking her heart over an unhappy love affair each evening in "Lightnin'" consoles herself after the performance by delving into the absorbing pages of David Copperfield



Photos by Bachrach

Mary Brandon, who plays Essie Solomon in "Welcome Stranger," finds it a relief to turn from the broad humor of Jewish comedy to the romantic stories of her uncle, Booth Tarkington

THE BOOKS THEY LIKE BEST



Act I. Captain Shotover's living room, a replica of the ship's cabin in which he spent a lifetime. Something like Gilbert's Palace of Truth, here all the old sailor's relatives assemble and speak what they think regardless of consequences



ALBERT PERRY

as the eccentric old sea-dog, Captain Shotover



HENRY TRAVERS

as the burglar, a humorous character introduced to air Shaw's peculiar philosophy



Act III. An air raid over the garden of "Heartbreak House" leads to a general moral awakening

"HEARTBREAK HOUSE"—SHAW'S DELIGHTFULLY IMPOSSIBLE COMEDY

NEW FACES FOR OLD ONES

The stage masks of ancient Greece revived by W. T. Benda

By CAROL BIRD

A HEAVY portière in the studio was pushed aside and "a vision of loveliness," as the fiction writers say, stepped into the studio. She wore an Oriental gown of flamboyant coloring, and a bizarre head-dress. Her skin was the kind you love to touch. There was something distinctly seductive about her face, and a witchery in her expression as she stood before the artist's guests, apparently forgetting that she was not just then called upon to pose.

She turned her lovely head from side to side, tilted it coquettishly, smiled an alluring smile, and sent forth a mysterious glance from under half-closed lids. Certainly she was adorable! The waiting guests found her a charmer until they happened to glance down at her feet. She had feet that no lady should have. They were quite large, and encased in wide, stout shoes.

Suddenly she raised one silken covered arm in a sweeping, graceful movement, and took off her face. W. T. Benda, the well-known artist and illustrator, stood smiling mischievously in the spot where the sorceress had been.

The transformation was a startling and uncanny one.

"You liked my lovely lady?" mocked Mr. Benda. "No—don't deny it. You positively simpered at her. I saw you. I was looking through her nose at you."

WITH this cryptic remark, the creator of the famous Benda masks, used so effectively for the first time in the "Greenwich Village Follies," revealed one of the mysteries of the life-like faces which he originated, and which have such far-reaching possibilities for use in the theatre. The fact that the wearer of one of these masks looks through the nostrils instead of the eye-sockets was one of the first interesting revelations Mr. Benda made regarding his odd and beautiful inventions.

Before he again sinks his identity in that of another of his mask-characters, get acquainted with the man who not only creates life-like masks, but who draws the idealized faces which gaze up at you from the pages of the magazines. W. T. Benda is the only name by which you know him. The W stands for Wladyslaw.

"Don't try to pronounce it," warns Mr. Benda. "It's one of those full-blown names—like a ship with all its sails set. Once a friend addressed a letter to me 'Mr. Whatname Benda,' and I never even discovered the *badinage*. My sister pointed it out to me. I only knew that the requisite number of letters seemed to be there, and I didn't notice anything else."

Mr. Benda was born in Poznan, Poland. When he was five years of age he began to take drawing lessons. Later, his parents decided that he ought to be a civil engineer, and he studied at the College of Technology in Cracow. The lure of drawing still bound him, however, and he made his choice. He would be an artist. So he attended the Academy of Art in Cracow, later went to Vienna to continue his studies, and from Vienna to California with his parents to visit his aunt, Helena Modjeska. Later, he came to New York, and it was not long before the magazine editors fell under the spell of the famous Benda Girl.

SHE was different from the girls they had been accustomed to buy to grace the pages of their publications. She had individuality. She was a distinct type. The very *contour* of her face was radically different from that of the regular pictured magazine girl. She had rather high cheek bones. She did not smile as much as did the other girls. There was something sweetly grave about her expression, a spirituality which the others lacked, and, lacking, appeared commonplace and rather soulless, compared with the Benda Girl.

The artist's softly lighted studio on Gramercy Park is an ideal place in which to display his masks. It is a delightful room, with something a bit weird and Oriental permeating it. Oriental rugs and draperies, great carved antique couches and mosaic chests, and floor lamps with gorgeous silken shades, and wondrous designs painted on them, help to create an effect which is luxuriously artistic.

Tangled in the silken coverings of a couch was a large mask which Mr. Benda picked up, and, turning his back, adjusted it to his head. He swerved about suddenly. In the dim light the effect was almost terrifying. A great sea monster leered at us, his face a sickish green, his expression malevolent. Great, horn-like ears protruded from the sides of his head. He looked as though any moment he might lunge forward and swallow us.

MR. Benda finally removed this mask, and adjusted another—that of a Japanese girl. Her skin was saffron-tinged, her expression enigmatic. Another lightning change, and the Jap Girl became a beautiful American, haughty, a bit disdainful, and with lips parted slightly as though in surprise.

She, in turn, merged into a girl whose vapid, stupid expression was almost irritating, as she pursed up her silly lips and stared blankly about the room. Then came a beauteous lady, with a high and gorgeous headdress, topped off by long, curling peacock feathers. There followed a girl who wasn't pretty at all, and who had irregular features, and an unlovely curl to her lips. She was closely followed by a pale damsel, who looked as pessimistic as any lady could, and as though she might burst into tears at any moment. Her head bowed low, she was the picture of unhappiness and despair. But the most striking face of all belonged to a man. It was a great, leonine affair, swarthy, furrowed, too strong-featured, and it wore an ugly, vicious, snarling expression.

In these three last unlovely masks, Mr. Benda, with the malicious delight of a boy, showed his reaction after an enforced period of drawing lovely faces. It was his chance to show some faces as they really are.

The Benda masks present almost unlimited possibilities for use in the theatre, and will play a prominent part in productions of the future. Mr. Benda is at present working on masks for a one-act pantomime, to be of about twenty minutes duration. It will first be presented in Paris, and later here.

Playwrights have suggested to Mr. Benda that masks could be used successfully on the speaking stage, and this idea has interested him greatly. He plans to make an entirely new kind of mask than he has already created—masks which permit the wearers to speak easily and distinctly.

Dancers will continue to wear the Benda mask as it is now, and as used in the "Greenwich Village Follies." When the Cochran *Revue* opens in London this season the Benda masks will be worn.

CASTING aside his gorgeous kimona, Mr. Benda came out from under his disguise long enough to explain how the idea for his unusual masks germinated.

"I was invited to a costume ball, and at the last minute discovered that I had forgotten to buy a face mask. The only thing that remained for me to do was to make one out of paper, and paint it with oils. My home-made face made quite a hit, but when I came home from the ball I tossed it in the waste-basket. Every time I passed the basket, however, that face peered up at me and looked so human that I decided to experiment a bit. It took me six weeks to make each one of the first masks.

"My sister wore one of the first realistic ones at a party. After meeting the guests, she left the room, and returned wearing the mask. She was again introduced under another name, and, because the masks were still in the experimental stage, the construction of them did not then permit her to speak very distinctly. So she thought it wise not to be loquacious. One of the men guests remarked to some one that he had never met such a shy and diffident young woman. It was a surprised gathering which learned later that the lady's face was but a mask.

"These guests, like yourself, and like practically every one else who has seen the masks, remarked that the expressions of the mask-faces seem to change, appearing first haughty, then laughing, then pensive, and so on, apparently going the (*Continued on page* 138)



Measuring for the mask



Starting to work



Painting the face

Photos W. J. Fredricks



The finished mask

W. T. BENDA AT WORK ON HIS REMARKABLE MASKS



© Moffet

OLIVE WYNDHAM

Soft voiced, well bred, distinguée, Miss Wyndham is an actress everyone likes to see and hear. To her this season falls the privilege of being the only woman in the cast of William Archer's play "The Green Goddess."



Nickolas Muray

FLORENCE REED

The hectic woman, such as her present rôle in "The Mirage," has always appealed strongly to this interesting actress. Though an American, her tastes are distinctly oriental. In another incarnation she expects to return to earth a Chinese lady of high degree



Goldberg

ETHELIND TERRY

It was only by chance that this attractive ingénue, whose vivacity and dancing add much to the attractiveness of "Honeydew," got her opportunity on Broadway. She was understudying for Eleanor Painter in "Florodora" when Alma Gluck happened to hear her sing and urged Mr. Weber to engage her for the Zimbalist operetta

RUTH FINDLAY

Of the ethereal, dresden China type, this popular young actress suits best the dainty rôles. Not for her the tumultuous clash of passion; rather is she fortune's favorite on whose flaxen curls gently blow the scented zephyrs of sentiment. In the dual rôle of "The Prince and the Pauper," she at all times makes an interesting and picturesquely pathetic figure



Alfred Cheney Johnston

FOUR POPULAR LEADING WOMEN

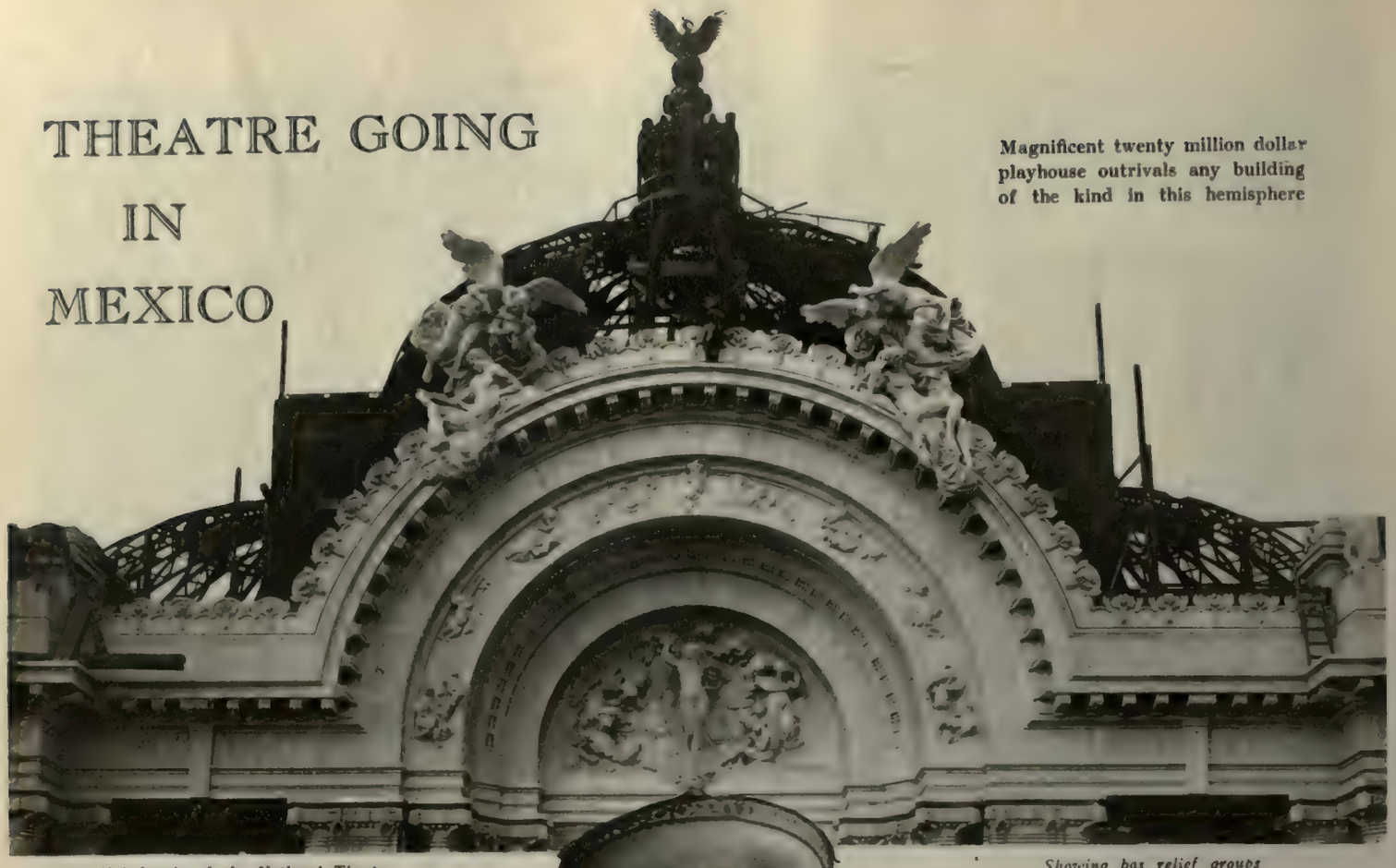


Photocraft

MRS. THOMAS WHIFFEN AS MRS. STAFFORD IN "JUST SUPPOSE"

This well beloved actress, who, on death of Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, inherited the title "grand old woman of the American theatre," has been on the stage for over half a century. She began her career as a singer, but, entering the dramatic field, made a specialty of old woman portrayals. For thirteen years she was a valued member of Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theatre stock company, and identified with all the successes of that organization. Schooled in the best traditions of the stock company days, she is one of the last survivors of a better theatrical era

THEATRE GOING IN MEXICO



Magnificent twenty million dollar playhouse outrivals any building of the kind in this hemisphere

Beautiful facade of the National Theatre, City of Mexico

Showing bas relief groups by Leonardi Bistolfi

THEATRE-GOING in Mexico is a joyful procedure. It is in the nature of a skylark, a madcap adventure, a gay fling at abandon.

There is a delightful air of uncertainty about the whole affair. The initial thrill is experienced when you first arrive at the theatre. You fight your way through a great throng of speculators who hem you in, and halt your progress toward the box office. They hurl a stream of Spanish at you, and clutch your arm to attract your attention. Exasperated, you break their hold, and find the good-looking Mexican girl in the box office looking at you reprovingly. Then she tells you that the house is sold out.

You take a chance with the speculators, and finally find yourself up in the balcony, in the last row, behind a pillar. You do not complain, because you paid only eight pesos (four dollars) for the tickets. As you fail to see an usher anywhere, you locate your own seats. Two women occupy them, but they obligingly depart when you arrive. It is the custom in Mexico to sell standing room, and the people who do not buy reserved seats use the unoccupied ones in the house before they are claimed.

The performance you are witnessing is called "La Caramelera." It is at the Teatro Colon in Mexico City, and stars Maria Conesa. Senorita Conesa puts plenty of verve and fire and intense feeling into her work, and at the end of the first act, when she beats her breast tragically, runs her hands despairingly through her black hair, and then begins to wail, you are startled by the wave of thunderous applause which rolls over the house. And then you discover that you and your American companion are the only ones in the house who remain seated. Every one else is standing, clapping their hands vigorously, smiling, and laughing aloud their satisfaction with the artiste's work. They do not stop applauding, and Maria Conesa and members of her company acknowledge encores almost throughout the entire intermission.



SENORITA CARMEN CORNEJO

Typical Mexican artiste who will appear at the New National Theatre

It is the same way with a piece of music—when the orchestra offers something particularly spirited, with the music rising to a crescendo, it is then that the audience is most delighted. Undoubtedly it is the Latin temperament which is responsible for this desire for the intense, the highly dramatic, the vigorous in action.

Because the performance resembles a pantomime to you, who cannot understand Spanish, you depart after the second act. A man at the door informs you that you could have purchased tickets for but two of the acts, and thus saved yourself some money. Tickets can be bought by the act, instead of for an entire performance.

The night is still young, and so you hurry over to the Teatro Arbeu, and witness the last act of "El Gato Montes," a popular opera. The house is in an uproar, intensely amused over one of the political jokes which has just been told by a member of the cast. Almost every performance given in the Mexican Capital has its full quota of political quips, and they always bring down the house. Many of the plays burlesque persons prominent in the Government, or certain political issues. Politics play a big part in the life of the average citizen of Mexico, and, naturally, it injects itself into his entertainment and enacts a rôle there, too.

At the Gran Teatro De La Paz, in San Luis Potosi, a small city along the desert, which one reaches before arriving at Mexico City, a big gala performance was rehearsing for the Fiesta Decovadonga, and as our train stalled there, we dropped in and watched a rehearsal. No one seemed to be directing it, but the woman star was, apparently, bossing the job—putting herself and her fellow-members of the cast through the paces. Even in this gala festival, politics had its place. One act was called, "El Senor 1920," and in



Puch Bros.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN AND PAUL HELLEU

An unusual portrait of Charlie, isn't it? *Sans* the queer little moustache, *sans* the pathetic Chaplin smile, the famous movie star has to be on his dignity here, in such close proximity to M. Helleu, the celebrated French artist, whose etchings of noted persons have brought him world-wide fame, and who has just returned to the United States after a long absence



Fairchild

CYRENE DAHL

Greenwich Village sculptress who has also acquired fame as a dancer. After a tour of South America with Pavlowa, Miss Dahl went to Europe and was selected by the French government to appear at the Gala performance at the Champs Elysées Theatre



Ruth Colby

FANNIE HURST

Successful short story writer, author of "Humoresque" and other movie classics, also inventor of an improved system of marriage which has the advantage of keeping husbands at a distance, this clever Ohio girl is today one of America's literary celebrities. She has also written a play "Back Pay" to be produced by John D. Williams



Apeda

HENRY ARTHUR JONES

Author of "The Silver King" and other famous plays, who returns to America to write stories for the movies. Incidentally, Mr. Jones is engaged in a verbal tussle over the merits of Bolshevism with H. G. Wells, Britain's distinguished Bolshevik apologist, and getting decidedly the best of the wordy encounter

CONSPICUOUS IN THE PASSING SHOW

it was featured the principal characters who participated in the European war. The leading male character was played by an American actor who could not speak a word of Spanish, but delineated his rôle in pantomime.

The average theatre in Mexico City cannot, of course, compare in beauty with those of New York City, but when Mexico's new National Theatre is completed next September, it will out-rival anything we have on this continent. The magnificent building is being erected at a cost of twenty million dollars, and though it has been in the process of construction for fifteen years, it is not yet quite finished, work on it having been interrupted and suspended during the many revolutions.

The Italian architect Adama Boari, who took a trip of observation through all the principal European theatres, commenced the National theatre in 1905, and directed it until 1912, when the work was suspended, to be continueid in 1919, under direction of the Mexican architect, A. Munoz G. The contract for the metallic structure of the great building was given to an American concern.

The theatre is located in the heart of the city, west of the lovely Alameda (park) and is surrounded by gardens and pergolas. From Juarez avenue there runs a wide esplanade of marble straight up to the wonderful building. On each side of the wide entrance is a fountain, sketched by Querol, the Spanish sculptor—one representing Love, the other Fame.

White and sepia Mexican marble and white Carrara marble, costing one million dollars, is used for the front of the building. A daring modernism is displayed, which reminds one of that embodied in the cupulas of the Cathedral of Saint Sofia of Constantinople, and the arcades of the palaces of the Exposition of Paris of 1900. The center is built up with extending porticos, galleries and rows of stately columns.

On the West side of the building there is a white marble pergola, surrounded by gardens and fountains, and the whole is covered with a tangled mass of gorgeous purple tropical flowers which resemble orchids.

The auditorium is exceptionally small for so large and pretentious an edifice, and seats only about 1,850 persons. There are six double pits, six parlor rooms, eight double proscenium boxes, thirteen first boxes, and thirteen galleries—an arrangement differing in striking fashion from that in vogue in American theatres. All during the day this auditorium is bathed in sunlight, and requires no artificial lighting. It has indirect illumination through the great arcs of white tecali, which somewhat resembles alabaster.

There are parquet floors, "lambrines" of mahogany; and Mexican onyx, paste resembling marble, mosaic and enamels are used in the decorations. The proscenium arch is adorned with mosaics of twenty-five symbolic figures, representing the Art of the Theatre through all the ages.. This unique piece of work was executed by the Hungarian artist, Maroti. The ceiling is of opalescent crystal, and the lovely design represents Heaven, and introduces Apollo and the nine Muses, also by Maroti.

THE fireproof drop curtain which weighs twenty tons, is really a concrete wall, covered with a mosaic of opalescent glass. The glass curtain shows the Valley of Mexico, with its two snow-capped mountains—Popocatepetl and the Ixtlazihuatl. It was designed and made by Tiffany of New York, and was on exhibition in New York City before being shipped to Mexico.

Contrary to the system in this country, which ignores entirely modern features behind the drop, the new National Theatre of Mexico has given much consideration to its stage. German machinery is used entirely. The stage is divided into three sections, one part, seventy feet wide, being movable. Seven trap-doors are available. The large platforms have a surface of 560 square feet, and can support a load of 26,400 pounds. The background of the stage measures thirty feet in depth, and is divided into four floors. The first gallery is for electric apparatus; the second, eighty-four feet above the first, is the main one for the scene shifters; the third for the raising and lowering of the curtain.

There is provided apparatus wherewith to imitate wind, thunder, lightning, rain, gale and smoke. Two metallic curtains will, in case of fire, protect the scenery, and, if necessary, a lever can be moved which will release one hundred cubic metres of water within five minutes. There are three curtains, the main one, a Wagnerian curtain, and an entra'act curtain. The machinery is operated by hand, electricity and hydraulic pressure.

The system of illumination is an elaborate one. The general illumination is accomplished by stable incandescent lamps. For the scenic effects there are seven searchlights fifteen metres long, with one hundred and fifty globes of white, red, blue and yellow lights; batteries in the proscenium; lamps to simulate daylight; searchlights in the arches, and sun and moon effects. There are also luminous signals for communication during a performance. In addition, the theatre has a small carpenter, blacksmith and mechanical shop of its own. The machinery used in the theatre weighs 1,980,000 pounds.

Situated between the mouth of the stage and the proscenium arch is a megaphone, a great organ made up of more than 3,000 flutes, which serves as a resounder. The accoustic properties of the theatre are said to be exceptionally fine. Signor A. Maucceutelli, of Milan, designed some of the heavy grates on the entrances and windows at the base of the building, which are also works of art.

The principal has relief is the one on the central lunette at the front of the building, and is the work of the Italian sculptor, Leonardo Bistolfi, known as the poet-sculptor of death, who inculcates in his work, mystery and pain. The bas relief represents "Harmony," a figure which, with one sweeping gesture, unifies and guides all the Nature voices, surrounding the fountain of Music. Around the figure, like an aureole, are seen the voices — Pain and Anguish, Patience, Ire, and on the other side the songs of Peace, Happiness and Love.

On the very top of the cupula is a figure made of copper plate, the symbol of the National Theatre itself. There are four figures, representing Comedy, Tragedy, Drama and Lyrical Drama, and these are supported by the Mexican National emblem—the eagle and the snake.

PLAYS RECOMMENDED BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

You can't go wrong if you follow this list each month

"BAB": Amusing comedy of sub-deb. life delightfully acted by Helen Hayes.

"BAD MAN, THE": Satirical melodrama with comic relief. A hit.

"BAT, THE": A real thriller. You can't afford to miss it.

"ENTER MADAME": Conventional comedy, serving to display the unusual gifts of Gilda Varesi.

"FIRST YEAR, THE": Delightful comedy of newly married life with that inimitable comedian Frank Craven and excellent cast.

"GOLD DIGGERS, THE": Clever comedy of chorus girl life.

"GOOD TIMES": Equestrian, acrobatic and aquatic entertainment. Vast and unique spectacle.

"GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES": Production of rare beauty. Don't miss it.

"HEARTBREAK HOUSE": Typical Shavian comedy—delightfully bizarre, extravagantly fantastic, splendidly entertaining.

"HONEYDEW": Pleasing musical comedy with Zimbalist score and lavishly staged.

"IRENE": Delightful musical comedy—one of the biggest hits in years.

"JUST SUPPOSE": Old fashioned love story, with exquisite sentiment and admirably acted.

"LADY OF THE LAMP, THE": Americo-Chinese dream play, beautifully staged.

"LIGHTNIN'": Frank Bacon in a highly successful comedy characterization.

"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK": Charming comedy, introducing in a new rôle that delightful young actress, Genevieve Tobin.

"MARY": Typical Cohan musical comedy success—with pretty girls, excellent comedy and bewitching melodies.

"SAMSON AND DELILAH": Tense drama introducing Ben-Ami, a temperamental, forceful actor of the Jewish Art Theatre, who gives an impressive, interesting performance.

"SKIN GAME, THE": Stirring and interesting play of class conflict in England today.

"TAVERN, THE": Highly amusing melodramatic burlesque, with Arnold Daly and competent cast.

"THREE LIVE GHOSTS": Amusing comedy of the war's aftermath.

"THY NAME IS WOMAN": New variation of the eternal triangle—three vividly drawn types of husband, wife and lover. An interesting play, splendidly acted and well worth seeing.

"TICKLE ME": Musical comedy with elaborate stage investiture and the inimitable Frank Tinney.

"TIP TOP": Typical Fred Stone show with jazzy music, clever comedy and graceful dancing.

"WELCOME, STRANGER": Amusing comedy with the Jewish-American comedian George Sidney.

"WOMAN OF BRONZE, THE": Old-fashioned emotional drama, admirably acted by Margaret Anglin.

"ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC": Girl show *de luxe*. Good entertainment and lavishly spectacular.



Elizabeth Risdon

ELIZABETH RISDON

A perfect characterization is that of Ellie Dunn, a typical Shaw girl, presented by this "great" player in the Theatre Guild's production of George Bernard Shaw's fantastic comedy, "Heartbreak House." An Englishwoman by birth, Miss Risdon's first bow to American theatres was in the title rôle of Shaw's earlier piece, "Fanny's First Play." More recently she was seen in "Fast Lane," with Emily Stevens.

ADA MAE WEEKS

From the chorus to stardom—that in brief is the record of this young actress, who in "Jim Jam Jems" proves she can act as well as dance



Fairchild



Edward Thayer Monroe

MITZI

She came, she saw and of course she conquered—this diminutive prima donna. As the heroine of the new musical play, "Lady Billy," the little comedienne is more adorable than ever

DOROTHY DICKSON

Shapely, graceful and sensuous, this charming society dancer, so delightful a feature of "A Royal Vagabond" and "Lassie," now gives added zest to the gastronomic joys of the Palais Royal



Goldberg

BRILLIANT STARS OF MUSICAL COMEDY



Moffett

DAVID WARFIELD

All rejoice to see Dave back in harness after the accident that cut short last winter's tour. He is now appearing in "The Return of Peter Grimm"—an appropriate title in the circumstances

(Center)

DUDLEY DIGGES

A fine and versatile actor whose recent successes in "Jane Clegg," "John Ferguson" and "The Treasure" placed him in the front rank of contemporary players



Bruguière



Photocraft

TIM MURPHY

As the bachelor physician who fixes hearts as well as broken bones in "The First Year," this sterling actor scores heavily every evening at the Little Theatre



(Right)

CYRIL KEIGHTLEY

As a malaria fighting physician, this popular Australian actor, now playing opposite Olive Wyndham in "The Green Goddess," continues to make the good impression he created in "Love Watches," "The Spy" and other plays

(Left)

GEORGE ARLISS

Character actor *par excellence*. Having dropped "Poldekin" of unhappy memory, Mr. Arliss is now the chief protagonist of William Archer's play "The Green Goddess."



Abbe

ACTORS DISTINCTLY NOT TAILOR-MADE



Goldberg

ADOLF BOLM IN HIS GREEK DANCE

After his brief engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House this famous Russian dancer goes on a tour that extends from coast to coast



Fairchild

FLORENCE O'DENISHAWN

The darling of three "Hitchy Koos," her real name is Andrews, the present cognomen being a combination of Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, who taught her how to dance. She creates and costumes her own dances, originating such charming conceits as the mannequin in this year's revue



Abbe

MIRIAM MILLER

The Winter Garden gave this clever little dancer her first opportunity, and then came more success at the Hippodrome where she ranks among the *premières*



Campbell

RITA OWIN

This new dancer made such a hit the opening night in "Jimmie" that, in theatrical parlance, she "stopped the show."



Abbe

ALEXANDER VOLININE

Pavlowa's new dancing partner, recently seen with her at the Manhattan Opera House

IN THE WHIRL OF THE DANCE



Photocraft

PATRICIA COLLINGE

A wistful, pathetic quality has always marked the art of this sympathetic young actress who, in "Just Suppose," breaks her heart each evening over her hopeless love affair with a royal personage. Irish by birth, her first stage experience was with Frank Daniels in musical comedy. Later, in Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," her dramatic skill was revealed and shortly after she again made a hit as Youth in "Everywoman." More recently, she was seen as Tillie



Edward Thayer Monroe

MAY COLLINS

One of the six sweethearts in the American production of Maeterlinck's "The Betrothal," this actress was seen more recently in quite a different setting — as the emotional ingenue in "The Outrageous Mrs. Palmer"



Photocraft

FRANCES CARSON

As the pathetic wife in "The Bad Man," this personable young actress enlists everyone's sympathies. She will also be remembered as William Collier's leading woman in "The Hottentot."



Apeda



Ira L. Hill

MURIEL MANNERS

A new stage beauty—a descendant of the famous Adah Isaacs Menken—who made her first bow to Broadway recently in "The Poor Little Ritz Girl"

VIVIAN RUSHMORE

This whimsical artiste, remembered in the lead of "The Squab Farm," was seen this season as the designing wife in "Because of Helen"

ACTRESSES WHO SCORED IN RECENT HITS

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

ASTOR. "CORNERED." Comedy drama in 4 acts by Dodson Mitchell. Produced Dec. 8 with this cast:

Nick	Morgan Coman
Jerry	Edward Fielding
Sing Hi	Charles Tong
Lola Mulvaney	Nettie Bourne
Mary Brennan	Madge Kennedy
Flanagan	Joseph V. Tullar
Rose	Natalie Manning
Mrs. Wells	Amelia Gardner
Frank	Elmer Cornell
Margaret Waring	Madge Kennedy
George Wells	Leslie Austen
Leontine	Therese Quadri
Brewster	Robert Forsyth
Casey	Thomas Gunn
Updike	Tom Walsh
Dr. Emerson	Charles Esdale
Smithson	Timothy Kane
Maid	Edna May
Miss Watson	Edith Ford

WHETHER the movies hinders the growth of a player's stage art is a question I've never seen definitely settled. We do know that a vogue on the screen decidedly helps the actor and actress who decides to return to the regular footlights. Madge Kennedy, herself, is back again on Broadway, this time at the Astor in a comedy drama by Dodson Mitchell, called "Cornered."

The outward evidences are that star and play are emphatic hits. In spite of an over-worked field, the author decided there was "one kick" left in the crook drama, for "Cornered," if preposterous, is, nevertheless, a picturesque and gripping play of a child of the underworld whose amazing resemblance to a rich young woman of society brings about a robbery that contributes more than the usual quota of surprises and thrills. An artless explanation brings about a satisfactory solution. Morally, it is a very naughty play. Every one roots that the wrongdoers may go free.

Manager Henry W. Savage has provided for the production a rich and adequate setting, and a cast of really superior excellence. Miss Kennedy in her dual rôle has a part that the player loves and eats alive. It is highly theatrical; but, by her perfectly natural methods and delightfully engaging personality, she makes it truly human and sympathetic. Miss Kennedy has not only a sure comedy touch, but an emotional instinct that is very compelling.

The educated crook, with the manner of a man of the world, was enacted to the life by Edward Fielding, while the tortures of a cocaine and heroin fiend were pictured with dramatic fidelity by Morgan Coman.

Zelda Sears as the manager of a Chop Suey joint and Joseph V. Tullar as a personal conductor of slumming tours, gave the veritable metropolitan touch. Thomas Gunn, as the representative for Police Headquarters, evolved theories and propounded gestures with fine volubility, while the lover, not too surely drawn, had a politely distinguished representative in Leslie Austin.

PUNCH AND JUDY. "ROLLO'S WILD OAT." Comedy in 3 acts by Clare Kummer. Produced Nov. 23 with this cast:

Hewston	Ivan Simpson
Lydia	Marjorie Kummer
Rollo Webster	Roland Young
Mr. Stein	Dore Davidson
Goldie MacDuff	Lotus Robb
Mrs. Park Gales	Edythe Tressider
Campderdown	J. Palmer Collins
Skitterling	Manuel A. Alexander
George Lucas	Stanley Howlett
Aunt Lane	Grace Peters
Horatio Webster	J. M. Kerrigan
Bella	Elinor Cox

THE Wild Oat which Rollo sows doesn't seem to me likely to produce any very great crop of popular enthusiasm. Clare Kummer's new comedy in two acts, four scenes and an interlude, is one of her characteristic productions in which the sparkle of dialogue is supposed to more than compensate for either plot or characterization.

It is a perfectly amiable, ingenuous and obvious comedy in which Roland Young is appearing at the Punch and Judy. A rich young man desires to play Hamlet. The commercial manager, hired for the purpose, has little faith in the venture, still less so when the aspiring histrion, his own "angel," engages a perfectly incapable young woman to play Ophelia because he likes her. The first night is interrupted because Hamlet must go to the bedside of his sick grandfather. Opposition by the manager of Ophelia and Hamlet is overcome, because Ophelia's mother was once old Grandpa's youthful soul of romance.

Mr. Young is a young player of gracious natural methods, but his disposition is to act in one key. For one with an obsession to act the Prince of Denmark, I have seldom witnessed such a contained reserve.

A truly delightful performance of the exponent of Ophelia was given by Lotus Robb. She was an absolute idealization of the natural, sincere, good girl with a perfect realization of her own limitations.

Dore Davidson was characteristically amusing as the Semitic manager and Ivan Simpson drolly expert as the self-contained valet who had once longed for footlight favors.

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE. John E. Kellard in Shakespearean repertoire.

THE night that John E. Kellard opened his Shakespearean season at the Manhattan Opera House, hardly a vacant seat was to be found on the ground floor of that vast edifice, a convincing proof that the classic drama has ever a big following in reserve. With the closest possible attention, it watched a performance of "The Merchant of Venice," which, if rough and crude in places, still succeeded in vividly bringing to the fore the exquisite poetry and deep compelling dramatic interest.

Mr. Kellard's company, I thought, possessed more than the usual share of intelligence and potential capacity. A competent and hard working stage director could easily shape it into something quite artistic. There was youth and gallant fervor in Ian Keith's Bassanio; verve and spirit in the Gratiano by Edward Forbes, while a lyric romanticism tinged Brandon Peter's Lorenzo. Miss Isabel Merson is an actress of tried experience and gracious accomplishment. Her Portia is excellent.

Mr. Kellard's Shylock is an impersonation that is worthy of respect. It has not the romantic emotionalism that Irving brought to the rôle nor is it kin to the sordid Ghetto-like rendering of Beerbohm Tree. Kellard is something in between. This money lender compels a dignified response, he is human in all but his revenge, which in extenuation seems but the outcome of his accumulated indignities, disappointments and losses. Mr. Kellard's declaration is finely intelligent and clean cut. During the engagement he appeared as Macbeth, Hamlet, which he once played for more than one hundred nights at the Garden, and Othello.

REPUBLIC. "DADDY DUMPLINS." Comedy drama in 3 acts by George Barr McCutcheon and Earl Carroll. Produced Nov. 25 with this cast:

Henry Dumplins	Maclyn Arbuckle
Sydney Danks	Percy Moore
Richard Watson	Louis Kimball
Florence	Florence Flinn
Alexander	Andrew Lawlor, Jr.
Marie Louise	Helen Chandler
Percival Wilberforce	Gardner Lawlor
Harold	Leland Chandler
Betsy	Elizabeth Gulick
Rosemary	Georgine Haldorn
Ginger	By Himself
Dubbs	Isidore Marcil
Maurice	Franklin Hanna
MacPherson	Dan Dawson
Lizzie	Olive May
Stokes	Madeline Murphy
Delia	Mary Crane

CHRISTMAS carols, little orphan children, with sweetly piping voices, a kindly old man, who adopts them and loves them and cuddles them, a villainous relative who ejects them from their comfortable home, a young couple who love and part and are re-united—these are all features (true and tried in play-recipes) of "Daddy Dumplins," a clean and innocuous comedy-drama by George Barr McCutcheon and Earl Carroll.

It is a Daddy Longlegs-Pollyanna sort of play, with the "Suffer little children to come unto me," idea paramount. It is likewise a handkerchief play. Sympathetic souls who just cannot resist the appealing sight of little children shivering in a cold kitchen, and wearing ragged stockings, and being hungry on Christmas Eve, are bound to weep copiously and unrestrainedly over the trials of Daddy and his kiddies.

The play is written about one of Mr. McCutcheon's Dickinsonian characters—an old bachelor who adopts waifs at the rate of two each year. He brings them up amidst luxury, but finally they are all thrown out upon the mercy of a cold world by a heartless cousin of Daddy's, who claims the fortune which Daddy inherited. The charming children are sent off to a Children's Association Home; the oldest girl goes to Europe with the villain, who is, in reality, her father; and Daddy and one of his faithful servants find shelter in a cold New York tenement house.

As Maclyn Arbuckle, in the title rôle, remarked in a curtain speech, it is a clean and wholesome play, with the home-fireside and little children element strongly featured. Earl Carroll, the author, was also called on for a curtain speech, by an audience which very plainly liked the novelty of a play which did not depend on even a slight sprinkling of paprika to put it over. There will always be those, of course, who cannot help being slightly bored by such 100 per cent goodness.

Maclyn Arbuckle, in build, facial expression, voice and mannerisms is well outfitted to portray the benevolent and benign bachelor who has an all abounding love for children. He was well supported by a cast principally made up of small boys and girls, chief among these being Andrew Lawlor, Jr., of "Penrod" fame, his small brother, Gardner, and Elizabeth Gulick, the tiny girlie bent on making a speech.

FORTY-EIGHTH STREET. "THE BROKEN WING." Comedy drama in 4 acts by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard. Produced Dec. 6 with this cast:

General Panfilo Aguilar	Louis Wolheim
Basilio	Joseph Spurin
Sylvester Cross	George Abbott
Ouichita	Mary Worth
Inez Villera	Inez Plummer
Luther Farley	Henry Duggan
Captain Dos Santos	Alphonz Ethier
Jerry Waldron	Walter F. Scott
Philip Marvin	Charles Trowbridge
Marco	George Spelvin
Cecilia	Myrtle Tannahill
Babe Sundance	By Himself

THE Broken Wing" is a blood relation of "The Bad Man." Mexican bandits run rampant through the piece. Terrible things are done to the Spanish language. Mexico *vs* United States propaganda is interspersed through the play. U. S. Secret Service men and women bob up as frequently as stripes in a plaid jacket.

Though I have traveled the length and breadth of Mexico, I never once encountered the blood-thirsty type of bandit featured in this country in plays with a Mexico setting. Perhaps they've got them over there on the other side of the Rio Grande, but they conceal themselves pretty successfully during the visit of the casual tourist.

But, regardless of little discrepancies like this, there is one corking good scene in "The Broken Wing." An aeroplane crashes into the setting, tears away part of a wall, and the startled audience hears a great whirring of wings, the moans from the injured airmen, and views the wreckage of a plane, and the apparently broken bodies of the aviators, through a cloud of smoke.

Inez Plummer, who is the little "greaser" sweetheart, has a decided Lenore Ulric accent and hair-dress, and her full quota of good, or "cute" lines as the lady-theatregoer would say. Charles Trowbridge, though as handsome as any blonde hero could be, who is cast as her "gringo" admirer, is handicapped by having to travel through the entire four acts afflicted with amnesia. Even a sympathetic audience can scarcely stir up sympathy for a chap who doesn't even remember his name, and who rambles around in a deep, enveloping gray daze of forgetfulness.

Alphonz Ethier is Captain Innocencio dos Santos, whose name is about as Mexican as any name could be. He, together with Mary Worth, who appears as the Mexican peasant woman, have the most realistic Mexican make-up of any one in the cast.

George Abbott, as the breezy, uncouth pseudo oil man, has a corner on most of the laughs, though the "greaser" girl is awarded quite a few whenever she utters the magic letters "B. V. D."

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "THE YOUNG VISITERS." Dramatization in 3 acts from Daisy Ashford's book by Mrs. George Norman and Margaret Mackenzie. Produced Nov. 29:

AS a good *hors d'oeuvre* will stimulate the appetite for even the best of dinners, so a reading before hand of Daisy Ashford's immortal masterpiece materially enhanced the pleasure derived from seeing the dramatized version of

"The Young Visiters," lately on view at the 39th St. Theatre.

No book of its kind or publication ever roused such general discussion as to its true origin than did this ingenuously childish recital of high society. We all remember that there were many who insisted it was one of Sir James M. Barrie's literary jokes, but the final accepted conclusion was that a real child of eight indited its wonderful pages.

When I saw it, I wondered what the sensations would be of the man, who, wandering in from the streets, totally unfamiliar with its "historic" premises, saw this careful adaptation, an adaptation and a production in perfect spirit with the original? What would he think it was all about? What was the meaning of the Toy Theatre proscenium? What interpretation was to be put on the scenery that seemed to have been designed and painted by a child? The New York public, in any case, failed to appreciate the play, which was withdrawn after a few performances.

It was acted, with a single exception, in the rapt, serious manner that the context exacts.

The players were in deadly earnest as they should be. The laughs came from the spirited contrast of intent with expression. It was all very droll and amusing fun.

An entirely too conscious and modern rendering of Miss Monticue was that which Marie Goff gave, but the social aspirations of Mr. Salteena, the ambitious son of a butcher, were sketched with delicious humor by Herbert Yost, while Frank Hollins as the superior Procurio and Harold Anstruther as the romantic Bernard Clark, perfectly realized the juvenile author's conceptions.

BRAMHALL. "Mixed Marriage." Play in 4 acts by St. John Ervine. Produced Dec. 14 with this cast:

John Rainey	Augustin Duncan
Mrs. Rainey	Margaret Wycherly
Hugh Rainey	Rolo Peters
Tom Rainey	Barry Macollum
Michael O'Hara	Harmon MacGregor
Nora Murray	Angela McCahill

FEW playwrights care to have their early plays produced years after they have met with success, for their maiden efforts usually lack the polish of those created after they have reached the years of playwriting discretion. Yet, "Mixed Marriage," by St. John Ervine, who wrote, "John Ferguson," and "Jane Clegg," and which was written in his obscure years, and produced ten or more years ago in New York, without creating a furore, is distinctly worth while.

An Irish play, it reflects only slightly the turbulent conditions in Ireland at present. Perhaps this was its excuse for invading a New York theatre again, though the events, in light of what is happening in Ireland today, are in no way timely. Its theme is religious bigotry. A Protestant father objects to his son marrying a Catholic girl. His rancor over the approaching alliance causes him to incite a riot between Protestant and Catholic workingmen, whose cause he at first sponsors.

Margaret Wycherly gives her customary human touch to the rôle of the Belfast mother, with her fine, mellowed philosophy, expounded in a quiet, gentle way. She plainly overshadows the others in the cast. Augustin Duncan could be credited with a splendid interpretation of a crusty, stubborn, unrelenting bigot, were it not for the dazed and fumbling way in which he groped his way through several important situations.

It is not easy to vitalize the character of what might be termed a half-wit—who, like most unfortunate souls of this type—displays sudden, clairvoyant flashes of keen wisdom. Barry Macollum has this sort of rôle, and does not under-estimate it. Rollo Peters conveys in singularly clever fashion the absorption of an enamored youth in a single idea—the fulfillment of his desire.

Harmon MacGregor, as the zealous, fanatical worker for what he deems a "sacred cause," has all the blarneying, ingratiating ways that a young Irishman should have, and is thoroughly loveable. Angela McCahill, who comes to a sudden end in the last act, through a bullet from the mob, was skimped as to lines in a rôle which should have given her a chance to be more loquacious, and undoubtedly her lassitude was due to resentment at this lack.

LIBERTY. "Lady Billy." Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Zelda Sears. Music by Harold A. Levy. Produced Dec. 14, cast:

Tom	Harry Lang
Dick	Lawrence Lee
Harry	Harry R. Webster
George	Ted Weller
Joe	Mack Kennedy
Anastasia	Beatrice Constance
Bateson	Sydney Greenstreet
Mrs. Daventry	Jean Newcombe
Eloise	Josephine Adair
Senor Manuel	Arthur Uttry
Mlle. Viorica	Beatrice Collenette
Slavaka	Babe Stanton
Gaska	Eleanor Livingston
Mariasl a	Anita Monroe
Vaska	Helen Paine
Countess Antonia	Mitzi

MITZI is such a consummate little artiste, that with the added aid of her *piquante* and delightful personality, she can by sheer art and beauty make more than acceptable a medium of mediocre character.

This is not to say Zelda Sears' book—the lyrics are also hers and they possess a nice lyrical and humorous turn—is commonplace. "Lady Billy" is far from commonplace. On the contrary, it is distinctly good, while a little judicious editing would make it very, very much above the average of libretti. It has a story in which the romantic and up-to-date are neatly blended. It has fun and progression and the title rôle fits the diminutive star with the nicety that attaches to a perfect glove—child's size.

The Lady Billy at home is a Roumanian Countess, impecunious to a degree, who becomes interested in an American engineer at work in the neighborhood of her ruined castle. Mistaken for the real thing, while masquerading as a boy, she comes to America in masculine garb with her fat and faithful major-domo, acted with rare humorous poise by Sidney Greenstreet—and there as a singer—a Greenwich Village environment serves as a set for one act—goes through a number of adventures on account of her hidden sex, but, of course, in the end wins the hand of the engineer.

The piece is acted and sung by the entire company with peppery zest and unremitting vigor, while the score by Harold Levey is so reminiscent of some of the good things that have gone before, that it steps into instant favor. But it is sweetly fluent and melodious in a high degree.

The stage settings are rich, appropriate and tasteful.

Shining in Mitzi's support are Beatrice Constance, very funny as a transplanted Roumanian cook, a veritable Fanny Brice rôle; Jean Newcombe as a plotting Mamma; Josephine Adair as her tuneful daughter and Arthur Uttry as the explosively jealous Spanish suitor of the cook. Boyd Marshall is the manly engineer and Charles Gay, his discreet valet.

THE JOYS OF VOD-VIL

Gloom chaser of the millions, what would we do without it?

By ESTELLE HAMBERGER

Illustrations by Marion Downer

AN institution is the shadow of a man," but the institution known as vaudeville takes the shadow out of a man. Every night it takes thousands of men—and women, out of the moonlight into the sunlight. It is the gloom chaser of the millions. There may be mournful movies, but solemn vaudeville? Never!

Art, literature, music, subtlety, whimsicality and wit have their respective places, but they are not vaudeville. After this suspicion becomes a conviction, you no longer need to try to fit the leg of the variety show into the blue stocking of your intellect, and you can sit it through with a light heart and an empty head.

A "team" representing the long and the short of it, appear behind the footlights.

"Why is a man with a beard *this* long," asks the lanky comedian, indicating a vital spot commonly known as the solar plexus, "running up a hill, like a man with a beard *this long*," touching a point midway between his esophagus and his diaphram, "giving a girl a little dog?" And he cavorts about the stage like a prancing pony.

His team mate, the short of it, plods around the stage after him like a discarded truck horse and echoes the query for those that are slow to hear:

"Why is a ———?" and so forth to the bitter end. "Now let me see, no, I don't know, tell me, why is a ———?" and once more the question is perpetrated with another distortion of inflection.

"Well," retorts the tall one, "a man with a beard *this* long (gesture), going up a hill is having a gallop up, and the man with the beard *this* long (gesture), is giving a gal a pup!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roars the short one. It takes three "ha's' to fill in the gap until the audience figures it out. Then—chuckles from the orchestra, cackles from the balcony, guffaws from the gallery! Those who don't laugh out loud are busy making a mental note of the joke to add to their repertoire of repartee.



"The long and short of it"



"Two dainty dolls, not far from the forties, trip lightly out on to the stage"

You tune your mind to this new pitch of humor and attune your ears for more.

"I'm going to be married to-morrow, Jim," says Bill.

"Zasso, Bill?" asks Jim.

"Yeh, Jim," says Bill.

Then, after an impressive pause, says Bill, "Well, good-bye, Jim!" And from the depths of his trousers pocket Bill extracts a neatly folded kerchief, unfurls it to the breeze and lifts it to his tear-dimmed eyes.

Laughter from seventy-five per cent of the audience—meaning that three-fourths of the people there assembled are sealed in bonds of matrimony.

Are they going to get by without a wheeze about prohibition? Nay!

"And I says to her, Jim, says I, what wonderful eyes you have, Mabel," says Bill, the short of it. "And says she, Bill, it must be the eyeballs!"

This seems to be the cue to introduce a delicate little ditty done in hushed harmonies to soft music by spotlight.

"Some time ago-wa!
Some one I know-wa! . . . ."

Encore! The audience is touched. Each man unaccompanied by his wife has supplied the right "some one" for his own little self. Curtain—curtain call—bows—applause and another name is flashed in the electric signs at the wings.

The property men drag out a piano, a red plush curtain drops for change of scenery and two dainty dolls who have been fourteen ever since they were twenty-four, two years ago. trip lightly out on to the stage, one carrying a violin, the other unarmed. One guesses that she will play the piano.

A vast expanse of dimpled knees looks innocently out upon the audience from between their ruffled skirts and silken socks. Blue bows, looped and loop-the-looped, tie their childish curls. Talented child number one ripples her fingers over the ivories; talented child number two draws her slender bow across the strings. They play. The audience approves.

"Isn't this a sweet, refined act? I wish we had brought our little Lily," whispers a motherly matron who has reached the age of discretion that prefers the discreet in vaudeville, to her husband whose private opinion is that this is just a bit tame.

"Oh, they make me sick with their soft soap act!" exclaims Flah-rence to Harry at her side. And, of course, whatever Flah-rence says goes with Harry. "Me, too," is his acquiescence.

But the talent of the two fair fairies on the stage proves itself to be little less than genius when child number one shows that she can sing while she plays the piano, and child number two can dance while she plays the violin. It is very clever, producing simultaneous entertainment as varied as a four-ring circus for the eager audience.

The applause that follows this act is as sweet and dainty as the act itself.

Cheers greet the well-known monologist who is next on our versatile program. His jokes are so good that one has to listen hard to get their point. He wastes no time, starting his act in the form of a polite little tiff with one of the property men off stage. And then his noble form struts into view.



An appreciative vaudevillian

"Say," he confides to the audience. "That fellow out there wants to hire me. I told him I was willing to work every day except week days provided I get my Sundays off." His voice has a rasp that reminds a sensitive person of a wagon going down a steep hill with unoiled brakes. He squeaks on:

"Why should I work anyhow? I got a place of my own and I'm the boss. I'm a manufacturer of cigar ashes."

Ninety-nine percent of the men in the audience have a fellow-feeling for that actor and show their appreciation with a smuggled smile.

The bold comedian draws a photograph from his vest pocket.

"See that?" He takes a step over the footlights and grows confidential. "That's my girl. And see that dawg (*Continued on page* **144**)



Photocraft

Tense scene in "Cornered," the new comedy-drama at the Astor Theatre, in which Madge Kennedy returned to the speaking stage. Nick the Dope (Morgan Coman) confesses to Detective Updike (Tom Walsh) that he alone entered the home of Margaret Waring. Jerry the Gent (Edward Fielding), Nick's accomplice, stands behind Updike posing as a friend of the Waring family, while Mary Brennan (Madge Kennedy), who was "in" on the robbery, fools the detective by posing as Miss Waring herself

(Below)

Inez Plummer as the greaser sweetheart, and Myrtle Tannehill as Cecilia in "The Broken Wing," an exciting Mexican drama, at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre





Little orphan children, a villainous relative who ejects them from their home, and a kindly old man (Maclyn Arbuckle) who adopts and loves them —these are the features in the clean and wholesome comedy drama "Daddy Dumplins," at the Republic

White

THRILLS AND SENTIMENT IN NEW BROADWAY HITS

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR PLAY?

Out of 700 manuscripts sent in to managers only two offer possibilities

BY THE READER FOR A PROMINENT BROADWAY PRODUCER

ALMOST everyone attracted to literature at all, has tried sometime or other to write a play. Ask these would-be dramatists why their work has never reached the footlights and they'll put the blame on the theatre manager, declaring that he failed to see any merit in their brain-children. On an average, two plays are sent in to the theatre manager daily, or about 700 manuscripts a year. Out of these 700 plays, only two offer possibilities.

The principal fault to be found with the majority of plays which come to the producer is that there is no appeal in the subject matter. This fault is due to lack of craftsmanship. In other words, the embryo playwright doesn't know his business.

Appeal in a play is just as elusive as that quality in an actor or actress, which for want of a better term, we call personality. The usual run of plays have no appeal—no personality.

There are, of course, dozens of other reasons why producers decline to consider a certain play, as, for instance, the absence of an interesting plot; poor character drawing; the too oft-told triangle *sans* a new angle; abundance of narrative and paucity of drama; too little humor and lack of comedy situations in comedy or farce; weakness of what should be the nemesis, or propelling factor in farce; and hackneyed situations of melodrama. But the principal factor lacking in plays submitted is appeal.

ANOTHER fault found with plays written by the inexperienced playwright is imitation. If a play of a certain type makes a hit, not only the manager who produced the play, but all other managers are deluged with scripts dealing with the same subject. Lightning seldom strikes twice in the same place. Yet these "repeater" playwrights persist in playing the same tune. Is it a wonder their work goes back to them almost immediately?

But, you ask: "What is appeal? Where do I find it? How shall I present it in my play? To which the reply must be: Study plays of the present day for their appeal, for this appeal is just as elusive as the *ignis fatuus*—the will o' th' wisp.

In melodrama, it may be the appeal of the girl whose sweetheart is under suspicion of having committed a crime. It may be the appeal of the love of the mother for her daughter who is charged with a crime, as in "The Thirteenth Chair." It may be the appeal of the woman who is harassed with the thought that, while she has lived a life above reproach from the time she met her husband, yet there was an incident in her previous career over which she had no control, and if she tells her husband, he will cease to love her, as in "The House of Glass." Or, again, it may be the staunch and never flagging love of the girl for her sweetheart in "Forever After." It may be the appeal of the underdog in "The Man Who Came Back"; the naïve charm of the girl in "39 East"; the captivating winsomeness and the oriental atmosphere in "East Is West"; the appeal of the little French Canadian girl left alone in a forest cabin with two men fighting for her, in "The Storm"; the old-time, but new angled appeal of the taming of the Shrew in "Scandal", and, coming down to the plays now on Broadway, the appeal of the lovable humanness of Isidore Solomon in "Welcome Stranger"; the novelty of the mystery in "The Bat," and so on. We might go a step further and point to the "Gold Diggers" and ask what is its appeal. Just what the appeal in this play is, the writer does not attempt to define. It is one of those plays which defy the most analytical and searching diagnosis. However, this type of play is the exception rather than the rule, and the writer is not dealing in exceptions—the 100 to 1 shot!

IF any person could properly define and catalogue appeal and be able to hit it, in, say, three cases out of a possible five, that person would be in a position to command almost any salary. For, if the producer has a script in which there is the elusive appeal, he has the equally elusive quality called success. But *a play must have appeal to make it a success.*

To you who are writing plays, remember to put the acid test to your manuscript and ask yourself if it has appeal before sending the play to a producer. And when you ask the question, answer it honestly, according to the best of your ability and understanding of appeal. Visit the playhouses and study the element of appeal that makes the plays successful.

IT isn't the perfectly constructed play that augurs for success. More often the perfectly constructed play lacks all elements of appeal. By success, I mean success judged from the standpoint of the barometric box office, for, in fashioning a perfect mosaic of playwriting craftsmanship, the heart and soul—the appeal—is usually conspicuous by its absence. And the play, if it should be produced, is soon forgotten.

There are theatregoers who are forever calling for artistic success, or the true-to-life play, meaning, for the most part, the unhappy ending. Art for art's sake is all very well, but the producer who goes on and on producing perfect pieces of true-to-life plays, soon finds his exchequer in a blissful state of innocuous desuetude. And if he elects to stay in the business, he soon begins to keep one eye on the box office, and produce plays that make money—artistic or otherwise. Producers prefer to produce the artistic play, but to produce artistic plays the manager must also produce commercial successes, so that one type's loss will be counterbalanced by the other type's gain.

Speaking of appeal, suppose we take "The Music Master." This play never has been considered a perfect piece of play construction. Critics have pointed out glaring flaws and faults with the Klein play. But "The Music Master" goes on piling up money for Mr. Belasco, the producer, and Mr. Warfield, the star. Why? Because it has appeal. It has heart and soul. And that heart and soul reaches the hearts and souls of the public. It appeals to the emotions.

Woe betide the play which appeals only to the intellect. The reason for this is that the theatregoing public, as an audience, does not "think" with the intellect. It "thinks" with the emotions. As a consequence, it is primitive. The intellect is individual. The emotions are first principles—feeling. The intellect is advanced principles—thinking with the mind. The person who is able to isolate himself from the audience, while in the theatre, and retain his individuality of mind, the one who can throw off mob psychology and use his intellect, is the exception and not the rule. Once the playwright allows his audience to think for itself—with the mind!—his play is lost. It cannot hope to get over.

THE playwrights who read this and have a feeling that their plays do not get the proper sort of attention—that they are not read—are absolutely and unequivocably in error. In the office where the writer of this article reads manuscripts, there is not a play that is sent back to its author marked "unavailable," until it is proven beyond peradventure of doubt that there is nothing in the script that will make an appeal to an audience. Scripts are read assiduously.

It is trying work, for these embryo playwrights who submit manuscripts containing their brain children, usually have no conception of what constitutes a play. But the reader, in order that nothing may escape him, must plow through page after page, and script after script, until he reaches a point where he knows the prospect of finding the grain of an appealing idea has gone aglimmering. It isn't necessary that he read from the first page to the last in order to determine this. If the writer has nothing to say in the first or second act—if there is no appealing premise—or plot—it stands to reason that he will have nothing to say, or to make an appeal, in the acts that follow. Of course, there are exceptions, but in the main this rule holds true to form.

Another rule to follow is that the playwright must be able to think straight. His scenes and situations must be the result of indefatigable study (*Continued on page* 136)



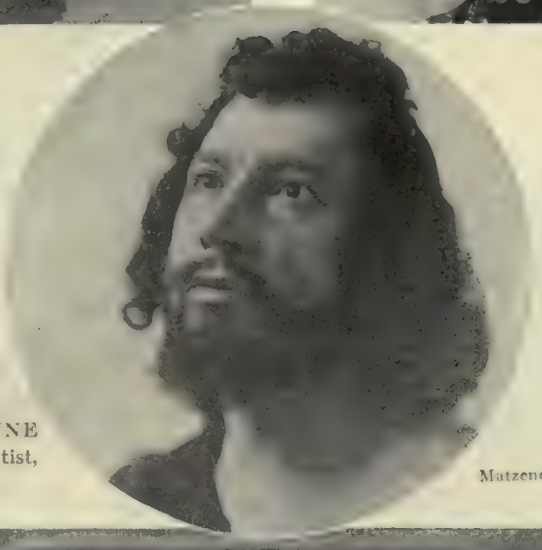
SCENE IN
ACT I
MARINUZZI'S
OPERA
"LA JACQUERIE"

(*Left to right*) Edward Johnson (tenor); Carlo Galeffi (baritone); Yvonne Gall (soprano)



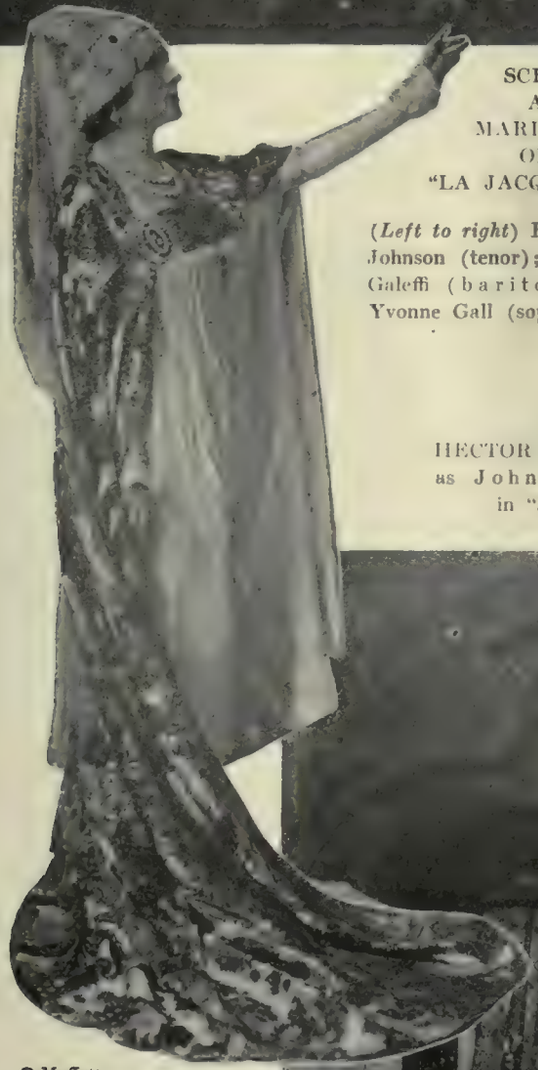
© Matzene

GALLI-CURCI,
as *Lakmé*



HECTOR DUFRANNE
as John the Baptist,
in "Salome"

Matzene



© Moffett
MARY GARDEN
as *Thais*



SCENE IN
"LA JACQUERIE"
ACT II.

(*Centre*) Virgilio Lazzari (*basso*); (*Right*) Yvonne Gall, Edward Johnson, Carlo Galeffi

CHICAGO OPERA SINGERS COME TO THE MANHATTAN

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

(Below)

LOTUS ROBB

As Goldie MacDuff in Claire Kummer's latest comedy "Rollo's Wild Oat," this actress has been hailed as "the perfect Kummerite." She made her first appearance as a child in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in Elitch's Stock Company, Denver. She played with Nat Goodwin in "Why Marry?", assuming the ingenue rôle in the New York company and the leading feminine rôle on tour. Miss Robb recently played the leading part in Eugene Walter's "The Challenge" and in the Selwyn's production of "Sonny"



White

HANNAH TOBACK

As the singing girl, Zummurud, in "Mecca," this young actress made her first appearance in an English-speaking rôle. Born on the Bowery, the daughter of an East side merchant, she made her stage début at the age of eight in support of David Kessler, and later played with Adler, Schildkraut and other Yiddish stars in leading ingenue rôles. She scored a hit in the rôle of Love in the Yiddish production of "Experience"

(Below)

LUPINO LANE

The English acrobatic comedian who shares with Delysia the honors of "Afgar." In England he is as well known and beloved as our own Fred Stone, whose acrobatic comedy stunts he approximates. Next season he is to be starred in a musical production by Morris Gest and comedy films for William Fox. He is a member of the Lupino family, one of the most celebrated in the English theatre





White



Photocraft

FREDERICK KERR

As the British Ambassador in "Just Suppose," this veteran actor contributes a noteworthy characterization. He made his stage début in 1882 in Wallack's production of "The School for Scandal." In the forty years of his stage career he has supported nearly all the English stars. He appeared at the Lyceum ten years ago with Billie Burke in "Mrs. Dot," and subsequently toured with Maxine Elliott in "The Inferior Sex"

MOTION PICTURE SECTION



MARTHA MANSFIELD

Not even a vampire feather fan can make Martha look like anything but an ingenue. This young actress made her first screen success as the guiding star of John Barrymore's better self in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"

OTIS SKINNER IN "KISMET"

This always picturesque actor has succeeded in transferring his lovable roguery from the stage production to the screen. He is here seen as Hadjj, the most ingratiating beggar who ever begged alms for the love of Allah. This picture marks Mr. Skinner's first appearance in the films



WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

By ALISON SMITH

THERE can be no doubt that the tastes of film audiences is changing. It was not so long ago when the plots of photoplays could be neatly catalogued into three precise groups. There was the sweet simple and girlish plot in which love's young dream is discovered in the first reel, meets disturbing but not serious obstacles in the second, third and fourth, and ends in a blissful close-up amid daisy fields and cooing doves. There was the eternally reliable triangle plot with one wife, one husband and one faithless male friend or ditto wife, ditto husband and one unmanagable vampire. Finally, there was the plot of adventure which no one really bothered about since, like a musical comedy, it soon became lost in a chaos of jungle terrors, or Wild West dust.

THESE were subject to unlimited variation, but the general idea remained the same. That is to say it remained the same in that there was no general idea whatever. But, of late, the public has seemed to demand a story with some underlying *motif* which might involve at least the minimum of thought. It is significant that most of the long run pictures in recent months have had a definite idea behind them. For this month, one of the most whimsical and captivating ideas in fiction was recaptured by the screen and reproduced in the film version of Leonard Merrick's delectable story, "Conrad in Quest of His Youth."

This preservation is all the more remarkable because the film version resembles the architecture of the novel not at all. William C. DeMille probably had his reasons when he selected Thomas Meighan for the rôle of "Conrad." Probably he found it expedient to make some sacrifice of the literal story to the interest always attached to the films of this extremely popular star. Certainly, Mr. DeMille himself would not deny that no one could bear less resemblance to Merrick's whimsical, diffident, middle-aged hero than this self-assured handsome young Irishman. But while this Conrad's search for his youth seems rather premature (since that same youth has obviously not left him,) there remains nevertheless the same wistfulness which made the novel the most delightful sentimental journey in fiction.

ANOTHER story in violent contrast to this gentle tale but with an idea far beyond the obvious, is found in the screen version of "The Penalty" by Governeur Morris. It was written in San Francisco with the hills of that magical city as it was before the earthquake, for a background. We doubt, however, if even the misty shape of a San Francisco fog could produce this plot as shown on the screen. It belongs rather to the opium dreams of the old Chinatown which used to skirt the borders of Barbary Coast before that unhallowed spot became only a hectic memory.

It is the story of a human monster called "Blizzard" who was driven into his fiendish state of mind when an operation amputated both his legs through the blunder of a careless doctor. His only reaction, not wholly evil, is his love for music but when he plays the piano he must depend on a girl to work the pedals which his feet have never touched. From this unusual beginning the director has worked out a tale of revenge and redemption which is at times weirdly fascinating and at other times dangerously near the absurd.

Lou Chancey who plays the very difficult rôle of "Blizzard" will be remembered as the twisted "Frog" of "The Miracle Man." So realistically did he arrange his make-up as the half-man of the story, that most of the audience thought he was really crippled and the director found it necessary to show him in a final scene in all the glory of two perfectly good legs. This, of course, is more acrobatic than emotional acting. There were many scenes however when you forgot to be amazed at his technical achievement and were genuinely lost in the pathos of his life's tragedy.

Wallace Worsley, the director, has given the film its full allowance of melodrama. This much is his concession to the box-office. But also in many of the scenes he has caught the *motif* given it by its author—a grim study of sinister impulses oveshadowed by vague and shadowing symbolism.

A NEW screen star made his début this week when Otis Skinner repeated his stage triumph of "Kismet" for the benefit of the movie going public. It was advertised as "A Second Arabian Nights" but, needless to say, it was the naïve enchantment of the children's story-books and bore no relation to Sir Richard Burton. With the film's enlarged facilities for scenic expression, the film version is even more elaborate than was the stage production. It lacked only color and music to make it identical with the Knoblock on the stage. The absence of these two elements, however, was a serious handicap in a theme which is so largely dependent on its clashes of color and sound. Nevertheless, the director Louis Gasnier has evolved a number of really brilliant scenes which bring Mr. Skinner to the screen in Oriental glory.

He plays, of course, the original rôle of Hadjj, truly the most lovable, ruthless and ingratiating beggar that ever begged alms for the love of Allah. Unlike so many actors who have suddenly turned from the stage to the screen, Mr. Skinner seems not at all bewildered by his new medium. He sweeps the rôle on through its *motif* of revenge with all the cynical bravado that made it such a brilliant stage character. The début is all the more welcome because it promises a series of other productions which will feature a new and original star—the screen actor Otis Skinner.

ANOTHER romantic rôle, full of color and excitement, is played by Douglas Fairbanks in "The Mark of Zurro." It is a play of Southern California. We know this by the captions and the land-marks although just where in the golden State or just what period the story is laid remains very vague. At least we are sure it is a period of romance far removed from the sedate days of the present time of Chautauqua lectures and bone-dry dinners. This period abounds in flashing steel and fiery steeds and dark eyes behind lace mantillas and the energetic hero makes the most of them.

He is the son of a wealthy Mexican planter and is regarded as a weakling by his entire family and especially by the girl he loves. But little do these people know that at night he is transformed into the fearless, dashing bandit "Zurro" who has terrorized all the surrounding neighborhood. Like the "Bad Man" of Holbrook Blinn, he is a benevolent bandit and is forever taking up the cause of the weak against the strong. He carries on his pursuit of justice in the acrobatic fashion which is characteristic of all his work. With this purpose in view, he leaps, climbs and scrambles over all the Mexican scenery from adobe huts and pepper trees to ox-cart and the body of the foiled villain.

For, of course, there is a villain with the fiercest and most desperate moustachios ever seen even in Mexico. Also there is a beautiful, helpless senorita to be rescued in the leaps and bounds of the plot. All this against a brilliant opera bouffé setting which furnishes Fairbanks with one of the most picturesque and thrilling plays of his very exciting career.

GOOD comedy is only too rare and a screen play written in a spirit of pure nonsense is an event in the moving picture month. Such a film is "The Life of the Party" which brings Roscoe Arbuckle out of slap-stick and into more or less rational comedy. It celebrates the adventure of a modest young man who is held up and robbed of his coat while returning from a masquerade party chastely clad as Buster Brown. Needless to say, Roscoe makes the most of this embarrassing accident and of the remainder of the plot which has been generously pierced out by the scenario writer.



WEDDING SCENE IN "THE FURNACE"

Here comes the bride, one of the most lavish and bejeweled romances seen on the screen for many months. Agnes Ayres is the misunderstood wife who insists on getting into difficulties of an elopement with the aid of an expensive roadster. Jerome Patrick is the husband and Milton Sills the third of the triangle



SCENE IN "CONRAD IN QUEST OF HIS YOUTH"

Thomas Meighan and a circle of his old school-friends singing the songs of earlier days. This screen idyl of the search for the fountain of youth is an adaptation of the whimsical novel by Leonard Merrick



BARBARA BEDFORD

A new face amongst the younger screen actresses who will be seen in the haunting lights and shadows of the Maurice Tourneur productions



ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN

The pretty granddaughter of the famous impresario is appearing in screen rôles that vary from the most dove-like ingenue to the wisest serpent of a vampire. But always she manages to give the rôle the touch of originality which characterizes her name

THE AMATEUR STAGE

By M. E. KEHOE

Objection has been made in many quarters to the term "amateur," as indicating crudity, but, applied to this Department, it deals with the dilletanté of the stage—art lovers, as distinguished from commercial producers



Sir Walter Raleigh, lured by Venezuela, Queen of the Carribbean, and Orinoco, the water sprite, resolves to venture once more to the New World. Sir Walter Raleigh, (Dr. W. C. Horton), Orinoco, (Elizabeth Hughes), and Venezuela, (Elizabeth Walker)

(Below)

Sir Walter Raleigh in the closing scene, (Dr. W. C. Horton)



The Tercentenary Pageant-Drama, "Raleigh The Shepherd of the Ocean," by Frederick H. Koch, produced in Raleigh, North Carolina, to commemorate the deeds of the founder of the first English settlement in America, Roanoke Island, 1585. The costumes were all home-made.



(Above)

Sir Walter Raleigh, in the opening scenes (Lieut. Walter Simpson)



(Left)

Queen Elizabeth, (Muriel Victor Castlebury), with Elizabeth Throgmorton, her Lady-in-Waiting, who became Lady Raleigh, (Gladys Williamson) and the Earl of Essex, (Hardy M. Ray)

RALEIGH: THE SHEPHERD OF THE OCEAN

The Tercentenary Pageant Recently Produced at Raleigh, N. C.

By ELIZABETH A. LAY

THE Raleigh Tercentenary Pageant-Drama, *Raleigh: The Shepherd of the Ocean*, recently produced in Raleigh, North Carolina, was originally designed by Frederick H. Koch, Professor of Dramatic Literature in the University of North Carolina, for the commemoration of the three hundredth anniversary of the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh, October 29, 1918, and not produced at that time because of the influenza epidemic which prevented the celebration as planned by the State Literary and Historical Association. It is perhaps even better that the performance should have been postponed, for it brings freshly now to this Pilgrim Tercentenary year a portrayal of the pioneer spirit which led to the founding, by Raleigh, of the first English colony in America, Roanoke Island, North Carolina, 1585. A conception of the ideals of the Cavalier colonizers of the South is necessary for a complete picture of the great movement to the New World and to an understanding of the Anglo-American ideals to which our Pilgrim Tercentenary year is dedicated.

The life of Raleigh, the great colonizer, affords rich dramatic materials. From these Professor Koch has woven no mere succession of historical incidents, but instead he has created a *drama* of pageant proportions in which the ringing challenge of pioneer vision of Sir Walter Raleigh is embodied with the convincing beauty of literary style. The conception of the play is that of a great tragedy brought out from the intimate stage and painted with sweeping strokes against the background of spectacle. Through the whole, one never loses the sense of a great dramatic struggle in which Raleigh is the central figure, from the moment of his acclamation as "Shepherd of the Ocean" in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth, to his final destruction under the Stuart tyrant, James I. Always he is led by the vision of Western Lands and the brave New World in America. The spoken lines of the play are instinct with a beauty and imagination inherent in the spirit of those times. Raleigh's closing words are typical of the author's poetical rendering of the vision for which the heroic colonizer died:

"Virginia! my 'lost colony' of Virginia!
My 'Citie of Raleigh in Virginia,' lost, indeed.
But not all vain—for Jamestown thrives,
And Virginia 'will yet see itself an English nation!'

And still—America, Virginia, New England!
What magic words in this my passing hour!
They conjure back the daring vision-days,
And my sure trust in lands beyond the seas.

America! Virginia! New England!
What though my star stoop now to its eclipse,
Still it doth harbinger the New Day's dawn.
And by that way I have so blithely gone,



PROF. F. C. KOCH

Author of the Pageant Drama, "Raleigh, Shepherd of the Ocean."

Sea-buffeted, with all my gallant men,
A brave new world will yet be won by English
Youth across the seas—a sunbright world
Of high resolve—of faith, and love, and Liberty!"

The five acts build up surely and impressively to the final climax of the drama and there is such happy union of spectacle that the audience carried away a vivid impression of the heroic figure of Raleigh in the brave days of new adventure.

THE production of the pageant in Raleigh, North Carolina, October 19th, 20th and 21st, under the direction of Miss Elizabeth B. Grimball, was a noteworthy community achievement. For the dramatic elements of the piece demanded a high quality of acting from the citizen players. To this challenge they responded with fine appreciation of the literary value of the lines. The spoken words carried perfectly to the vast audiences assembled on the three nights of the performances in the out-door stage arranged on the city Athletic Park. On these warm nights of the early Southern Autumn, the people from Raleigh and visitors from all parts of the State thronged to witness the Tercentenary Pageant-Drama of the pioneer, Sir Walter Raleigh, for whom the city is named. The stars overhead became a part of the background and in brilliant light the Elizabethan fête-day crowds appeared to do honor to the gallant heroes who fought with Spain for the dominion of the seas. Then the stage seemed contracted to the more intimate scenes in the Tower, Raleigh's imprisonment and martyrdom. Through it all the Spirit of Youth and her attendant Chorus interpreted the meaning of the episodes by spoken Prologue, Epilogue, and Interludes and through interpretative dancing.

THE Pageant begins with the gathering of a happy crowd to welcome Queen Elizabeth for a review of her troops on Harrow Field, on the eve of the Invincible Armada, 1588. Singing and dancing typifies the gallant spirit of Elizabeth's loyal people and among them comes the Queen on her way to a council of State, followed by her throng of courtiers. Raleigh, chief among them, inspires his friends with the true meaning of the coming victory over the Spanish Armada. His imagination fired by Raleigh's vision of the English nation in America, the poet Spencer hails him "Shepherd of the Ocean." Then with the re-entrance of the Queen and the news that the Great Armada has been sighted, England's defenders march to their posts of duty. In their ears rings the challenge of Raleigh's high faith:

"We will speedily sweep clean the seas of all these tyrant foes and clear a path to the New World o'er which, years hence, ships shall freely pass bearing their precious freight of English men and maids and all their household gear, to rear their homes and build their hearthfires in that wide land, Virginia. There shall arise in coming years goodly states, fair cities; and a new and gallant folk—our kin and brothers—shall in the years to come clasp hands with us in Britain here, in worthy emprise and in desperate venture 'gainst grim-faced tyranny."

THE Second Episode shows another fête-day crowd, after the victory of Cadiz, eight years later. Raleigh is owned the hero of the fight by his rival Captains, and again depicts to them the future of England, now mistress of the seas, and free to found a New World in Virginia, "a brave New World," as Shakespeare sees it.

In these two episodes which comprised the First Part of the pageant, Raleigh was played by Lieutenant Walter Simpson with a fire and youthful grace which won his audience. The ringing lines of Raleigh's vision of the future were delivered with remarkable sureness and the figures of the principal players stood forth dramatically against the colorful massing of the festival crowd.

In the Interlude between the First Part and the Second Part, the Spirit of Youth with the grief-stricken Chorus foretells the defeat of Raleigh and introduces the theme of the fatal lure of the lands of South America, the Spirit of the Orinoco. Raleigh, now in the Tower, imprisoned under the false charge of treason against James I, sees a dream pageant of his past in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth. Then to him appear Venezuela, the golden Queen of the Carribbean, and the witching Spirit of the Orinoco. Lured by this vision, Raleigh resolves to wring from the King, permission to sail forth on another voyage to the Western lands.

(*Continued on page* 142)



The simple staging of Alice Brown's very effective "Joint Owners in Spain," at the Little County Theatre, illustrating the use of one neutral gray stage set for various interiors. With the addition of appropriate furniture and accessories, the change from one playlet to another can be made in a ten-minute intermission.

COUNTRY THEATRE MOVEMENT IN NEW YORK STATE

THE New York State Little Country Theatre, so successful an experiment in its first year, 1919, was repeated to doubled business and interest in September, 1920, under the direction of Professor A. M. Drummond, Head of the Department of Public Speaking in Cornell University, and with the co-operation of the Cornell Dramatic Club. The Cornell Club in its two experimental Fair Theatres has become widely known for the excellence and *practical* nature of its work, and under the auspices of the State Fair Commission and of the Department of Extension and Rural Recreation of the State College of Agriculture at Cornell, a very considerable movement for the encouraging and betterment of amateur dramatics in the countryside districts of New York State is operating under the general supervision of the Director of the "Country Theatre."

DURING the week of the Fair, twelve thousand attended the Country Theatre, and about as many were turned away—S. R. O. was a permanent placard on some days. A total of thirty performances of plays from the Club's repertoire were given; eight thousand pieces of literature distributed from the exhibit booth; a constant stream of interested rural leaders were advised; some thirty brief lectures on the idea of the movement were given by the Director; Community sings and educational movies prefaced the performances:—in all double the work, double the display, double the attendance of the previous year.



A glimpse of the intent audience at a performance of the Little Country Theatre

The plays presented were Zona Gale's "Neighbors"; Alice Brown's "Lonesomelike"; Harold Brighouse's "Hobson's Choice"; R. H. Davis's "The Zone Police"—all successful, with "Neighbors" perhaps, the headliner.

An extensive exhibit of posters, play lists, magazines, programs, photos, helpful books, catalogs, exhibits of one or two typical country community theatre groups, and an ingeniously illuminated and artistic model stage, were part of the exhibit in charge of Margaret C. Knapp.

IN addition to the Director's own material for exhibition, the Theatre had the cordial co-operation of the Drama League of America, New York City Drama League, 47 Workshop, North Carolina Playmakers, Community Service, Playground Association, Samuel French, Norman Lee Swartout, The Theatre Arts Magazine, The Drama, The Groton Players, etc., and excellent and helpful display material from the THEATRE MAGAZINE. The demand for the service of this exhibit proved á considerable enlargement of this feature will be justified, and the director is convinced it deserves the sympathetic and carefully planned support of all amateur theatrical organizations. Another year should see this exhibit repeated on a much more extensive scale.

Two plans are under consideration, one to provide adequate and attractive quarters for the Theatre and other Rural Recreation activities of a modern Community House, and second, to extend the possibility of playing in the theatre during Fair Week to high-grade countryside dramatic organizations throughout the State, possibly on some basis of prize competitions.

The State Fair experiment has attracted wide attention outside New York State and inquiries as to its organization and saccess come from all over the country. A 46,000 edition of a pamphlet descriptive of the plan and including a short list of selected plays has been distributed by the Extension Department to the country districts of the Stat Requests for aid in organizing amateur dramatics average (*Continued on page* 146)

COMMUNITY DRAMATICS

By ETHEL ARMES

THE Children's Theatre is an outgrowth of the story-telling unit in many instances. In every social settlement and community center children, have for years, been invariably giving little plays, pageants and dramatizations of stories.

It remained, however, for the Dramatic Department of Greenwich House, a social settlement in New York just below Washington Square, to build up little theatre groups capable of doing independent and discriminating work. Under the direction of Miss Helen Murphy, and her assistant, Miss Mary Carpenter, a pupil of Isadora Duncan, groups in this department study the better plays of the day. There are four distinct phases of the work—two in production (one for adults and the other for children), a third in story-telling and a fourth in interpretative dancing. On stated evenings, the classes meet in the settlement theatre, especially designed for them.

At the weekly story hour, a narrative is told and then dramatized. It is roughly played and as a result of this brief tryout, children are chosen to complete the dramatization in the special and advanced classes. The story hours are open to juveniles of all ages living in Greenwich Village and from this group most of the more advanced children have been taken.

The dramatic and interpretative dancing classes work out in detail the story to be presented, always in pantomime. Miss Murphy holds that the art of acting is more essential than the art of elocution, and to the children no lines have yet been given in their plays. The dramatic instinct rather than the technical and physical side of the work has been developed in the dancing classes, and great freedom is allowed the children in their creation of character parts.

Pantomimes, pageants, miracle plays and fairy stories are constantly in rehearsal at this Children's Theatre. The Joan of Arc pageant presented last summer in Washington Square was directed by these dramatic leaders from Greenwich House. Most of the little players are Italian girls ranging from four to twelve and fourteen years. They compose extemporaneously the most dramatic of little plays; act them, with rhythmic step, to music, then relate their story.

Sometimes they reverse the process. Their creations are often strangely beautiful, weird and fantastic. It is an extraordinary achievement for the six and seven year olds of the group to put on a play entirely on their own initiative. In their own words here is one little play: "There was a girl who, although she was a King's daughter, longed for the wild woods. She hastened forth and found her delight in trees and birds. She danced in the wild wood from morning until night. Two brothers saw her. 'She must be our sister,' they said, 'Come with us and keep our house. We will make you happy.' She went with them. They were kind and tender. Still she grew sad. 'It is too great a burden for me to bear,' she said to them, 'I must return to the woods forevermore.' Therefore she left them. They fainted with grief."

This is but one of dozens and dozens of these strangely interesting and dramatic plays of the Greenwich House Children's Theatre. Set to music, acted with exquisite sensitiveness and poise, the result is fairy like, ineffably charming.

* * *

A PAGEANT given exclusively by children took place not long since in Portland, Oregon.

Thirty-six little Americans, most of them children of parents who were born on European soil, took part in a patriotic pageant, witnessed by nearly 500 people in front of the Neighborhood House, Second and Wood Streets.

It was a historical pageant, entitled "America" and depicted the times of the early colonist days. Miss Eva Jurgensohn, recreational director of the local community service, trained the children, assisted by Miss Ida Lewenberg of the Neighborhood House.

The children showed keen interest in making their own costumes and developing the characters. It was the first pageant given by the Portland Community Service, although the association expects to make these pageants and block parties part of the winter's activities.

* * *

THE Kansas City Grand Opera Company has produced most of the standard operas in the last ten years and has developed a number of good young voices. This community opera was founded by the former English Grand Opera stars, Ottley and Louie Collier Cranston, of the Cranston School of Music, who are its present directors. The repertoire this season includes "The Bohemian Girl," "Maritana," "Romeo and Juliet," "Il Trovatore" and "Faust."

This company was one of the first, if not the first, in the country, to present community grand opera on a rigid professional basis, with full scenic and costume investiture and complete orchestra. Upon occasions, outside artists have been engaged to sing leading rôles. J. H. Sheehan, Henro Barron, Charles Le Sueur, Louise Le Baron and Ralph Errol are among the vocalists engaged at various times. During "Old Glory" week in Kansas City two years ago last October, the Kansas City company presented a sumptuous production of "Aida." The all star cast of principals engaged, included Morgan Kingston, Marie Rappold, Louise Homer, Clarence Whitehill and Henri Scott of the Metropolitan. Mr. Cranston completed this noble cast singing the rôle of the high priest.

The maintenance of the company is a result of an altruistic desire to keep the spirit of love and interest in grand opera alive in Kansas City. The premier production ten years ago was "Faust." The next season "Cavelleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" were added and the following season "Carmen," "Martha," and the "Daughter of the Regiment" were produced.

This season "Faust" will be repeated and Nita Abraham-Taylor, a local soprano of considerable reputation, will sing the rôle of Marguerite.

The cast includes sixty members, some of whom are students at the Cranston School, while others have not studied save through the training of the company. The training is free and open to all musical students. Such professional singers as Torleig Young and Paul Lawless, tenors, and others have assisted in the production and the wealth of student talent that has been professionalized though the associations afforded by the company has been very large.

Mr. and Mrs. Cranston are English and for many years played leading rôles with the Royal Carl Rosa and Savage Opera Companies in England, finally coming to America with the latter organization. Mrs. Cranston was the original "Butterfly" in the English version of the Puccini opera in England. The year before they were engaged by J. A. Cowan of the Kansas City Conservatory of Music to found an opera company in the Western city, they sang with the Aborn grand opera company. Through the Conservatory Vocal department the Cranstons assembled the company. And it was later incorporated with W. K. Herndon, as general manager, and H. G. Shaw as business manager.

* * *

THE Flint Community Pageant, an historic and civic presentation, given by the people of Flint during the past summer, marked the opening of Kearsley Park, the new playground and outdoor recreation center of the Michigan City. In its production, the author and director, Nina B. Lamkin, was assisted by E. G. Vordenberg and George Oscar Bowen, director of music and choruses. It was a mammoth co-operative production, in which 2,500 men, women and children took part. Practically every organization, church, school and club in the city was represented. A gathering of over 50,000 people witnessed it.

The first episode presented the gathering of Indian Tribes for a harvest ceremonial. Through their Prophet, the Indians received and welcomed Father Marquette and the French Jesuits, who were recruited from the Knights of Columbus. In the second episode the Pilgrims were introduced, followed by the French traders who made a treaty with the Indians. This marks the record of the French possessions in that region. As the French flag was raised, the Salvation Army band played the "Marseillaise." The gavotte was danced by the girls of the (*Continued on page* 142)



Ira L. Hill Studio

The Programme of Fashion

By Pauline Morgan

Ina Claire, who introduced in that successful comedy "The Gold Diggers" the most successful frock of the season—the bouffant lace evening gown distended with a farthingale over a short narrow underskirt—sponsors a new fashion for the tea hour. Brocade chiffon velvet, black on gold, makes a deep Russian blouse, extending to below the hips and held in with an elastic. A ribbon of jet beads laces the fronts to the bust line and the diminutive sleeves are cut on kimona lines. With it she wears an enormous black velvet hat circled with wide jet ribbons which hang over the brim

Frances Carson and Pearl White in chic riding togs



Ira L. Hill Studio

Frances Carson who plays the part of Lucia Pell in "The Bad Man," brings also into that sympathetic rôle the graceful ease of an accomplished horsewoman. The heavy pongee coat and hat is more or less rakish, but bespeaks an indescribable elegance. A soft brown four-in-hand matches the breeches and boots.

(Oval)

Pearl White, who has just gone to Bermuda to finish a thrilling new "movie," takes with her, two interesting riding outfits. Black whipcord is used for the smartly cut military breeches and Commodore coat, with a mannish little waistcoat of heavy white silk, square-toed boots and a straw sailor banded in white.



Snapped after a canter in the park, Miss Carson wears a faultless riding outfit of reindeer brown trousers, single-breasted coat with shallow reveres which fasten low over the cream colored silk shirt with high collar and cuffs.

Models from Nardi





For less formal occasions, Miss White dons the dark military breeches and a long tailored coat of black and white checked whipcord. A soft black Fedora hat and high gauntlet glove is debonair and dashing.

Mary Nash wears her new French frocks



Just a simple little evening gown of white paillettes with an arresting apron tunic that softly breaks the severity of line. Bands of brilliants hold the shallow bodice and a puff of turquoise blue velvet is glimpsed at the waistline.



Photos from
Ira L. Hill Studio



A truly French creation of brown Chantilly lace over dark blue ciré. The smart swathing of the hips is done with blue ciré, drawn tightly into a saucy frou-frou with loose ends edged with sable.

All the charm of an old-fashioned daguerreotype is apparent in Miss Nash's manner of wearing this black Lyons' velvet frock in tunic effect, depending for cachet on the new-mannered sash.



A Crêpe de Chine model that every woman will want! It arrives at the uncorseted effect in delightful fashion with a straight lined, loose blouse bodice embroidered in burnt orange wool that spreads itself likewise down the long loose Sleeve. Swinging panels on each side of orange and black are accordeon pleated and provide the fashionable irregularity of the hem line.

Through the



THE SKIN GAME—

It's about real English people and the English atmosphere prevails in every detail. The frock that first caught our eye was one of those all-knitted affairs made for daytime or sports wear, and which is the last word from the atelier of the fashion makers. Joan Maclean as the young daughter in an aristocratic family wears a knitted frock of azure blue like a sweater suit, banded at the neck and three-quarter sleeves with white angora. A gay little bow and tassels of black and white yarn finish the neck. We decided that all the excitement about knitted frocks was quite justified, and its possibilities for both summer and winter filled us with gleeful expectations. Miss Josephine Victor in the part of the harassed wife was charmingly feminine in a rose frock of crepe de Chine; it bore all the essentials of youthful elegance with that very becoming low waist line slightly bloused and sashed with a bustle bow at the left hip. The skirt flaunted its recently achieved importance in five tiers of petal-like scallops. In the principal scene, Miss Victor adds to the breathlessness of the situation in a striking negligée of deep coral chiffon with a square neck, draped in a most unusual manner. The back suggested a cape which also formed the sleeves, caught up in a shower of gathers in the way of a soft polonaise.



HONORS ARE EVEN—

Lola Fisher sparkles through this smart society play in clever dialogue and distinguished frocks. She takes advantage of every opportunity to display her individual manner of wearing gowns and jewelry, and to introduce at the same time, some daring color combinations. Even in Boston, where we journeyed to see the play, the women were extravagantly praising Miss Fisher's clothes. Fringe was used most effectively in evening gowns, attached to the gown in most unexpected places. The new method of co .ealing the underarm part of the bodice is most interesting—sometimes it is fringe or again it is chiffon or lace that veils softly any harsh outline. The sketch shows two gowns which will doubtless be copied by the discriminating society woman. One is a flesh meteor foundation hung with orchid chiffon and crystal fringe over-slip which falls in points to below the hem. A girdle of pale lemon satin and a jeweled corsage of topaz is a symphony of color, framed with a black chiffon velvet wrap. Again she wears a draped foundation skirt of peach and yellow satin with three tiers of chiffon floating away into points. They blend together in a mist of pale coral, peach and yellow, and peach colored silk fringe drips from the underarm in shredded effect. Peach colored beads of wood swing from the shoulder to hip—and oh! her fans—immense ones of brilliant ostrich, or lace fans as fine as a cobweb. An adorable daytime frock had a long waisted bodice of white chiffon velvet attached to the skirt of black velvet with a narrow little belt of jet beads. The tiny sleeve was kimona-cut and the bodice was slashed to the waist line in front, filled in with a tiny waiscoat of cream lace.

Opera Glass

AFGAR—

The gorgeousness of the Poiret costumes in "Afgar" held us in a hypnotic spell for some time before we could begin to analyze the style and probable influence of the bizarre styles on the future fashion rulings. With "Afgar," of course, came Alice Delysia, the nearest approach to Gaby we expect to see. Her costumes or, mayhap, her lack of costumes, were as daring in the back as in the front. For all of that, we sensed the fact that harem trousers, modified, yes, would become the smart under-foundation for many a tuniced skirt and specifically for the entrancing and ever-alluring house gown. Nearly all the bodices ended at the hip line and were made with square necks. The sumptuousness of the fabrics leaves us at a loss for adjectives, but if one can imagine a supple gold and silver tissue or stiff brocade glistening in satin sheens of vivid changing hues, finished extravagantly with sable and ostrich plumes, you have a faint intimation of the art of Poiret. The Moyenage waist with long skirt flaring at the hem promises to be the new silhouette —do not worry about its charm, for it is spelled with a large C! When the waistlines were not low, everything seemed to be done to make them look large, rolled about as they were with tulle and chiffon in bolster effect.



HONEYDEW—

Dripping with every conceivable sort of alluring frock and frippery—longer skirts, irregular lacey hems, slipper heels studdied with rhinestones, and in the whirl of dancing, the gleam of bright red heels was most effective. How quaint and satisfying were the full skirts and snug bodices, with the old-fashioned off-the-shoulder puff, which has been revived as a most delectable evening fashion. We have no doubt this silhouette will predominate at Palm Beach and the summer resorts, accompanied by the tulle hat. The kind we mean is worn by Ethelind Terry in the sketch, with rows and rows of fluffy tulle flaring away from the face. The little frock worn with the hat is something new in the way of drapery; it is of white chiffon draped saucily to each hip over an underskirt of light blue accordion-pleated chiffon. Dorothy Follis wore a number of bewitching frocks suitable for the approaching season's wear, we sketch only one, however, which may suggest something for your own wardrobe. Cream colored chiffon with insets of white broadcloth is attached to the long-waisted, plain bodice, and dips down into graceful points at the hem. The sash is run to slits at the side and ties directly in the back. A swagger feature of the costume was a white broadcloth cape attached to the shoulders and swung loosely to below the hip line. It is a graceful fashion and will undoubtedly be much used this summer. Several of these Cavalier capes could be made in different colors with snaps to quickly adjust the little wrap which is also a part of the costume. We almost forgot to mention the sensational negligée made of heavy cream lace shaped like a round shawl back and front, with the only cutting done at the shoulder where it fastened with rhinestone buckles.





The bright particular star of Margaret Anglin's art treasures—and she has many—is this priceless Raphael tapestry which hangs in her New York apartment. The 17th century Italian walnut day bed, with its early 16th century mulberry velvet covering, is flanked by two armchairs upholstered in 17th century Flemish verdure tapestry



A charming corner in the home of Margaret Anglin, showing an interesting mahogany consul, with carved Chinese polychrome candlesticks, and a quaint old time flower picture



(Right)
Theresa Maxwell-Conover of "Honeydew," bird of passage for the season, at a New York hotel, has kept with her two treasured possessions, an old mahogany "lowboy" and rare set of brass candlesticks, once belonging to her grandmother, representing the historical figure of Major Andre

IN THE HOME OF THE PLAYER

THE story of Margaret Anglin's priceless Raphael tapestry (shown on the opposite page), is one of the aftermaths of the great war. It is a story of good fortune and chance, coupled with the persistence of two indefatigable collectors, Mr. and Mrs. George L. McElroy, who were commissioned by Miss Anglin to find a certain doorway in Italy, which she had seen on one of her early trips abroad, and had lingered in her memory as an impressive piece for a classical play.

In their travels through Florence, in search of the door, the McElroys came upon the decaying villa of an Italian nobleman, bereft by the war of his two sons, and his fortune. A Raphael tapestry, he told them, was his only remaining possession. It had been in his family for generations, and the impoverished nobleman was quick to take advantage of the generous offer made by the McElroy's for the purchase of the splendid textile which now hangs in a spacious room in Margaret Anglin's apartment, where it covers an entire wall.

They found it glued to the wall of a musty, damp garret room, with its border stretched and stained where the rain had leaked through the roof, but the centuries had mellowed its rich browns and greens to exquisitely delicate shades and it was in an excellent state of preservation.

Dr. Phyllis Ackerman has said that the rendition is quite up to the standard of the best of Raphael's work, the design representing the great annual Festival of Diana. So few tapestries have come down to us that Miss Anglin is especially fortunate to possess as old a piece as this, in such good condition.



Collecting Chinese curios is a hobby with Mlle. Phoebe of the Greenwich Village Follies—among the most beautiful of her treasures are these lovely bits of Chinese embroidery, which were purchased by Ivan Bankoff who dances with Mlle. Phoebe, when he was in Tsientsin



Margaret Anglin's reception room boasts an exquisite three piece crystal mantel set given to her grandmother by Napoleon III, to say nothing of a really beautiful French mirror



In the studio of Olga Ziceva, of the Greenwich Village Follies, is to be found a very rare and beautiful old wall covering, around which there is an interesting history. The wall covering, presented to her father, who was appointed Chief Justice of Moscow, by the Czar, was made over two hundred years ago by the monks of St. Sergeus monastery. It is of black broadcloth-like material and inlaid in mosaic design are tiny pieces of broadcloth of different colors, set together with silk embroidery



Angelina exercises a native talent and fits out a small circle of her masculine acquaintance with neckties of her own choosing. She bases her receipt for success on contrasting the man's general coloring, or matching his eyes, especially the latter.

ANGELINA BLAZES A TRAIL

BY HERSELF

I HAVE had a great honor bestowed on me. Something that seems to me in the nature of the *croix de guerre* or the D. S. O. I won't keep you in suspense. The honor is no more nor less than having been pronounced by a fastidiously well-dressed youth, "the Only Woman in New York Who Knows How to Pick Out a Man's Necktie Properly."

"Fancy that now, Hedda!" After all these years and years of jokes and sneers about the neckties women choose for their husbands and sweethearts, a joke along with the immemorial mother-in-law one, as old as the Dodo. To have a man come right out loud with such a pronunciamento . . . . We have progressed, indeed!

It all happened by chance. We were "looking 'em over" at the Ritz the other afternoon at tea-time, this Fastidious and Precious one and I, especially criticizing the men's appearance. From that we went to a discussion of men's clothes in general. And the "F. and P." thought he discerned in my judgments and remarks such a high level of almost masculine intelligence as to warrant his exclaiming, "By Jove, Angelina, I'm going to do something I've never done before. I'm going to let you pick me out a necktie."

He rushed me down the street at once, into a smart haberdashery, and up to the necktie counter. I remained calm under the great distinction done me. I really do know about neckties. It is a native gift, probably additionally trained through the acquaintance of several smart actors. Donald Macdonald, for instance, always wears real neckties. So does Tom Powers . . . generally. Of course, it is superfluous to say anything about the impeccability of John Barrymore's.

To return . . . "As a matter of fact, there are only two neckties here that I would wear," said my escort. Lets see if you can pick them out."

"Yes," I said, "I can." And made my moves as cooly as the Polish chess prodigy. "One is *this*, and the other is *that*."

"This" was a dark brown foulard with white polka dots. I know you can always play safe with polka dots. They combine conservatism with a dash of "pep." Certain well-dressed men always keep an assorted number on hand from year to year. And "that" was in diagonal stripes of about half-inch width, one dark blue, the next tan, the third rose, and repeat. (It doesn't read well, but it really was stunning. And almost everything smart in four-in-hands this season is diagonally striped, the colors very gay).

"Angelina, you wonder," cried the gentleman, and then uttered the words written above, "You are the Only Woman Who, etc. etc." . . .

I know it's a quite unfair distinction. I know there are heaps of women who could do just as well, or better than I, if they were given the chance. It is only that traduced so long by the funny papers they have grown afraid to speak out. But where the trail has now been blazed, others may go. There is no reason why a woman with an eye for color and line should not be as good a judge as a man of what suits him. The great trick, of course, to remember in your buying, is to contrast the man's general coloring, or match up his eyes. Especially the latter. That is always sure to be right.

Since that first occasion my reputation has been so spread abroad by the Fastidious One that his friends have come crowding around, beseeching me to choose neckties for them too. I have had a most bee-oo-tiful orgy of necktie buying. And I have not only made each man step up to the counter and accept meekly and pay for whatever I selected. I have insisted that he shall WEAR IT. AND LIKE IT!

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The Programme of Fashion

(Continued from page 125)



Marion Coakley, the lovely blonde leading woman with George M. Cohan in "The Meanest Man in the World"

MISS COAKLEY prefers trig little suits for walking and shopping above all other costumes. She states that men prefer it too, if you dress from that point of view. Instead of the strict tailored effects, however, she wears very girlish suits that are a bit fancy, just to emphasize her youthful type. It is a test, but if one can wear "The House of Youth" suits, they are fortunate. Miss Coakley has posed in two advance models, which show only faintly the beauty of braiding and paneling. The one illustrated above of dark blue tricotine, carries the swinging cape from the shoulder, attached with tiny buttons in military fashions. A high collar made in one with the jacket, bears out the military effect, but may be worn open. The back of the cape is beautifully embroidered in black silk.



A "House of Youth" suit with novel arrangement of braided tassels which swing from the side pockets. Black cire braid decorates the lower part of the jacket in shaped strips about the hips. Most of the cuffs from this house are cut in irregular outline, bearing out the youthful idea

Photos from Ira Hill Studio



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KILLING THE GOOSE

(*Continued from page* 86)

ences and year after year have welcomed the appearance of a Warfield or a Maude Adams with the utmost enthusiasm, because these players through years of experience have won for themselves the hallmark of reliability. Small town prestige must be cultivated with even more care than metropolitan prestige, for the visit of every play becomes a local topic of conversation, long to be discussed and remembered.

Of late it has become the custom to lease attractions that have established New York prestige to syndicates, for purposes of exploitation on the road. Sometimes these attractions have been resurrected from the storehouse, like "The Garden of Allah," and supported by a cast of actors and livestock (the road has always taken a childish delight in seeing animals on the stage), have travelled the country over raking in tremendous profits. On the other hand, many musical comedy producers have allowed their productions to be sent out with a cast inferior to that presenting a good burlesque show, equipped with none of their original songs and none of their scenery—a company merely trading on the prestige of their name—and, as might have been expected, the companies have been wrecked on the rocks of the road. You cannot fool "the road" any easier than you can fool New York. Give them a good play peopled with characters within their comprehension and they will flock to it as readily as they go to see Mary Pickford or her redoubtable husband.

Give them a play filled with the subtleties of life like "A Successful Calamity" or "Justice" or "Beyond the Horizon," and they will turn down their thumbs. Only a very small percentage of theatregoers care to take their brains with them when they see a play, and it is only of late years that New York has developed a sufficient number of serious lovers of the drama to warrant the hazard of producing an unusually fine play. Not that every community hasn't a number of real drama lovers. They have; but they form a pitiful minority, many of whom come annually to New York to see the finer works of the theatre.

There is one answer that has been given our commercial managers in unmistakable terms. Since the decline of the road, local stock companies have entered an era of prosperity unsurpassed in the history of the theatre. American communities, denied the best New York successes as New York saw them, have taken local stock organizations to their hearts and look to them for representations of the better plays. Some of these companies are enjoying the distinction of trying out new plays and many of our most promising young players are being recruited from provincial stock companies, where they have the advantage of the most thorough training that the theatre of today can supply.

Forthcoming issues of the THEATRE MAGAZINE *will contain illustrated articles describing the personnel and the work done by the most important of the local stock companies throughout the United States.—EDITOR.*

REVIVAL OF "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA"

(*Concluded from page* 88)

of exquisite loveliness, simple, no doubt, but full of grace and sweetness.

Gilbert, himself, might have devised these words, allotted to Macheath's two jealous "wives":

"Hither, dear Husband, turn your Eyes.
Bestow one Glance to cheer me.
Think with that Look, thy Polly dies.
O, shun me not—but hear me.
'Tis Polly sues,
'Tis Lucy speaks—
Is this true Love requited?
My heart is bursting
Mine, too, breaks.
Must I—
Must I be slighted?"

And what could be more Gilbertian than this patter song?

"When a wife's in a Pout,
(As she's sometimes, no doubt),
The good Husband as meek as a Lamb,
Her Vapours to still
First grants her her will,
And the quieting Draught is a Dram.
Poor Man!
And the quieting Draught is a Dram."

Hogarth immortalized the piece in his own strong way. To suit our taste, words here and there have been modified, the score has been revised, and the orchestration has been tactfully modernized. But, by and large, it is the real original opera of two centuries ago that they are singing at the Greenwich Village Theatre. No one should miss it who loves wit and music. It lives as surely as it ever lived.



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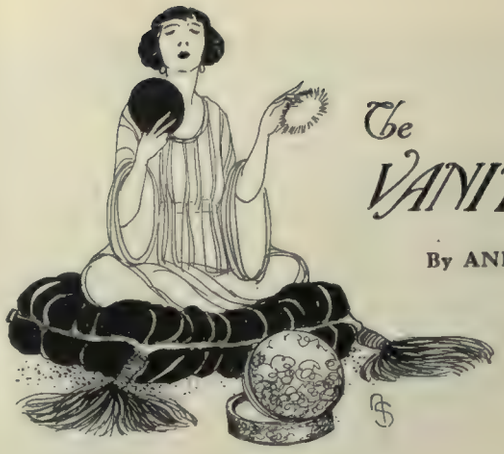
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THE NOCTURNE



The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

EVER since your first surreptitious efforts at an early age to go in for home beauty culture, when you seized on whatever material there was at hand in the house, you have known the effect of lemons on the skin, have you not? There is probably no one, by this time who is not aware of their cleansing and bleaching properties. And chemists thoroughly conversant with the splendid beautifying qualities of the lemon have been at work for years trying to incorporate them in a cream. Several lemon creams, in fact, have been put on the market. But none that we have heard of was really any good, only a small portion of the acid getting into the cream and even that very shortly becoming rancid.

* * * *

BUT the trick has been turned at last! And by a Frenchman. Already well-established in Paris as a creator of beauty preparations, he came to this country at the beginning of the war, and started at once to work out a theory he had in his head for a cream that should combine lemons and certain fats. He met with what he considered was the greatest success, and for a test induced one of the chorus at the Hippodrome first to try it out as a remover of make-up. She endorsed the cream most enthusiastically, passed it on to someone else, who passed it on to someone else, and it soon spread like wildfire. (Naturally, we heard of it from the Hippodrome source, and afterwards interviewed Monsieur). Following that, Monsieur perfected a skinfood of the same type, and then was ready to put both on the market.

They have only been there a short time, these two creams, but already they are "best sellers." The supply will not yet meet the demand. The druggists and department stores report that they have only to leave a jar of the cream open on the counter and it practically sells itself just on sight. Added to the fact that every woman knows of the lemon principle it is the most fragrant and luscious stuff, smelling and looking good enough to eat, almost as if it were the solidified filling for a wonderful lemon layer cake.

Though the cleansing cream is higher in price than the average cleansing cream, the theatrical profession is adopting it *en masse* for removing make-up, the acid of the lemon cutting the grease so perfectly. And for the same reason, it is such an efficient cleanser from dirt and grease for the average skin.

* * * *

THE cleanser may be used alone. But the best results in cleaning, in whitening and refining the skin, are obtained by combining the lemon cleansing cream with the lemon skinfood. The face is cleansed with the first, and then the skinfood is rubbed into the face and left on over night to bleach and to build up the tissues.

Having perfected his cream, Monsieur went on to make a rouge that will not wash nor rub off easily, nor be absorbed into the skin, and a lipstick whose color will not vanish though one eats through a whole meal with it on. "Even the soup, the salad, he cannot affect it," says Monsieur, kissing his finger tips. Which *is* a test, if you like!

(*For the name of the unique lemon cream mentioned above, and the rouge and lipstick, write The Vanity Box, care the* THEATRE MAGAZINE *6 East 39th St., New York City*).



Paderewski at his Steinway

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UPON hearing a Steinway for the first time, Richard Wagner wrote: "Our early tone masters, in writing the grandest of their creations for the pianoforte, seem to have had a presentiment of this, the ideal piano." Happily, the Steinway was born in time to inspire the immortal Richard, and to be divinely played and truly loved by Franz Liszt. Happily, too, it was here to voice the art of that most gifted and brilliant of pianists, Paderewski. And happily again, it is still here to bless the playing of Rachmaninoff and Hofmann, and to minister to all people who love great music.

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR PLAY?

(*Continued from page 82*)

and planning, in order to present to the audience the proper sequence of events so that the plot will be interesting; the suspense and interest well sustained. Thinking straight in drama and melodrama is a rule that must not be violated. In comedy or farce the situations are the ingredients which make for and produce laughter. There may be a hundred laugh lines, but without humorous situations, a farce is hopeless.

It used to be a rule of farce: get a man or woman in hot water in the first act, and you have the nucleus of a good farcical idea. However, it all depends on what you do with the idea after you get it started. The rule, in itself, holds good today, the same as it did in years gone by, but the situations must be probable and, if possible, unhackneyed. In other words, do not try to write the bedroom farce. This type of plot has gone out of fashion, along with "mistaken identity."

IN a character play, be certain that your character finds a response in the hearts of your audience. If the audience can say: "I knew such a character!" then you have made a good start for universal appeal. Your character must be lovable and above all he must be human. Lightnin' B Jones, in "Lightnin'," is such a character. He endears himself to you. Above all, do not write a character without faults. That sort of character is no character at all. He is a demi-god. Bill Jones has faults. Bless your heart, he has lots of 'em. But the audience loves him for all his faults. Bill is a liar, but he is a most lovable liar.

First, last and all the time, get appeal into your play before sending it to a producer for reading. Get an old-fashioned "Sally In Our Alley," or a Broadway "Sunbonnet Sue," or a simple country maid, seeing the city for the first time, and put her in your play. But if you expect the producer to present the open sesame check, wherein the characters step out of the typewritten pages and talk right out in meetin', give them appeal.

MAKE the audience laugh with your characters, make it love them and love with them, suffer with them, weep with them and then make them so human that they will appeal to the masses—*that great middle class* public!—and not the classes. Make your characters and your play hit between the gallery and the lower floor—if you who write, expect acceptance, the advance royalty check and the Broadway production.

Above all, study the technique of preparing the manuscript, along with your study of the dramatic craftsmanship of playwriting. The play that comes to the producer rolled up like a clock spring has not altogether passed, in spite of the admonitions written and printed against it, although these scripts now are in the minority.

Remember that a play for a full evening's entertainment should run, in the script, from 120 to 130 pages in length. Figure a page to the minute—dialogue and business is included in this estimate. One hundred and twenty-five pages—the happy medium—will play two hours and five minutes. If it is a three-act play, ten minutes a piece are to be figured for the two intermissions, it will give your play a running time of two hours and twenty-five minutes. So that, if the curtain rises at 8:30, it will come down on the last act at five minutes to eleven. A farce may be shorter in the number of pages figured for an evening's entertainment, for time must be allowed for laughs.

UNDER no circumstances, allow your final curtain to extend beyond the time limit of eleven P. M. It is a strange but almost inviolable rule that every minute your final curtain is up beyond eleven o'clock, will count against every minute the audience has enjoyed your effort before that time. Just why this is so the writer can offer no adequate explanation; but managers will tell you that this rule has proven true time and time again.

In preparing scripts, type the name of the character in capital letters in the center of the page, and begin the dialogue one and one-half inches from the left hand side of the page, one line under the name of the character. Either keep the business or stage directions to the extreme right, or begin it two inches from the left hand side of the page, place it in parenthesis and underline with red ink. By this method, the reader is not forced to read the business and stage directions at the first reading, for the trained reader knows instinctively that certain situations call for certain set business directions, and he can visualize the business in his mind much quicker than if he had to read it. Of course, if your play calls for a certain trick of either set, or scene, or light, it can be made perfectly clear to the reader, if set off in a red ink ruled box, or noted so that the reader will understand it.

SOME playwrights run their dialogue on the same line with the name of the character, and begin the

(*Concluded on page 138*)



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She was charming. There was about her all the essential loveliness of youth—the vivacity and sparkle of a fascinating personality — that delightful air of grace and ease which come unconsciously to the girl who is accustomed to admiration.

Everywhere she was the center of attraction. Her friends adored her. Other young women sought to imitate her. Especially they copied her clothes, for they observed with the eye of true feminine wisdom that the secret of her charm lay in the art of dressing beautifully and becomingly.

Fashion is, indeed, youth's dearest ally—and exquisite clothes by their magic power can transform youthful charm to radiant beauty.

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Suits for Misses & Small Women

are the embodiment of girlish grace and rare, exclusive attractiveness. Each model is an individual creation of exceptional daintiness and unique character.

Ask to see them in your favorite shop, or write directly to the makers for information where they may be obtained.

SCHULMAN AND HAUPTMAN

The House of Youth

38-40-42 EAST 29TH STREET, NEW YORK

NEW FACES FOR OLD ONES

By Carol Bird

(Concluded from page 92)

whole gamut of emotion. This, however, is only an illusion created by the moving head. When a person moves or tilts or bends his head, his expression appears to change, when, as a matter of fact, it does not. One merely catches a different glimpse of his face at a different angle."

The construction of one of the Benda masks is much more complicated than one would imagine. Mr. Benda first draws the face, sometimes using living models. For one of his men's faces he used the drawing of a rugged mountaineer who once served as his model in Poland. After the face is completed, each smallest bone and feature is drawn, until there are about one hundred small drawings.

The pieces then resemble a picture puzzle. These are cut out and pasted together, with tiny strips of paper, like adhesive tape, until the rough mask is shaped. All the superfluous odds and ends are then hollowed out from the center, until a skull-like formation remains. Five or six or more of these models are made until the artist is finally satisfied with the result. The whole of the bristol-board foundation is then gone over with a razor-blade to smooth off the tiniest rough edge, and then Mr. Benda begins to paint the face in oils. Only when he is satisfied that the tinge of the face is that of human skin does he put aside his brush and paints.

Even the inside of the masks are beautifully finished, as smooth as the outside, and with odd and lovely designs painted in the hollow of them, thus revealing the artistic temperament. Though no one sees the inside of the mask, except, perhaps, the wearer as she or he slips it on, Mr. Benda would not himself be satisfied unless it were artistically finished.

The masks are exceedingly light, most of them weighing but a few ounces, though the more elaborate ones, with high and heavy headdress, weigh about two pounds. The wearer gets plenty of air through the numerous perforations, and can gain height by gazing through the mouth or nose holes instead of the eyes, thus pushing the mask upward several inches.

Mr. Benda has completed about twenty-five masks. The price of each one is a small fortune. He divides them into two classes, the grotesque and the realistic.

Though they are being given serious attention in the theatre world their creator regards them as something in the nature of much loved playthings.



WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR PLAY?

(Concluded from page 136)

character's name at the extreme left hand side of the page of his script. This style is prevalent of foreign scripts, particularly English playwrights. This reader, however, has found it confusing.

Bind your manuscript at the left in the margin of white space so that the leaves will turn similar to the pages of a book. The script may either be bound with all acts under one cover, or each act separately.

Recently a script was received in the office, the pages unbound, and the entire play laid loosely in a typewriting paper box. The box, it so happened, was knocked off the desk, with the consequence that the play could not be read until it had been sent back to the author for reassembling for, while the pages had been numbered, the acts had not been noted.

In writing plays keep them within reason. That is, hold the cast down to normal. Do not drag in extra characters, or "bits," who have nothing vital to do with the plot, except, as the author has thought, to give his play atmosphere.

It costs a lot of money to produce plays in these days of fierce competition and the high cost of everything which goes into a production: scenery, actors' salaries, etc., etc. And there is more than one producer who will pass the script by—no matter how appealing it may be—if the cast runs to more than ten or twelve characters. Likewise, keep the number of your "sets" within reason. Canvas, paint, properties, electric equipment costs a tidy sum today, and if you can tell your drama in one or two sets, all the better, for, remember, scenery never has made and never will make a drama. In fact, the Bard of Avon's remark, now somewhat garbled has it: "The Play's the Thing!" Which might, with equal facility, be changed to APPEAL'S THE THING!

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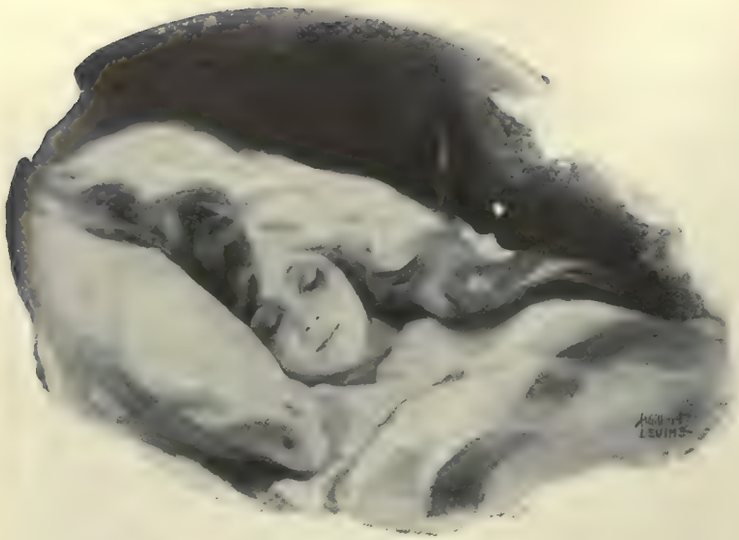
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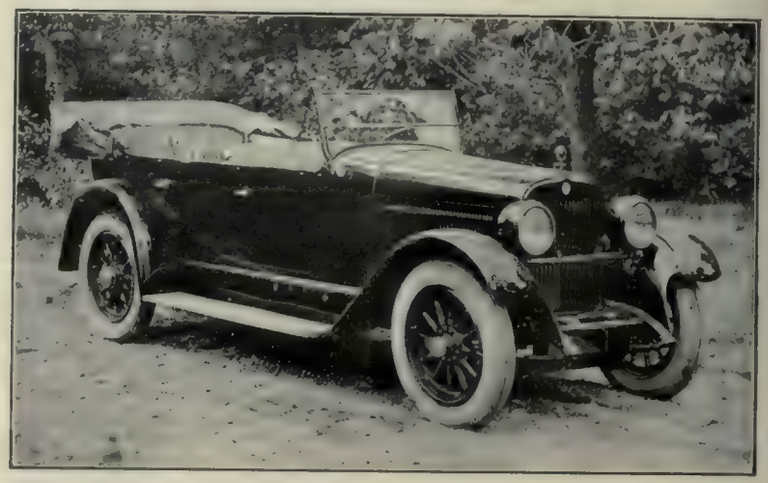
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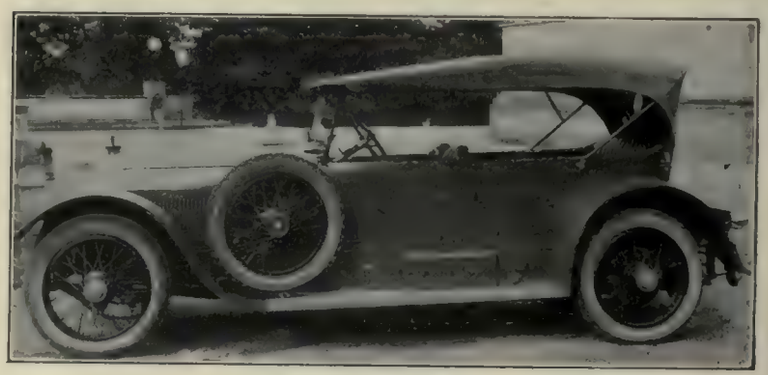
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Name.....

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RALEIGH: SHEPHERD OF THE OCEAN

(*Continued from page* 118)

This decision leads to his destruction, for the next scene reveals the spiteful tyranny of the King from whom Raleigh has wrung a reluctant permission for his venture. When the adventurer comes with his company to take his leave, he is only permitted to go because he has promised to return with great treasure stores for the King's favorite, Villiers. Thus is foreshadowed the failure of the expedition which led to Raleigh's ruin. For the Spirit of the Orinoco appears to him again and this time the water-sprite dances with sinister alurement, tempting him on his last voyage across the seas.

IN the Final Episode, the night of Raleigh's Execution, October 28, 1618, Raleigh protests his innocence of the charges of treason and bravely declines to "flatter or fear princes." He goes to his death still cherishing his vision of the "Citie of Raleigh in Virginia," and a land which "will yet see itself an English nation!" As the low tolling of the death-bell sounds, the Spirit of Youth returns. As though purged by sacrifice, she bears aloft the torch of freedom, of the vision which transcends death and, from the dance of the triumphant Chorus of Youth, there swells the sounds of a great crowd singing to the same music alternate stanzas of "God Save Britannia's Queen," and "Hail, America," to suggest the common inheritance of the two lands in Raleigh's vision. Then the youthful Raleigh appears once again, and stands now for a moment in a Field of Light, under the united banners of England and America.

Raleigh in his later years was portrayed in this production in the Second Part by Dr. W. C. Horton, who brought out with fine restraint the dignity and pathos of Raleigh's final struggle. The acting in these sombre and more intimate scenes was difficult as it was essential for the success of the piece and these parts were most creditably executed. Through the tragic feeling which pointed to the ending came gleams of fantasy, the alluring dancing of the water-sprite, Orinoco, in her sea-green draperies and the vision of Venezuela, stately and voluptuous, bring her dreams of gold.

The success of the union of spectacle and literary excellence in the spoken lines was aided by the careful attention to costuming. The audience was entranced by a kaleidoscope of color in the great festival scenes where the stately Queen and her courtiers revealed the joyous youthful spirit of the times. Even in the later scenes the costumes of James and his courtiers and soldiers formed smaller spots of color and the figures of Raleigh's vision were radiant.

All the costumes were home-made. The entire community joined together to work for the production. Materials for many of the five hundred costumes were donated from attics and store-rooms and volunteers from the Woman's Club designed and executed them under the direction of Miss Grimball. Some wonderful effects were secured by the ingenious arrangement of "Ten Cent Store" jewels, feathers and gilt braid.

The dancing Chorus of Youth was drawn from the High School and the children of the City Schools joined in the dances and featured in the festival crowd. Workers of the community participated in the choruses or aided in the execution of the properties and lighting effects. The most striking feature of the Pageant was the acting of the principal players, many of them altogether inexperienced. To all who participated came the opportunity for self-expression along lines of their interests. The author who wrote the Pageant-Drama and initiated and supervised its production has afforded to Raleigh and to the State of North Carolina an opportunity for contributing notably to the celebrations of this Pilgrim Tercentenary year.

This is the first of a series of Community Dramas planned by the Extension Department of the University of North Carolina, under the direction of Professor Koch. The successful production of *Raleigh: The Shepherd of the Ocean*, initiates a movement which he hopes will lead to the embodying, in dramatic form, the ideals and rich traditions of the people of North Carolina, and the building of a new literature in the South.

VICTOR RECORDS

A Victor Record that will particularly appeal to lovers of opera is "Nemico della Patria" from Andrea Chenier, sung by Titta Ruffo. Sung with virile power, the major and minor alternating with the struggle of good and evil in the breast of the villain who is almost a hero, it blends love of country, idealism and disillusion in every bar. The climax is magnificent, the voice of the famous baritone, for all its singular power, being supported to the close by the lordly tones of trumpets.

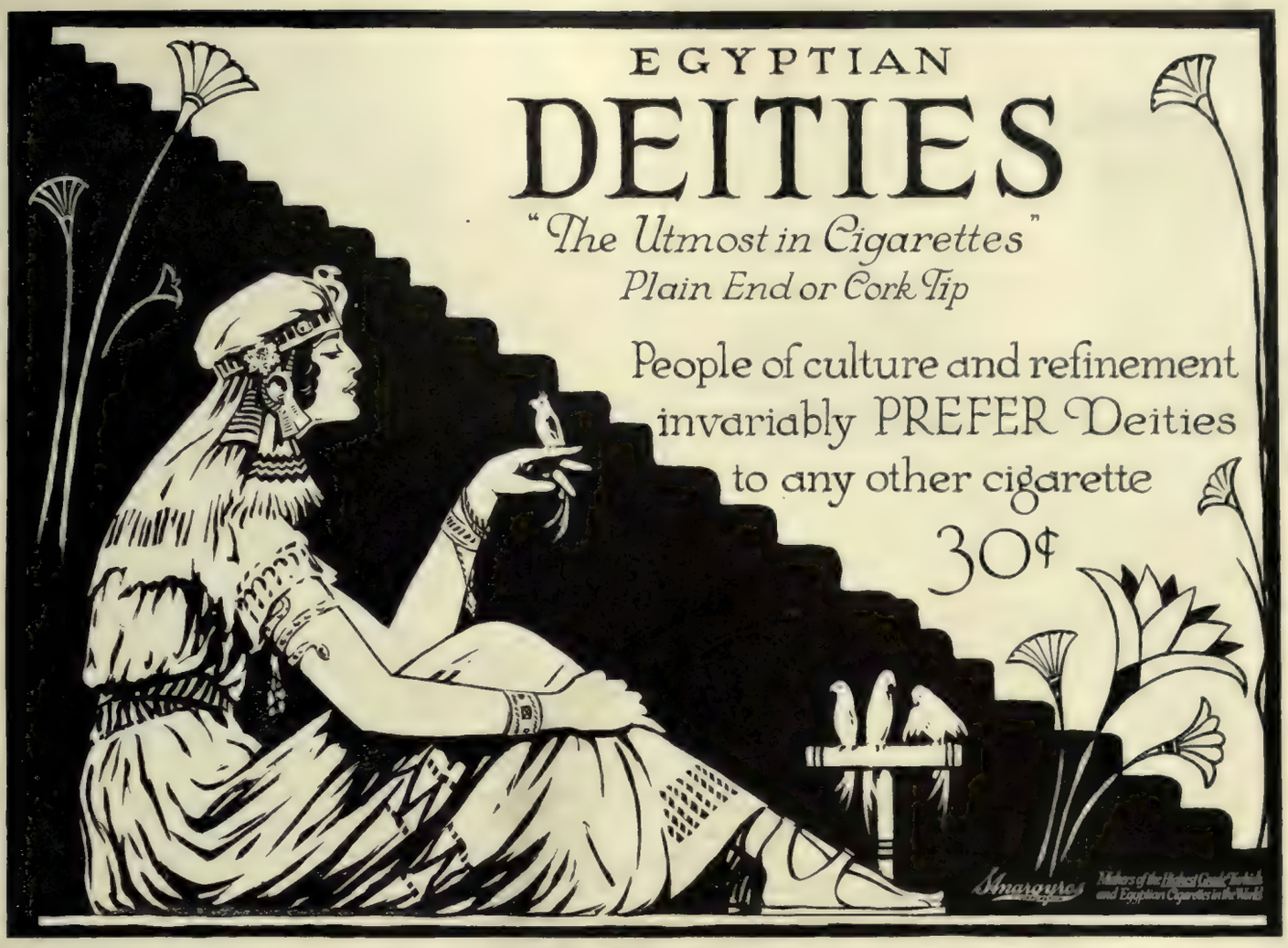
"Feather Your Nest," by Albert Campbell and Henry Burr, and "Old Pal, Why Don't You Answer Me?" by Henry Burr are splendid songs, on the same Victor Record.—*Advt.*

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THE JOYS OF VOD-VIL

By ESTELLE HAMBERGER

(*Concluded from page* 108)

she has with her?" The audience leans forward as if to see. "That's me!"

"Gee, that one's got whiskers," contemptuously remarks a young girl, "I fell out of my cradle laughing at that." She seems to feel that a supercilious attitude is justifiable when she expected to be treated to an orchestra seat and landed up in the balcony. Another version of criticism of the stage humorist is voiced in the gallery.

"Gee, that guy's line of gas is swell!" It is the word of one man who appreciates it to another.

The monologist has planned a little surprise for his audience tonight, he tells them. The orchestra strikes up.

"I'm going to render a little song that I wrote myself," states the hero, modestly, "and I would like to learn your opinion of it." The audience appoints itself critic and the brakes squeak out:

"All life holds for me is a
ra-ha-ha-haggy me-hello-dy . . ."

The audience endorses the creation of the composer-singer, and encourages him to "render" another.

"My own new version of an old, old theme:"

"There ain't no blues like the
Melancholy Blues
Mah sweetie gives to me!"

NEXT comes the event of the evening. Blazing in headlights outside the theatre, its turn now comes to blaze in the spotlight. The sketch—Mme. Sue Ratt & Co.—in her remarkable one-act playlet with all the fire of the drama, all the humor of the farce, all the intensity of the tragedy, all the changes of costume and scenery of the musical comedy. The heroine raves, the hero rants, the villain roars. The hero saves the heroine's life and reputation. The villain is foiled. The heroine marries the hero. It is very unusual—an intricate complication of plot, drawn to a startling climax, unravelled into a stupendous ending. It brings down the house—down from the peak of emotion to the next act—the acrobats.

"Aw, don't let's stay for this, Johnnie, I know a grand place where we can get some chop suey. Acrobats make me so nervous," pleads a pair of very red lips and very blue eyes.

"Gwan, this is the best part of the show, Gert, we'll get the chop suey all right all right, but these fellows have got them tricks down pretty neat."

Gert's devotion to Johnnie makes her sit through it, but she closes her eyes tightly when they swing too far out on the trapezes.

THROUGHOUT the act of the acrobats, the six Jones brothers, who never saw each others' cradles, the ladies adjust their hats and manoeuvre to get their arms into the sleeves of their coats, and the young girls powder their noses, adroitly hiding powder puffs from their escorts' eyes by manipulating them through the folds of their handkerchiefs. Five of the Jones Brothers stand upon the shoulders of the sixth mighty Hercules, forming an inverted pyramid, with him as an apex, and upon this pose of triumph, the curtain falls. The show is over.

What would the world do without vaudeville? It wouldn't. That is the only answer. We can get along without caviar, almanacs, opera glasses, red flannel shirts and hootch, but we can't get along without mirth, jollity, good nature or laughter. These are the real forces that spin the old earth around on its axis, let the Czecho-Slovaks, Soviets, Republicans, Democrats, college professors say what they will. If Irene, the stenographer, couldn't go down town and tell Willie, the clerk, a "new one" that she heard last night, and if Willie couldn't tuck it up his sleeve and take it home to tell to his Lucile, as a sample of the "great bill" at the Mutt and Jeff Theatre this week, demagogues could dem and philosophers could phil in vain. If vaudeville "spreads happiness to millions," it has a place in the world, and a place in the sun! The only man to feel sorry for is the man who curls the lip of scorn at the things that make other people laugh.



PAUL HELLEU

ONE of the most interesting and artistic covers ever drawn for a publication is the March cover of The Theatre Magazine by PAUL HELLEU, the noted French pastellist. Helleu who has long ago become famous for the beauty, simplicity, and sincerity of his interpretations of feminine charm and elegance, has chosen for his subject MISS ANN ANDREWS, one of America's most charming comediennes now appearing in "the Champion" with Grant Mitchell.

In order to secure a copy of the March issue leave your order with your news dealer today

Helleu has achieved international fame for his work in dry point. Some of his better known etchings include portraits of Queen Alexandria, Princess Patricia, the Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, and Mrs. John Barrymore. His pastel of Miss Andrews is the first portrait he has ever done for any magazine.





National Vaudeville Artists, Inc.

229 West 46th Street

HENRY CHESTERFIELD, Secretary



THE COUNTRY THEATRE MOVEMENT

(*Continued from page* 119)

about one hundred and fifty per month so far this fall.

ALL in all, the Country Theatre proves to have had a soundly planned beginning, and the latent interest in the movement was evidenced from its inception. Much can be done by satisfying the present need and desire for help, and a more comprehensive organization for the future is plainly possible, in fact, it is essential, if the educational and recreational results already showing are to be made permanent. If New York State can do this, every State, and perhaps, many a county, can do likewise. Is there a leader?

The Cornell Dramatic Club after its strenuous work at the Fair, has opened its 14th season at the University and its fifth season in the Campus Theatre, and its ninth year under the present Director, with the presentation of its Country Theatre group, to the University community. The Club's plans for the year include the presentation of six groups of high-grade one-act plays in the Campus Theatre—an equipment similar to the 47 Workshop Theatre at Harvard; a study course in direction, acting, and production for members of the Club; the presentation of one or two full length plays—Moody's "Faith Healer," or something comparable to this; the appearance of the McEntee Shakespeare Playhouse Troupe in one of its Irish plays—probably the "Playboy of the Western World;" and the usual "little theatre" activities of the Club which annually enlist from one hundred and fifty to two hundred undergraduates. These activities have given the Club a high place among Cornell institutions, and the Club's work high ranking among collegiate dramatic organizations.

It is expected that because of its good work at the State Fair, the Cornell Club will again be chosen as the working organization of the State Fair Country Theatre.

COMMUNITY DRAMATICS

(*Continued from page* 120)

Marvel Carburetor Co., with the Chevrolet band playing.

Rotarians in episode 4 were the Pioneers. They were received by the Indians, a peace pact made with the chief, and the lands given over to the pioneers. The Stars and Stripes was then raised. In the procession was a type of the old prairie schooner, the first method of transportation from the east to the west. The first Settlers appear, and the little city of Flint is founded.

Industries of the locality, lumbering, agriculture, vehicle building, and the automobile industry were shown. Irish, English, Russian, and Scotch folk dances were given by the Catholic Business Girl's club.

The spirit of '61 was portrayed in the seventh episode, the parade being headed by a fife and drum corps. Here the townspeople gathered to hear the proclamation of war. From '61 the pageant progressed to the present day.



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QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Prices of back numbers will be quoted by mail, on request. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

WHO was the first actor to interpret G. B. Shaw successfully in the United States? Has his one-act play, "Heartbreak House," been given here?—P. T., Covington, Ky.

Arnold Daly produced "Candida," for a single matinée, at the Princess Theatre, New York City, December 9, 1903. The success of both play and actor was so marked that Mr. Daly and Mr. Winchell Smith formed a partnership to produce the play at the Berkeley Lyceum. There "Candida" ran for more than one hundred and fifty nights. Mr. Daly later presented more Shaw plays, including "The Man of Destiny," and "How He Lied to Her Husband," a travesty on "Candida." The Theatre Guild produced "Hearbreak House" at the Garrick Theatre, New York, Nov. 10, 1920.

WHAT has become of Milton Nobles?—Y. R., Lexington, Ky.

After a long retirement from the stage, Mr. Nobles returned to Broadway recently to act occasionally in Frank Bacon's part and play, "Lightnin'." Mr. Nobles was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, and was educated at the public schools there. He began his stage career in stock companies. Eventually, he became a star in "The Phoenix," which lasted him for twenty years.

IS Julie Opp an American or an Englishwoman?—L. B., Birmingham, Ala.

The actress was born in New York City, in 1873, and educated in a convent here. She acted in London, at the St. James's Theatre, London, where she was understudy to Julia Neilson, in "The Prisoner of Zenda." During the illness of Miss Neilson, she played Rosalind, and made her first big success. She was next seen in "The Princess and the Butterfly," in London, and in 1898, she appeared in this country in the same play. Later, she returned to England, where she originated the rôle of Katherine de Vaucelle, in "If I Were King." In 1902, Miss Opp married William Faversham, in whose company she had been playing leading rôles.

HAS Christie MacDonald retired from the stage? Will you tell me something about her stage career? —S. R., Baltimore, Md.

No. Miss MacDonald was seen recently in the revival of "Florodora." She was born in Boston, where she played several small parts in summer companies while she was still in her 'teens. In 1892 she made her first professional engagement, appearing with Pauline Hall. Later she joined Francis Wilson's company and took small parts in "The Lion Tamer," and "The Merry Monarch." At this time she also understudied for Lulu Glaser. She became a star in February, 1900, at the Columbia Theatre, Boston, in "The Princess Chic." Her success was noteworthy and won her recognition as a prima donna of light opera. Some of her later rôles were in "Mexicana," "The Belle of Mayfair," and "Miss Hook of Holland."



Sketch by Marion Downer

AT THE PLAY

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Whatever European or American science, or that most experienced and oldest of all, the far Orient, has contributed to beauty lore for women, all that is daily practiced at my establishments.

If you have not yet visited any of them, an important page in the book of feminine experience still remains to be read by you.

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"DEBURAU"

(Concluded from page 82)

and ready to do what she can. She insists on bringing in a doctor, who, quite unaware of his patient's identity, shakes his head. The condition is grave. There is only one remedy. The patient must get away from himself. He must get out—enjoy himself. Why not the theatre? Yes, that's it—go and see Deburau. Pierrot drags himself to his feet. Yes. He will return to the stage.

In the fourth and last act, Deburau is again before the audience at the Funambules. Apparently, he is the same as before, but something is lacking in his performance. The audience remain cold. Conscious of his inability to stir them in the old way, he falters, blunders repeatedly until, suddenly, amid the sepulchral silence, comes a sibilant hiss. Others take up the dreaded sound of disapproval until half the spectators are jeering their one time favorite.

He staggers forward with outstretched hand to explain, but no word comes from his mouth. Then he resorts to pantomime, telling them in pathetic gesture, the language he knows best, how ill he has been, and how it breaks his heart to know he has failed them. The tears streaming down his face, he bids them farewell.

The audience file out. In the empty theatre the manager is posting bills for the next performance. Deburau timidly approaches him. It will not, he says, be necessary to change the name of the Pierrot. His son Charles can play the part.

Bringing his son forward as his successor, he offers to prompt him and from his own color box he "makes up" his son's face for the performance. While the boy sits with his back turned, and with the other players gathered curiously around, Deburau bids his old comrades farewell in a beautifully worded speech setting forth the philosophy of the actor. When the boy again turns round you see him with the whitened face of the traditional Pierrot. Drawing his son aside, the old actor whispers his last words of advice. Outside are heard the shouts of the manager drumming in the crowd.

"This way messieurs—mesdames. A new Deburau! a young Deburau! a handsome Deburau! a better Deburau!"

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Theatre Magazine

MARCH, 1921

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NEW YORK

THEATRE MAGAZINE

YOU'RE fond of the theatre, naturally. You'd go to the play every night if you could.

Why are you so fond of theatre-going? Primarily because the stage gives you vivid representations of actual life—the drama or comedy of everyday existence in which you, yourself, play a part—with living actors saying just what you'd expect them to say under the circumstances, sometimes saying the precise opposite, but always saying something that interests or provokes laughter. Because, also, you like to watch and listen to the players—to follow the dialogue, their movements, facial play, etc.

That is why the theatre proper—that is, the Acted Drama—will always be immeasurably superior as a medium of public entertainment to the motion picture, or Silent Drama, where the sole appeal is to the eye, and that is why you, Mr. or Miss Intelligent Person, cannot do without the THEATRE MAGAZINE, the *première* publication in its field, if you wish to be up-to-date in matters theatrical.

The most misunderstood and maligned young person on the stage is undoubtedly the chorus girl. All sorts of terrible sins are laid at her door. Declared the incarnation of every wickedness known to her sex, she is accused of breaking up homes and encouraging the attentions of stage door Johnnies who squander their substance on joy rides and lobster suppers—in a word, the life of pleasure.

Yet, with all this public prejudice, there is no question as to the chorus girl's popularity. She has been an indispensable factor in the success of every Broadway show, not only since the palmy days of "The Black Crook," but ever since the theatre became an institution.

What are chorus girls, anyway? Are they gold diggers or are they actresses—these golden-tressed dames of the ensemble?

Read James S. Metcalfe's article on this subject in our next issue.

Are you a George Bernard Shaw fan? You've laughed at the playwright's witticisms, of course, and you've admired his keen, scintillating dialogue. You've also relished his sledge-hammer blows at the shams and hum-bugs of life. But what do you think of his philosophy? Has it occurred to you that G. B. S., the merciless flayer of society, the implacable critic of other people's foibles is, himself, open to criticism? Have you ever found a single human note in any of his plays? Are any of his characters normal, healthy-minded persons?

G. B. S. has a huge following, among our *intelligentzia,* but many people believe he is an unwholesome influence, and that his plays are not the masterpieces he insists they are.

Read what Charles Henry Meltzer has to say about him in our next issue. It is an important article which completely shatters the Shavian legend, and one that is bound to arouse discussion. It may also shock some Shaw enthusiasts.

One of the most amazing stage developments of recent years has been the success of the Theatre Guild. This company of American players, organized on the co-operative plan, although only a youngster, has already shown the commercial manager a thing or two about his own business.

The Guild has accomplished that theatrical miracle—it has made box-office successes, that is to say, money successes, out of "highbrow" plays. "John Ferguson," "Jane Clegg," "On the Horizon," "Heartbreak House"—so-called literary plays that no commercial manager would touch with a ten foot pole, were taken to the bosom of the Theatre Guild, and produced with such success that they played to "standing room only." for weeks.

To what is that success due? Dudley Digges, who played the husband in "Jane Clegg," and is now appearing as Boss Mangan in "Heartbreak House," and who has been identified with the Theatre Guild since its inception, will tell us the reasons why. See his interesting article in our next issue.

In the Home of the Player—This new feature, which made its bow with our February issue, will continue to give you fascinating glimpses into the homes of America's stars. Many players own priceless collections of art objects. These treasures are exquisitely reproduced in the new department in each issue.

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

Vol. XXXIII. No. 240. MARCH, 1921.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS LADY MACBETH AND JAMES K. HACKETT AS THE THANE
In Mr. Hackett's production of "Macbeth" in London.

(See page 214)

THE RISE OF THE PRESS AGENT

A Frankenstein monster who today wields enormous power in the making of theatrical reputations

By JAMES L. FORD

SOMETIMES when I behold the publicity director, established in offices that might serve the Sugar Trust and wielding an influence on press and public of which but few laymen are aware, I recall the early days of that great industry and its cradle in the theatrical business.

The first of all great press agents was P. T. Barnum who possessed a skill in arousing public interest that has not been surpassed since his old Ann street museum was destroyed. Press agency did not arise from the ashes of that catastrophe until the late seventies when Dr. Griffin, Mary Anderson's stepfather and manager, accepted the proposition of a young newspaper writer to furnish him with a weekly supply of paragraphs exploiting his star and designed only to facilitate the work of the dramatic critics. The dawn of the ninth decade saw a small group of writers engaged in similar work, not as a sole means of livelihood but as a precarious method of adding to it. I was of that little company and not one of us realized that we were creating a Frankenstein monster destined in later years to exert a greater influence over public opinion than any other power that has since appeared in the field.

Looking back to those days I cannot recall any example of really clever work on the part of any of the men who called themselves "press agents," and who were the forerunners of the more imposing "publicity directors" of the present day. Such schemes as diamond robberies and dangerous surgical operations were invented by the actresses themselves and by them very successfully worked until the public ceased to believe in them. The phrase with which we characterized our labors was "handling the press" and the quality called bluff, not yet obsolete, was often employed to convince managers of our ability in this direction.

THE Friars' Club, formed by press agents and now occupying a costly building of its own, was then undreamed of. We had no organization but worked like guerillas in that fight to get the names of our clients into the columns of the newspapers that has been going on ever since. And the present mode of warfare, as compared with our simple methods, bears the same relation that the German asphyxiating gas does to the bow and arrows of the Indians. The typewriter had not then come into general use and all our notices were hand-written. Nor had the daily illustrated paper appeared on the horizon to furnish us with photography as a handmaiden. The best that we could do was to get as many small paragraphs into the newspapers as possible and in this work industry and ingenuity joined hands. Our "handling of the press" was largely a bluff and did not go much further than influencing the critics of obscure and often worthless weeklies. But a notice was a notice in those days, no matter where it appeared, and a long notice with an appropriate caption printed in a paper that was absolutely without influence and containing phrases of high commendation, loomed larger in the minds of some managers and more stars than a brief perfunctory paragraph in the Sunday column of "Dramatic Jottings" in a powerful daily.

THE business of theatricals had not then been "commercialized" as it is termed, and was conducted on a basis of jovial back-slapping and treating. The affairs of the theatre were, for the most part, conducted on the sidewalks of Union Square and in the adjacent saloons and cafés. To this market-place, out-of-town managers came during the summer and there actors were engaged, printing contracted for and nation-wide routes arranged. These activities made the Square and its immediate neighborhood, places of assembly for players, managers and men with whom they dealt, and among these were to be found a few press agents ready to seize upon possible clients—I should call them victims now—by a propitiatory hand-shaking. In convincing evidence of our "press handling" power we always alluded to the different critics by their first names, saying "Charlie never refuses me anything;" "Billy and I work like two brothers," and this bluff we tried to make good on first nights when we stood in the lobby and smiled with an air of genial confidence on each critic as he passed the gate. Our clients, too, not infrequently got even with us when awakened by sharply hostile criticism to the emptiness of our pretentions by welching on us on the ground of our incompetency, and in such cases we had no redress though a few of the bolder of us threatened future vengeance through the same critical pens.

On Fridays or Saturdays we made the rounds of the newspaper offices, distributing our paragraphs with a few words of hearty cheer and inviting the critics of the smaller papers, and of one or two of the larger ones, to go out for a drink. Sometimes we turned in, together with the paragraphs in praise of our star, a few kindly words about ourselves, such as:

WILLIAM Freelance, affectionately known to a host of Park Row scribes as "Jovial Billy," recently severed his connection with the "He Never Split the Wood" combination, and was promptly snapped up by the astute director of Miss Folly Topnote, the star of "He Carried in the Ice" company, a fact that goes far to explain the frequent appearance of Miss Topnote's name in the leading newspapers of the country."

As I recall those early days, it seems to me that publicity was not the exclusive perquisite of the powerful, but was shared by the humblest members of the profession just as our Socialistic friends declare that wealth will be distributed when we reach the ideal state of civilization. Not only press agents but doorkeepers, business managers, treasurers and sometimes even bill posters found seats at the banquet board of notoriety. Apropos of this, I remember the reception of a ticket seller generously exploited by Barnum at the hands of the saturnine John Duff, Augustin Daly's father-in-law and manager.

Mr. Duff is still remembered by a few old-timers because of his lifelong efforts to defeat the best laid schemes of deadheads. Every night he stood beside the gate-keeper of Daly's Theatre and when the latter received a free pass, even one bearing Mr Duff's name, he dropped it like a hot coal, and then with trembling fingers picked it up and handed it to the manager. To the latter there came one evening a breezy stranger asking for two seats.

"Who the ——— are you?" inquired Mr. Duff in hospitable tones.

"I'm Ben Lusbie, the lightning ticket-seller," was the reply.

"Then go out to the box office and see how ———quick you can buy one," retorted the other.

Chief among the enjoyable occasions of my youthful days, the first night of a new attraction still retains its pristine interest and delight. I have seen many notable ones since then and their possibilities in the way of revelation of new talent have a perennial charm for me. I attend one to the present day in the hopeful belief that I am to witness the début of an actor or dramatist destined for future renown and in many cases I have marked the event in red letters in the calendar of my memory.

THE first nights that punctuated the years of which I am now writing had a special interest when I assisted at them in a "press handling capacity. On such occasions the press agent was expected to welcome the critic hospitably, lead him to the manager's office where drinks were always served, and in some cases, an appetizing repast, as well. It was also his duty to utter words of cheer while lifting his glass to the guests and perhaps throw in a few words about the personal virtues of the star, her love of domesticity, her early years of struggle, her care for her aged parents and her unsullied reputation. We were not expected to laugh during such a recital. Another anecdote, also culled from memory's page, will convey an idea of the manner in which our double task of impressing the critic as well as the manager was performed.

"How would you (*Continued on page* 212)



Photocraft

MRS. FISKE IN HER NEW PLAY, "WAKE UP, JONATHAN"

Comedy which Hatcher Hughes, lecturer on the drama at Columbia University, wrote in collaboration with Elmer Rice, author of the sensationally successful "On Trial." In it Mrs. Fiske plays the wife of an American multi-millionaire, whose sense of humor is in constant conflict with her husband's materialism.

SCENE IN ACT II OF BARRIE'S PLAY, "MARY ROSE," AT THE EMPIRE

While picnicking on the island which "likes to be visited," Mary Rose alone hears the strange irresistible summons that bids her leave her companions. She obeys the call, and is given up as dead. When she returns home, after the lapse of many years, she finds all her loved ones grown old, although she, herself, has not changed.



Photocraft

(From left to right) Tom Nesbitt *(the husband)*, Ruth Chatterton *(Mary Rose)*, Guy Buckley *(the islander)*.

COMEDY AND PATHOS IN NEW PLAYS

THEATRE "PLANTS"

The suave prestidigitator and some of his little tricks

By GEORGE C. JENKS

WITH the suave persuasiveness of his kind, the magician came half-way down the carpeted steps from the stage and addressed the dignified middle-aged gentleman in an aisle seat three rows back:

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said sonorously. "My next offering is a scientific demonstration, of peculiar intellectual interest. Would you oblige me by standing up for a moment?"

The dignified gentleman was playing hookey from the Metropolitan, where mamma and the girls were solemnly inhaling grand opera. That sort of thing palled on him sometimes, so he had pleaded a headache as an excuse for staying at home, and when they had departed, slipped in here to enjoy himself. He inwardly pronounced it a good show; he always had liked vaudeville. But it was not a taste he cared to advertise, for he was president of a down-town bank, and he owed something to his position in the financial world.

So his first impulse was to refuse. Why should he make an exhibition of himself by standing up? But when the request was repeated with imploring courtesy he felt that it would be boorish not to comply, and he rose to his feet majestically.

THANK you, sir," smiled the magician, "Now will you kindly take my hand?"

To do this it was necessary for the bank president to move into the aisle and walk a few steps forward. The magician seized his hand warmly, at the same instant backing up the steps a little.

"I appreciate your kindness, I assure you," he went on, with demoniacal politeness. "I should like the audience to see you clearly, so that they will know there is no deception on my part. Would you mind standing on the bottom step?"

By this time the will-power and perspicacity for which the bank president was noted in the purlieus of Wall Street had largely evaporated, and up he went to the first step, while the magician backed up two more.

"Thank you, sir!" the bank president heard vaguely. "Better come to the next step. That's better. Thank you. You're very kind."

Talking rapidly, and keeping a tight hold of his victim's hand, that villainous magician drew the gentleman up step by step, till, before he knew how it had happened, this influential prince of finance—who, in his private room at the bank, was approached, figuratively, on bended knee, by the few favored ones to whom he would grant audience—found himself on the stage of this low-priced theatre, with the footlights in his eyes and ribald laughter aimed at him from all parts of the great dark pit beyond.

It has always been a question whether it is well to make members of the audience part of the entertainment. While there are some persons, generally boys and very young men, who are willing to go on the stage and be fooled by the shiny-haired, glib-tongued "professor," it is not customary to depend on them, and most magicians use "plants." The plants may be members of the house staff, such as ushers, stage-hands or bill-posters, but very often the performer carries his own plants with him. These professional "plants" are regularly rehearsed, and usually they develop into rough comedians whose antics help the success of the performance, because a welcome relief to the often deadly seriousness of the principal entertainer.

IT has been found that the average auditor objects to be hauled into the spotlight, although something depends on the standing of the "artist" who invites him to the stage. One sometimes does not mind acting as a "plant" for a distinguished prestidigitator. I once saw the late "Hermann the Great" dig up a live rabbit rather roughly from inside the waistcoat of Alf Hayman, the well-known theatre owner and manager. But that was long ago, when Mr. Hayman, with George C. Tyler, Marc Klaw and other prominent producers of today, were just common or garden advance agents or road managers. Incidentally, in that same week, Hermann went to the City Hall and drew the mayor extemporaneously into his act by tapping a shower of ten dollar gold pieces from the chief executive's honorable nose.

But to get back to today. It was after the performance in which the bank president had unexpectedly found himself taking part, that the magician unbosomed himself sadly over his supper in a neighboring restaurant. His grievance was the lack of good assistants in his line, and the danger in picking them out indiscriminately from the audience.

"Take that old stiff I used tonight," he moaned, referring thus sacrilegiously to the dignified bank president. "He came within a hair of queering my act. Suppose he had refused to get up from his seat, or to take my hand when I held it out! Seems simple to you, perhaps, but it would have killed me for tonight's performance as surely as if I'd slipped off the stairs and broken a leg. Unless I can absolutely control any one I work with, whether he is my own 'plant' or not, I get the laugh, and that is fatal to an illusionist. I must hold the other fellow by my indomitable will so that he *must* obey me.

OF course, seven eighths of this 'will-power' is pure bunk, and when you get hold of an old guy like this one tonight, who is a big boss in his own business, he's liable to get stubborn at any stage of the game. I saw that he didn't mean to get up when I asked him, and I had to work the child-like smile until my face cracked to bring him to his feet. Then, when I took his hand he held back with six-mule power, and I had to lug him up those stairs by main strength. Didn't look like it? No, of course not. I am an artist. But, all the same, I was doing the steel-grip-in-the-velvet-glove thing and cussing inside like an angry stevedore.

"What made you pick out such a hard customer?" was the natural query. "Why not ask some one who looked easier?"

"That shows you've never worked in vaudeville," rejoined the magician, with a superior smile. "Or you'd know that it's never safe to do the easy thing. Getting that bird, who looked as if he could have bought up the whole theatre, acts and all, if he'd wanted it, made twice the impression on the audience that it would if I'd gathered in some young fellow who would have regarded the whole stunt as a joke. It's that kind of discretion that gets me my big salary. As I said before, I am an artist."

The magician waited for this to sink in, while he continued his disappearing act with the bill of fare. Suddenly he broke out, as a new thought came to him: "The best kind of assistant is a girl. You take a good-looking young woman, clap her into tights and a modest costume, train her to time your act so that she will always be ready to hand you whatever article you want at the exact second, and let her do some little easy sleight-of-hand trick herself behind your back, to get a sympathetic laugh from the audience, and you've got something that will add to your salary enough to pay her wages and give you something over. That's what recompenses an artist for having to go through all that hocus-pocus I had with old 'Moneybags' in the aisle seat tonight."

A "PLANT" which always seems to take an audience by surprise, notwithstanding that it is perpetually springing up in theatres everywhere, is the unadvertised singer who, from his seat in a box, or the parquette, or even from the upper gallery, suddenly takes up the refrain of some number warbled from the stage. Usually it is in a vaudeville house, but it is not uncommon for the prima donna or leading comedian of a musical play who has a catchy song to be helped out by a supposed stranger in the audience. Very often the voice in the body of the house is quite as good as that of the singer on the stage—nearly always it is louder. The custom is to let the stage artist go through the first stanza, chorus and all. Then, when the refrain of the second verse is reached, so that the audience have become familiar with it, and are disposed to enjoy it all the more on that account, in comes this unexpected voice, singing with the accuracy of words and music that tells of adequate rehearsal. sometimes a woman's voice will do the work, but five times out of six it is a man, and always he is a tenor or high baritone



Maurice Goldberg

FRITZ LIEBER

This new Shakespearian star recently appeared at the Lexington Theatre, this city, playing to large and enthusiastic audiences. The actor's general intelligence, technique, rich, strong voice, plastic mask, and graceful carriage, are all factors in an unquestionable personal success



White

SCENE IN THE REVIVAL OF "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA," AT THE GREENWICH VILLAGE THEATRE.

Macheath (Percy Heming), sings to Polly (Sylvia Nelis):

My heart was so free,
It rov'd like the Bee,
'Till Polly my Passion requited;
I sipt each Flower,
I chang'd ev'ry Hour,
But here ev'ry Flow'r is united.

SHAKESPEAREAN STAR AND FAMOUS OPERETTA

MEMORIES OF "ERMINIE"

Famous operetta revived at the Park with several members of the original cast

TO the old-time playgoer there is always something painful in the revival of an ancient "success." More or less of the old traditions are sure to be contemptuously set at naught, and features of the production which gave keen delight to the audiences of thirty or forty years ago are either thrown out altogether because they are "too old-fashioned for modern taste," or are presented in an insolently apologetic spirit, just to show what queer things satisfied the simple folk of the "eighties." So it is that the recent revival of "Erminie," even with Francis Wilson, Jennie Weathersby and one or two less important members of the original Casino cast, did not give unalloyed pleasure to those who rejoiced to see and hear it again when first it came over from England over three decades ago.

Francis Wilson, as Cadeaux, used to be such a rollicking, devil-may-care, rascally ragged thief, with his clothes slipping down perpetually, his comedy legs sliding him ridiculously to and from Ravennes, and his squeaky voice uttering the extremely low comedy lines of his part, that it seemed as if it would be impossible for a man to be funnier—in that particular character, anyhow. In fact, it is to be doubted whether anybody ever was. But with added years have come what actors like to call "mellowness," and many little touches have been added to the impersonation for 1921 which seem to those who are witnessing it for the first time to be indispensable, but which the old-timers got along very well without in 1886.

THEN how hard it is for old Casino *habitués* to imagine Caddy without W. S. Daboll as Ravvy. Daboll had never been prominent until he came into "Erminie." He had been a useful sort of actor, with a fair voice, and could be put into any ordinary part with the certainty that he would not spoil it. That was all. If memory serves, he was for some time a member of Nate Salisbury's "Troubadours," a long-forgotten musical comedy organization which went out of existence when Salisbury joined Colonel Cody in organizing "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show." Daboll's dry humor, with his serious face and deep voice, fitted well into the part of Ravennes. One of his "bits," in which he was regarded as inimitable, was his paying court to an imaginery lady at a ball, bowing and speaking to an empty chair with such earnestness that it actually seemed to bring the supposed belle into visibility. He was such a splendid foil to Wilson, as caddy, and at the same time maintained the dignity of his own character with such skill that he never degenerated into the "feeder" he might have become otherwise.

There were other Ravvys—one of them the sonorous William Broderick, who afterward was a notable Poo-Bah—and another Henry E. Dixey, but until now, when De Wolf Hopper makes a distinct characterization of Ravennes of as great weight in its way as any part in the operetta, there never has been one to displace Daboll in the affectionate memory of the old-timer. Daboll played Ravennes all through the first long run. It was years afterward, when a revival was projected and he had been cast for his old part, that he died suddenly by his own hand.

There have been many noted prima donnas in the rôle of Erminie. Pauline Hall was the first, and the character is associated with her in the minds of most people. But Marie Jansen, and—I think—Fanny Rice and Lillian Russell, have been seen as Erminie, either in New York or on the road. The first of the Javottes was Marion Manola, who was then, or afterward became, Mrs. John Mason, and who possessed unique charm both as actress and singer. Lulu Glaser and other prima donnas of the light opera stage succeeded her, but to most of us Javotte is always associated with Manola only.

AMONG those who have done Cadeaux, and done it well, besides the creator of the character in this country, may be mentioned James T. Powers, Jefferson de Angelis, Fred Solomon, and Alexander Clark, who is the Chevalier de Brabazon in the present revival. In each case the new Cadeaux was content to use the same stage business, and, as nearly as possible, to simulate the inimitable snuffling accent of the original. In this way they all were sure of being acceptable, at least, for Caddy is one of those parts that play themselves. The knockabout comedian need only let himself go, and he is safe to please his audience. By the way, the comic "business" assigned to Caddy is mostly of the "silly ass" kind that appears to appeal particularly to English risibilities in the theatre. Only a British low comedian of the conventional sort, as was Harry Paulton, who wrote the book, could have conceived some of the absurd situations and primitively funny lines that are somehow so unctuous in the hands of Francis Wilson. Paulton was either Clown or Pantaloon in various Christmas pantomimes in London, and pantomime humor is much more remarkable for broadness than subtlety.

MADGE Lessing, who is Captain Delauney to-day, was in the original cast of "Erminie," but her part was small, and only her striking prettiness made her memorable. The old-timer recalls Miss Lessing in other musical shows done at the Casino in those far-off days rather than in "Erminie." In a farcical play, with music, entitled "In Gay New York," produced by George W. Lederer at the Casino, after the Rudolph Aronson régime, Madge Lessing played a country bride, and she was as captivatingly beautiful a girl as even the Casino ever saw. The bridegroom was Wm. Hodge, in one of those awkward, but lovable, "rube" characters, that in "The Man From Home" and similar offerings, he has made peculiarly his own. The contrast between the long-legged, homespun, gangling Hodge and the dainty Madge, is one of the pleasant memories of "In Gay New York!" Another is that it was in this fluffy nondescript offering that David Warfield made his Broadway début, in a character "bit" of his own devising—that of a Jewish peddler—which was introduced in one scene, although it had nothing to do with the plot—if there was one.

Then there was Jennie Weathersby, in her high coiffure and absurd hoopskirts, as the spinster Princess with whom Cadeaux dances at the ball. While the hoopskirt fun was obvious and inclined to vulgarity, Miss Weathersby was so thoroughly a comedienne that we know she would have been deliciously amusing without it. At all events, she seemed to enter into the spirit of the frolic with as much abandon as Wilson himself, and it would be hard to imagine "Erminie," even in these days, if there were no Jennie Weathersby to waltz spectacularly with Cadeaux. Perhaps one reason she vitalized the Princess de Gramponeur so well was that the character was an English conception, and Miss Weathersby was born in England.

WHEN one talks about the music of "Erminie," it seems as if the famous *"Lullaby"* drives everything else out of the mind. The haunting melody of this charming slumber song in Pauline Hall's sweet, rich tones, as she swayed to and fro with an imaginery infant in her arms! No wonder there was encore after encore, until the singer was tired, but still smilingly yielded to the demands of those who were young then, and even to-day, as "old boys," feel something of the old thrill as they hear the music from other lips. The Erminie of to-day never heard the bewitching Pauline who was the toast of the town a third of a century ago, but Irene Williams, too, has a charm all her own and lives up to the best traditions of the rôle. The complete cast of the present revival at the Park, January 3, is as follows:

Cadeaux	Francis Wilson
Ravennes	DeWolf Hopper
Marquis de Pomvert	Francis Lieb
Chevalier de Brabazon	Alexander Clark
Eugene Marcel	Warren Proctor
Captain Delauney	Madge Lessing
Simon	Adrian Morgan
Vicomte de Brissac	E. John Kennedy
Sergeant	John H. Reed
Benedict	John E. Douglas
Erminie	Irene Williams
Princess de Gramponeur	Jennie Weathersby
Cerise Marcel	Alice Hanlon
Marie	Angela Warde
Javotte	Rosamond Whiteside



THE GEORGIAN GARDEN SCENE IN "HER FAMILY TREE" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

In this elaborate play of several incarnations, Nora Bayes appears as six different characters, ranging from "Nevada Nell" in a California mining camp, to the elegant Lady Eleanor in Georgian England. Miss Bayes scores in an entirely different class of work from what we are accustomed to in her.



Photocraft

THE BIG SCENE IN "THE BROKEN WING" AT THE FORTY-EIGHTH STREET THEATRE

American secret service men, flying over Mexico, come to grief. Their aeroplane tears away part of a wall, and the startled audience hears a great whirring of wings, the moans from the injured airmen, and views the wreckage of a plane, and the apparently broken bodies of the aviators, through a cloud of smoke.

YESTERDAY AND TODAY MIRRORED IN RECENT PLAYS

IN THE SPOTLIGHT



Photocraft

(Left)

ALPHONZ ETHIER

Who plays the picturesque Captain Innocencio Dos Santos in "The Broken Wing," is also a finished product of famous stock organizations, in one of which he served as manager, director and producer. In recent years he has appeared on Broadway in "The Right of Way," "A Fool There Was," "The Argyle Case" and with Elsie Ferguson in "A Strange Woman." Last season he had the distinction of following Lionel Barrymore as Neri in "The Jest"

(Below)

HARMON MACGREGOR

whose portrayal of the part of Michael O'Hara, the idealistic Catholic strike-leader in St. John Ervine's "Mixed Marriage," has brought him sharply into the spotlight, served his apprenticeship in a number of prominent stock companies and in vaudeville before New York opened up for him. He was featured in vaudeville in a sketch, "On the High Seas," by Langdon McCormick, author of "The Storm"



Steinberg, N. Y.



Mary Dale Clarke



Floyd, N. Y.

(Right)

ADA KING

This admirable English actress gives a fine performance in Barrie's new play "Mary Rose" as Mrs. Otery, the frightened, nerve-racked old care-taker of the haunted house. She came first into prominence as a member of Miss Horniman's Company in Manchester.

MORGAN FARLEY

This young actor, who plays with uncommon skill the son, Charles, in "Deburau," made his stage début four years ago with Stuart Walker's Portmanteau Theatre. Later he appeared in "Seventeen" at the Booth Theatre in the character of Joe Bullitt. More recently he has been seen as Bobbie in "Clarence" and in "The Charm School"



© Mishkin

SIGNOR ENRICO CARUSO AS ELEAZAR IN "LA JUIVE"



AN INTERESTING MEETING

W. J. Ferguson (left) and Mrs. Kathryn Evans (right), the two last survivors of the cast of "Our American Cousin," that memorable night, April 14, 1865, when President Lincoln was shot, brought face to face by Frank McGlynn, now impersonating Lincoln in the Drinkwater play, neither being aware of the other's existence



MICHAEL MORTON

English dramatist, author of "The Yellow Ticket," "Resurrection" and other succesful plays, who has come to America to direct the production of two new pieces, "Woman to Woman," in which Willette Kershaw will be featured, and "In the Night Watch," a spectacular drama which succeeds "Mecca" at the Century



JAMES MONTGOMERY

The author of "Irene," one of the biggest musical comedy successes in years, has completed a new comedy drama to be produced soon. Mr. Montgomery is himself a child of the theatre. His father was manager of the famous Bostonians, and he has himself acted with John Barrymore and other stars



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MARGUERITE SYLVA

This Belgian artiste, long a favorite on Broadway in comic opera, has temporarily forsaken musical rôles for the dramatic stage. This season she is appearing in "The Song Bird," a comedy by the Hattons.



Photos Bruguière

Left to right: Augustín Duncan, Margaret Wycherly, Barry Macullum, Rollo Peters, Angela McCahill and Harmon MacGregor

ACT III. DEATH OF NORA AT THE HANDS OF AN ANGRY MOB

Michael O'Hara (Harmon MacGregor) takes refuge from the fighting outside, while Nora Murray (Angela McCahill) the Catholic fiancée of Hugh Rainey is dying of a bullet wound at the hands of the strikers aroused to religious frenzy by John Rainey (Augustin Duncan) the bigoted Protestant father of the girl's lover



Mrs. Rainey (Margaret Wycherly) the Belfast mother, imparting her tender Irish philosophy to her son (Rollo Peters), two of the principal characters in "Mixed Marriage" at the Bramhall

CLASH OF RELIGION IN ST. JOHN ERVINE'S PLAY



"You want to go on the stage?"

"BEAUTY" SMITH

A true story of Theatrical Life

By ADA PATTERSON

TIES, please. And the quicker the better. I'm in a great hurry.

"This way, sir."

Howard Morton, enjoying his day as the most popular American actor, followed his guide to the counter where neckties were displayed in a showcase. The stock's meagerness was more than atoned for by the rainbow brilliance of the colors. The actor surveyed the goods with ill-concealed discontent.

"Have you nothing in better—let us say, more subdued?"

The young salesman looked eagerly at his interlocutor.

"I shall be glad to show you a half-dozen of a special order that arrived from New York this morning. I ordered them for myself. I'm sure you will like them."

The removal of some boxes on the shelf, a hasty apology for a diminutive cloud of dust arising therefrom, and the hidden treasures were spread before him. Howard Morton's dissatisfied gaze turned from the garish reds and smiting blues in the show case to the silk scarfs spread before him. Palest greens and soft blues and rich but low-toned browns and gentle green that was no relation to its strident fellows in the showcase, but kin to the gentlemanly browns before him, awaited his choice.

"I'll take them all," he said. "How much?"

The salesman smiled:

"If you will permit me, I should like to present them to you, sir. It would be not only an honor, but a very great pleasure, I assure you."

Morton lifted his eyes from the soft silks for the first time to the man who stood behind the counter. He looked sharply at him, and an answer corresponding to the look tormented his tongue tip. But the answer was never spoken.

Morton faced a man of splendid height. He was later to learn that the height was six feet two inches. It was balanced by a fine sweep of shoulders. The inverted wedge-shape model for manly beauty of form was apparent in the neat, fairly-fitting clothes, product of a conscientious but small-town tailor. The material was a rough, soft gray stuff topped by a silk scarf of gray, with a faintly rose tone. Above this rose a head and face of sheer beauty. Somewhat roughly chiseled the face was, but of marvelous regularity. The nose jutted out to match a jaw of corresponding boldness. The lips were well cut and held a shade of sensitiveness. The forehead was straight and high and broad and white.

"You are very kind," responded Howard Morton. "But why overwhelm me with such generosity, O child of Charles Dana Gibson's drawing pen?"

The man smiled, a smile as sweet as a girl's.

"I am crazy about the theatre, Mr. Morton. I have been ever since I was a child, when I went to Chicago with father and he took me to see "The Old Homestead." I have read about you and have seen your pictures. I've bought four seats for the family tonight. I wish you would accept this little token. It would give me so much pleasure to know I had been of some slight service to you."

"Really—this is rather unusual, Mr.—"

"Smith," the salesman humbly answered.

A traveling man, huge, jocular, paunchy, elbowed his way to the counter. With trade geniality, he roared:

"Hello, 'Beauty' Smith! Greetings, old man! How are you?"

The young man flushed. "Very well, I thank you," he answered, nervously. "I will see you in a minute." He pushed his card across the counter. Howard Morton read on the bit of pasteboard, "William Smith—Smith and Sons."

"You will allow me to send this package to your hotel?"

"If you like to pay this tribute to Thespis! Thank you. I am sorry you are provided with seats for tonight. I should like to send you tickets. Is there nothing I can do for you?"

"I—I—"

His face was suffused with a red tide. His long, shapely fingers trembled as he thrust the cravats into their manila envelope.

Morton looked at him curiously. The boy was intensely nervous. A clear case of stage fright. Kindly, he said:

"Drop round to my dressing room after the performance and permit me to thank you further."

Howard Morton hastened to the theatre to rehearse a scene with a new member of the cast.

That evening the star was divesting himself of his caparisoning splendor as the Gay Prince, when a timid rap on his dressing room door announced a visitor.

His dresser opened the door to a gingerly two-crack width and held a whispered colloquy.

"Mr. Smith desires to see you, sir."

"Smith! What Smith! There is a myriad of Smiths. Ask his first name and where he's from." Howard Morton was always irritable for the first quarter-hour after his performance, unless the audience had been unusually warm. Tonight the applause had been scattering, loud only in spots, showing either division of opinion as to his own merits and those of the play, or an alarming lukewarmness on the part of at least half the audience toward himself.

The return of his minion with further enlightenment:

"He says he met you this afternoon at the Smith and Sons store, in this city, and that you condescended—that's his word, sir—to ask him to come back after the performance.

"Oh, yes—Smith of the ties. Ask him in."

Morton looked up from the removal of his grease paint. One side of his face shone with its coating of cold cream. The other still bore the brilliant reds of his mediæval make-up.

His visitor bent so low that Morton withdrew his hand, in sudden apprehension lest it be kissed. But again he was struck with the small-town salesman's beauty of form and profile.

"Good evening, Mr. Smith."

"I hope you have not forgotten the pleasant little incident of this afternoon, Mr. Morton—our meeting in the store."

"Certainly not. I recall your kindness. I am under a weight of obligation to you for those handsome ties. (*Continued on page* 168)



Campbell

JULIET STRAHL

Eccentric singer and dancer identified with a number of Winter Garden Shows



Apeda

LYOLA WHITE

Remembered as the Butterfly Girl in the 1919 show, this striking stage beauty has posed as model for several well known artists



EDITH PIERCE

Typical American show girl, specially engaged for this season's production



TOT QUALTERS

Tall and loose-jointed, this clever artiste, seen formerly with the Century Prom. has developed a special type of eccentric dancing



JANET ADAIR

Daughter of Capt. Edward Adair, U.S.A., this principal made her début as Yum Yum in "The Mikado." Her mezzo-soprano voice and character songs are agreeable features of "The Passing Show."

BEAUTY AND TALENT IN "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1921"



Photocraft

DE WOLF HOPPER AS RAVENNES

The appearance of this favorite elongated comedian in the present revival of the Casino's famous classic marks his return to New York after two years spent on "the road" playing Ole Bill in "The Better 'Ole." The part of Ravennes—Cadeaux' partner in crime—in the original production of "Erminie" was played by W. S. Daboll

FAMOUS COMEDIANS WHO ADD GAIETY TO A



Photocraft

FRANCIS WILSON AS CADEAUX

One of the most successful of American low comedians, Mr. Wilson originated this rôle —a petty thief who masquerades in polite society—at the Casino in 1886 and made a tremendous hit in the part. He has not appeared in comic opera since the last revival of "Erminie," seventeen years ago.

JOYOUS REVIVAL OF "ERMINIE" AT THE PARK

I saw that you were embarrassed at the interruption of our conversation. I gathered that you wished to say something further to me."

Yes, Mr. Morton. But first let me tell you how much my mother and sister and I enjoyed the play—most of all your performance."

"Thank you. I believe you said that you are interested in the stage."

"Yes, sir. More than anything else in the world."

His acute and agonizing humility showed in the collapse of the tall figure, in the pallor of his lean, shapely features, in the futile fumbling of his hands with his handkerchief. Cold perspiration had left great beads on his white forehead.

"You want to go on the stage?"

"Yes," faltered the younger man, an entreaty in the handsome gray eyes. "How could you know?"

"I know the symptoms, Mr. Smith."

"What—would you mind—telling me what you think?"

"I don't think, Mr. Smith. I have the most positive convictions on the subject. I don't think any one should go on the stage who can possibly stay off it."

There was the dumb appeal of a beaten dog in the eyes that sought his. Morton answered the question in those eyes. "Because it is a hard life, even to those who are supremely talented. It is a path of thorns. If a man wants an even, pleasant life, with time for his home, his family, his books, for meditation, he should turn his back upon the stage and keep it turned. Can you guess my ambition?"

DUMB admiration shone in the eyes turned upon him. The older man continued:

"I want time to read. That's all I ask of life, just time enough to read the books that I've never had time to read. You may think I have time on the train. No, I don't. I'm always reading plays for next season, seeking to find one good one among tons of trash. It's like looking for a needle in a haystack. There's a ten-thousandth chance of finding the needle. Then when I'm in a town, I'm giving all my spare time to rehearsing the fools that don't belong on the stage, but somehow get there."

A surge of red stained the cheeks of the listener. Quickly, the actor exclaimed.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Smith. You might happen to be the one exception."

"Beauty" Smith leaned forward.

"Then you think I might—possibly—"

"But the life, my boy. Give some thought to that."

"I wouldn't mind it, sir. I would serve in any capacity. It is the one thing in all the world that I should like to do."

"But," a wave of weariness was again submerging Howard Morton, "how do you know that you have any talent?"

"I—I don't know—only don't you think—if you love a thing better than anything else in the world, you must have a talent for it."

"It doesn't follow. There are ever so many persons who have miscast themselves in the comedy drama of existence."

"If—you would only give a chance—I wouldn't want any salary at first—I might even pay for the privilege—"

"Tush! Some managers do that. I wouldn't. My people must stand on their own. This is a dramatic company, not a musical comedy collection of beauties."

"I beg your pardon. But you seemed so kind. You are so famous. I thought you might know what this hunger to do something on the stage means."

"I feel it my duty to say it may mean simply vanity."

"Beauty" Smith started awkwardly toward the door. "I'm sorry to have taken your time, Mr. Morton. I thank you for receiving me. Good-night."

"Wait!"

BEAUTY" Smith turned a wounded but forgiving glance at his taciturn host.

"You know that group of chaps who come on in the ballroom scene in this play?"

"Yes, sir."

"They all have a line or two. If you're willing to join their number at eighteen dollars a week, I will give you a chance. One of the fellows is leaving us at the next town."

"Mr. Morton—I—" The lean jaws locked.

"You'll go?"

He nodded. Morton put forth his hand. He drew it back and hid it in the folds of his robe. Again he was in a panic lest it should be kissed.

"Beauty" Smith groped his way through the dark little hall. He stumbled over the door sill and made his way out through the alley that is the usual approach to a temple of dramatic art. Two figures in black silk awaited him.

"Mother!" he said chokingly. "Sis! Mr. Morton will give me a chance. I'm engaged."

The town clocks united in striking the hour of twelve when "Beauty" Smith joined "The Gay Prince" company on its early jump to the next town. He was a shade disappointed when Howard Morton stepped from the cab, and, escorting his beautiful leading woman across the station platform to the special car, passed him without recognition. He was presently to learn something of the dignity that doth hedge round a star. He followed the conductor's brusque instructions, "Day coach for you." He tracked a sleepy quartette of young men to the stuffy car and watched them bestow themselves upon pillows extemporized from traveling bags and beneath overcoat substitutes for blankets. Soon the quartette snored. "Beauty" Smith, uncomfortably lying with his legs bent as a double jackknife, detected a distinctly baritone quality in one snore, that blended into the bass and first and second tenor of the other Thespian sleepers. The dim lights, the murky shadows in the corner of the cars, the incredible stuffiness of the moving Black Hole of Calcutta into which the men who direct railways permit common carriers to relapse, offended his orderly fastidiousness. Yet, despite the aching discomfort of it all, he lay staring into the future with a smile.

HE was awakened by a rough shaking of his shoulder.

"D'ye belong to this theatrical company? Then ye'd better clear out. They're all piled off and if it hadn't been for me they'd have left you go on to the next tank."

Incredible misfortune! "Beauty" Smith shook himself, snatched his valise and sprang from the moving train. One of the quartette of young men, whom he recognized as the handsome roysterers who were the Gay Prince's companions on his dubious larks in the play, looked sharply at him.

"You the fellow that's joined the company at the last stand? Guess you'd better come with us. There's a 'ham and' up the street where we can get breakfast. We'll save a day's room rent if we don't register until tonight. You'll learn all these tricks when you've been trooping awhile. What's your name? Smith. Oh, Lair, Burns, Grimson—this is the new member of the company cast. Smith's his name—'Beauty' Smith."

It was January when he joined the company. It was May when they drew into the Jersey City station and the company hurried from the ferry and parted with a few quick good-byes. Five months, and he had had but two greetings from the star!

Once at a station platform Howard Morton had looked absently at him, and said, as though making an effort to remember, "Ah! Good-morning." Another time he had thanked him when Smith, at the risk of his neck, had snatched up the leading woman's umbrella from its imminence to the moving car wheel and restored it with a scarlet banner on his lean face and with a too-low bow. Miss Jean Harney had rewarded him with a puzzled glance and a quarter portion of her bewitching smile.

BUT on this gray morning, with the terror inspired by the mammoth city in his heart, he screwed his courage to the speaking point.

"Pardon me, sir," he stood hat in hand beside the star as he was stepping into his carriage. "I trust that my work has been satisfactory and that I may hope to be with you next season."

Howard Morton frowned. "I really haven't noticed. I suppose so." He was always ill-humored when circumstances compelled him to rise early. "As for the rest, I'll see when the proper time comes." He closed the door with a bang.

Hot tears stung "Beauty" Smith's eyelids. Manfully, he winked them back. He would walk to save carfare. He might find lodgings on the way. He followed the car track on Twenty-third Street from the clamorous docks through the mean maze of West Street, along a shabby row of houses to Tenth Avenue, past Tenth, where the buildings were of more substantial order, crossed Ninth Avenue, and reached a fine three-story building of red brick. The house was set far back from the street. Through the trees half covered with new leaves he saw the sign, "Rooms to Rent." He swung open the low gate, strode up the walk and rang the bell. A slatternly man-of-all-work opened the door and blinked at him.

"Will you show me some of your rooms?"

The blear-eyed old man made no answer, but led the way upstairs, his heelless slippers hollowly slapping the floor. "Beauty" Smith followed to the third floor back.

"Five dollars a week," croaked the old man.

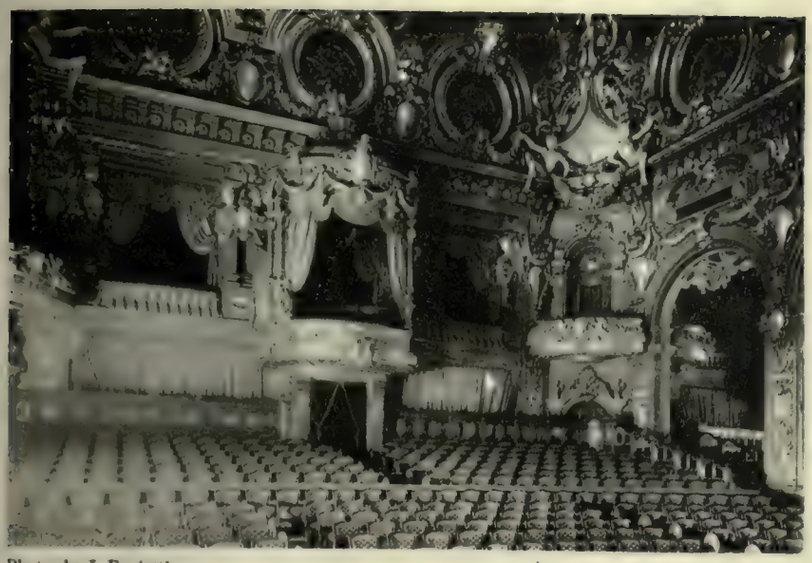
The home-seeker looked at the narrow bed, with its not too clean and not well-mended spread, the chair of dubious legs and cane seat with a hole in the center, the feeble-looking washstand, the brown gash in the lip of the pitcher.

"Is this the best you have?"

"Only one left."

"I don't think I'll—"

The old man lifted his blood-shot gaze. "Ye'd



Photos by J. Enrietti

The Theatre in the Casino was built in 1878 by Charles Garnier, the celebrated architect of the Paris Opera House, with equal elegance and wealth of decoration. A veritable jewel box, it contains paintings by such masters as Feyen-Perrin, Boulanger, and Clairin. The capacity is about 600 persons



MME. PIERAT

Prominent member of the Comédie Française who appears in all the leading dramatic productions





M. DE MAX

Well known actor of the Comédie Française who took the leading part in "Les Aigles dans la Tempête"

Each season M. Gunsbourg produces at Monte Carlo new operas by the greatest composers of the day. Among the works first given here to the world are: Lalo and Coquard's "La Jacquerie," Massenet's "Jongleur de Notre Dame," Mascagni's "Amica," etc. Famous artists who have appeared include: Patti, Nillson, de Reszke, Tamagno, Caruso, Chaliapine, Titta Ruffo, Muratore, Bernhardt, Duse, Réjane, Jane Hading, Mounet-Sully, the Coquelins, etc.



Scene in "Les Aigles dans la Tempête," a notable Casino première



RAOUL GUNSBOURG

The able director and organizer of Monte Carlo's theatrical season

OPERAS AND PLAYS ENLIVEN MONTE CARLO'S SEASON

better take it," he said. "It's famous, this house is. Great folks has lived here."

"Yes? Who?"

"This house was once owned by Mrs. Lilly Langtry. It was she lived right here."

As by swift magic the traveling bag found its place on the bed, a five-dollar bill into the old man's hand. For many weeks thereafter the shabby old house, its dingy walls hinting of faded romance, sheltered "Beauty" Smith and his hopes.

Howard Morton kept his promise. He spoke of him at the proper time. He laid "Beauty" Smith's fate upon the laps of a god and a goddess. The proper time was a July morning in the office of Louis Magrane, the business partner of the star. The goddess was Miss Jean Harney, the dark-eyed leading woman of this company.

"I think the cast should remain substantially as it is, don't you, dear?" Mr. Morton addressed his leading lady.

"With a few minor exceptions, I do."

"And those minor exceptions, ma belle?"

"I think we should have a fair ingenue. Miss Chadwick is too dark, too nearly my own type."

"Mollie Kitchen has been besieging this office. She all but crosses her hand in prayer when she asks to go with Mr. Morton and Miss Harney next season," said the business partner.

"Is she fair?" asked Miss Harney.

"Very. My wife calls her an ash blonde."

"What has she done?"

SHE was for two seasons with "The Fatted Calf." Made a hit in a small part. All the papers spoke of her. Don't you remember?

"Enough. We'll take her, eh?"

Miss Harney smiled assent.

She rose. "Wait a moment, my love. There's something else. Oh yes, the fifth young man in the drawing-room and the street scene?"

"The one they call "Beauty" Smith?"

"I believe they do."

The actress frowned.

"L. M., that man is one of Howard's mistakes. I can't conceive why he ever engaged him. He picked him up somewhere on the road. The fellow is stage-struck and he is handsome. But he has nothing else to recommend him. He is amateurish in the rawest way."

"Then perhaps we'd better let him out," said L. M. rising.

They walked out laughing and waved to Jean Harney on her way to a Fifth Avenue milliner's shop, while Morton crossed Madison Square and into Twentieth Street to The Players.

Two days later "Beauty" Smith read of Morton's marriage and his sailing for Europe to be gone until he resumed his tour.

The young man called at Louis Magrane's office. He bestowed his neatly brushed length upon one of the benches where Thespians awaited the beckoning of the gods. A loose-lipped, sleepy eyed Mercury it was that bore their messages to the god behind the door whereon was painted "Louis Magrane, Private." For three hours "Beauty" waited. Pretty, pink-faced girls in cool linen gowns and flower hats, lace parasols and pointed shoes, waited beside him, were summoned to Olympus and departed.

Beauty" was the last. L. M.'s voice rose to argument pitch on the telephone. There was the bang of a closing desk lid. The door swung open and a short, stoutish man in brown tweed and a brown, slightly tilted derby, came out, slamming it with reverberance that shot the drowsy boy from his tilted chair to an upright posture.

"Beauty" rose and approached the manager. He presented his card. Magrane glanced at, but did not take, it.

"I see. With 'The Gay Prince' last season," he said. "The cast of 'The Prince' is filled for next year, and we won't be putting out anything else before spring. Sorry."

STARK hunger faced the stage recruit that summer. He had "broken" his last five-dollar bill. His last week, at the faded abode of the fascinating Langtry, had expired save for two days. Long before he had adopted the one meal a day measure.

He walked the treadmill of the agencies and the managers' offices. His handsome face gained interest, which his shy speech and his self-conscious manner soon dissipated. He had tried "the pictures" and had twice been discharged as "hopeless because he can't act." Day after day he climbed the long dirty stairs to the managers' offices with the listlessness of a canal horse on the fiftieth lap of the towpath.

He made frequent calls at the offices of every agent in town. The pockets of his alpaca coat bulged with photographs. When he was permitted he showed them.

"That's all very well," sneered one agent, "but can you act? I've never seen you do anything by that name. After all, acting's the thing. A girl can pretty her way through a play on her looks, but a man can't."

LATE in the autumn he joined a repertoire company that wandered into the highways and byways of nearly forgotten routes. "Beauty" developed dyspepsia. The manager, beset by many anxieties, roared at him one day at rehearsals: "Good Lord! You're losing your looks. Don't let that happen. For when they go there'll be nothing left."

He tried to preserve his good looks. But the fare in the one-night stands was bad. He could not eat with relish the hard-fried food set before him. He tried to take the long walks and gymnasium exercise. But lack of nutriment had robbed him of his strength. He tried to sleep long and well. But early jumps and long rides in huddled postures and the fetid air of the day coaches became a series of nightmares.

After three years of repertoire, "Beauty" could resist encroaching illness no more. A long fever wasted him. When his money was gone the doctor who had attended him said: "You'll have to do something. What with a large family and the high cost of living, I can't do charity work."

Miss Petite of the "Dainty Blondes" burlesque company called at the offices of the Actors' Fund and told "Beauty's" story. It undertook to make him comfortable at a hospital.

It was a long illness. It seemed that he could never regain the strength that had been his.

When he left the hospital he looked long at his reflection in a shop window on the corner. His form was so shrunken that his clothes flapped about his limbs. His muscles were cottony. The firm, manly contour of his face had yielded to hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, from which the fires of life seemed to have gone out. The fever had burned his hair as a drought destroys vegetation. Part of his hair was thin and patchy. What was left was turning gray.

To a beautiful woman premature age is a tragedy. But to "Beauty" Smith, lying awake through the night in his hall bedroom, it was a sentence of doom. After a day or two of strength gathering he set forth again to the offices of managers and agents. Few of the hundreds of young and at least out-

(*Continued on page* 208)

PLAYS RECOMMENDED BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

You can't go wrong if you follow this list each month

"BAD MAN, THE": Satirical melodrama with comic relief. A hit.

"BAT, THE": A real thriller. You can't afford to miss it.

"DEBURAU": A fine play dealing with pathetic incidents in a mummer's life, admirably acted and presented with the wonderful detail that mark all Mr. Belasco's production.

"ENTER MADAME": Conventional comedy, serving to display the unusual gifts of Gilda Varesi.

"FIRST YEAR, THE": Delightful comedy of newly married life with that inimitable comedian Frank Craven and excellent cast.

"GOLD DIGGERS, THE": Clever comedy of chorus girl life.

"GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES": Production of rare beauty. Don't miss it.

"HEARTBREAK HOUSE": Typical Shavian comedy—delightfully bizarre, extravagantly fantastic, splendidly entertaining.

"HONEYDEW": Pleasing musical comedy with Zimbalist score and lavishly staged.

"IRENE": Delightful musical comedy—one of the biggest hits in years.

"JUST SUPPOSE": Old fashioned love story, with exquisite sentiment and admirably acted.

"LIGHTNIN'": Frank Bacon in a highly successful comedy characterization.

"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK": Charming comedy, introducing in a new rôle that delightful young actress, Genevieve Tobin.

"MARY": Typical Cohan musical comedy success—with pretty girls, excellent comedy and bewitching melodies.

"MARIE ROSE": Barrie's latest play of the never-never kind. Strange, unusual, yet absorbingly interesting.

"SALLY": Tuneful, decorative and delightfully entertaining musical comedy, introducing the exquisite little dancer, Marilynn Miller as a star.

"SAMSON AND DELILAH": Tense drama introducing Ben-Ami, a temperamental, forceful actor of the Jewish Art Theatre, who gives an impressive, interesting performance.

"SKIN GAME, THE": Stirring and interesting play of class conflict in England today.

"TAVERN, THE": Highly amusing melodramatic burlesque, with Arnold Daly and competent cast.

"THY NAME IS WOMAN": New variation of the eternal triangle—three vividly drawn types of husband, wife and lover.

"TICKLE ME": Musical comedy with elaborate stage investiture and the inimitable Frank Tinney.

"TIP TOP": Typical Fred Stone show with jazzy music, clever comedy and graceful dancing.

"WELCOME, STRANGER": Amusing comedy with the Jewish-American comedian George Sidney.

"WOMAN OF BRONZE, THE": Old-fashioned emotional drama, admirably acted by Margaret Anglin.

"ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC": Girl show *de luxe*. Good entertainment and lavishly spectacular.



Photo by White

THE BUTTERFLY DANCE IN "SALLY"

A photograph fails utterly to do justice to these dazzling costumes which, with their folding wings, constitute a veritable riot of gorgeous coloring and jewelled design. The dresses were made by Pascaud, of Paris, especially for this Ziegfeld production



© Moffett

SERGE OUKRAINSKY

Greatest bare toe dancer in the world, and leader of the Pavley-Oukrainsky ballet



© Moffett

ANDREAS PAVLEY

Pronounced the master of emotional dancing, this Russian artist is a star of the Chicago Opera Ballet



Photo by Floyd

MARIE GAMBRELLI

Only seventeen, this talented ballerina at the Capitol Theatre, but she has mastered the technique of classic ballet and possesses distinct individuality

BALLET AND DANCERS DAZZLE NEW YORK



Eager crowds push their way into the Théâtre des Funambules to see the famous Deburau

Photos by White



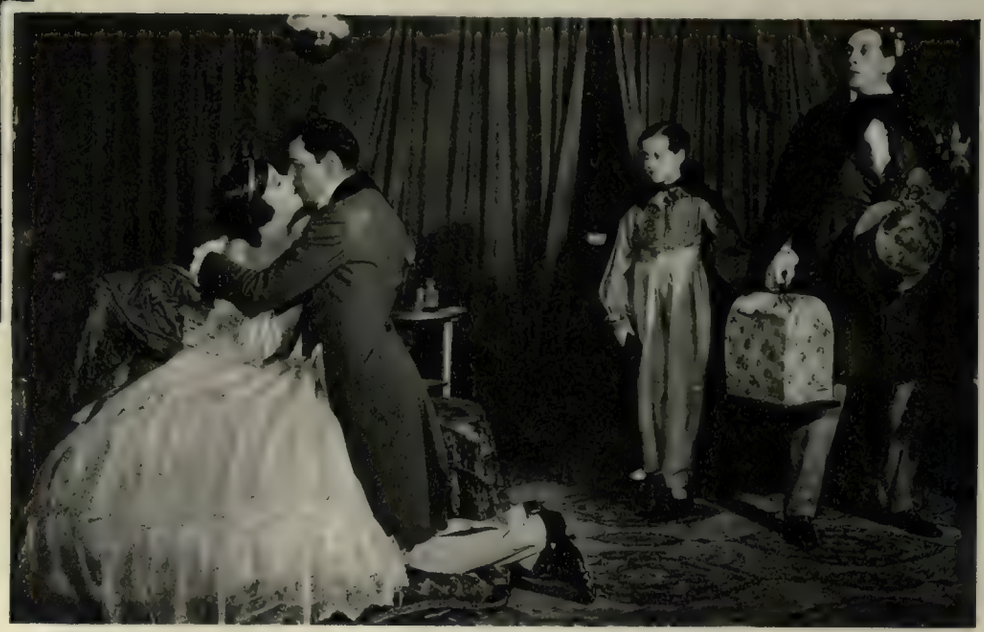
(Below)

As Deburau is about to go home after the performance, he is accosted by a beautiful woman who has come to pay him homage—none other than the celebrated courtesan, Marie Duplessis



The auditorium of the famous little theatre on the Boulevard du Temple, on the stage of which Deburau, the celebrated Pierrot, will presently appear. The playhouse is packed with Parisians of all conditions, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Chopin and other celebrities, easily recognized "among those present"

Lionel Atwill Elsie Mackay



After two blissful weeks spent with Marie Duplessis, whose infatuation was only a momentary caprice, Deburau returns to find her in the arms of Armand Duval

Elsie Mackay John Roche Georgie Ryan Mr. Atwill

GUITRY'S PLAY OF THE FAMOUS PIERROT, DEBURAU



Mr Atwill

Morgan Farley

His health shattered by the blow to his pride, Deburau has left the stage, but quickly he resents the suggestion made by his son that he take his father's name and place

Elsie Mackay

Mr. Atwill



(Right)

Marie Duplessis comes to urge Deburau to return to the stage





Deciding that Charles shall be his successor, Deburau makes him don Pierrot's suit

Once more Deburau faces the audience at the Funambules, but the old time power has gone. He falters, is hissed and the curtain falls amid jeers



Before the curtain rises, the old favorite gives his son advice as to the playing of the rôle, and takes a touching farewell of his comrades

—A NEW BELASCO TRIUMPH TOLD IN PICTURES

GEORGETTE LEBLANC—AN AGELESS WOMAN

Maeterlinck's former associate comes to America to imbibe its youth

By RICHARD GRAHAM

GEORGETTE Leblanc, for eighteen years beloved of Maurice Maeterlinck, greatest living mystic philosopher, has come to America to write A Book of Love.

She well knows her theme. Paris terms her the priestess of tender passion, the oracle of love, the interpreter of the heart.

Yet she laughed, deeply, subtly, when I asked her how many men had loved her.

"I do not know," she answered.

"You cannot count them?" I asked of the blonde, vibrant creature of romance, this Peter Pan in the life of love.

"No, because there are many men who love an artiste, whom she does not know. They are the silent, adoring lovers in the audience. They are, perhaps, the truest. They are the idealists and true idealists are truest lovers. But this is not true alone of artists, who are to some degree sweethearts of the public. Every woman is loved by more men than she knows. One may not measure the worship of these silent, adoring ones."

"And you?" I dared to ask the woman with the limpid green eyes, who often laughs. The frequent laugh is the mark of world camaraderie.

"I have loved three men."

The laugh ended. The lips that habitually curve formed a nearly straight line. It was the line of prohibition. There are reticences that even the professional intruder, the one who lives by pressing interrogations, may not pass. So I did not ask the identity of the trio. Her love for Maeterlinck the world knows. There was an ardor with a blonde English youth, one Edwin Marsh, who has passed into British rural life and obscurity. The other was probably the hero of an early romance, one with the dew of her youth upon it.

As in the instance of a once celebrated American actress who told a friend the harrowing tale of an enamored Philadelphia youth who attempted to kill himself when she ended her engagement in the Quaker City and began a long tour.

"It was one of the great loves of my life," she said, her eyes veiling themselves in a mist of sadness.

"What was his name?" asked an interested friend.

"I—isn't that strange? I can't remember."

It is not impossible that Georgette Leblanc's reply to such a query would have been the same. And that it would have been as true.

"Will you not tell us unromantic Americans about your Book of Love?" Georgette Leblanc looked up with the quick smiling glance that is one of the multitude of charms of the priestess of love. Among them is the hair of pale gold, soft as spun silk. A *blonde cendre* is Mme. Leblanc. There is a complexion smooth and clear as a baby's. Features? Not of marked regularity. No. Her nose is high of bridge, denoting force, and nearly pointed, betokening discrimination and delicacy. It is a nose that cleaves its way through difficulties. Her mouth is a trifle too large, but atoned for by exceeding amiability. Her eyes are the long ones, half screened by delicate lids—of wisdom. Continuous fires burn behind them. Yet these eyes, wise as Cleopatra's own, have a captivating trick of swiftly opening and of apparent momentary revealment of all their secrets. Apparent revealment! She has a full, youthful throat that bespeaks ardor and tremendous vitality. Her figure, slender, yet full, has the allure the French describe as *fausse maigre*. She wore a graceful charmeuse gown, of the same color as her hair, a thing of delicate folds and soft girdle, and quite without sleeves, that afternoon in the little apartment which she had smartened by gold and silver draperies. But she is answering my question.



Photo Malvaux

GEORGETTE LEBLANC

Former soul-mate of the famous Belgian poet, who is about to publish a book telling of their spiritual union

"Unromantic Americans! You have not the romance of sex in this country. At least it is not consuming as in Europe. But the romance of achievement! Your air is electric with it. Your high buildings are vocal with it. They seem to me great, lusty infants, these buildings. Infants that stretch their arms to the sky. Aspiration! That is the romance of American life."

"The Book of Love?" I persisted.

"It will treat of all the types of love. It will begin with the noblest of all loves, that of the mother for her child. It will have a chapter on young love. You call it 'calf love' in this country? Good! One chapter will deal with transient love, the love which is of the moment. There will be a treatise on conjugal affection. The last chapter will be on spirit love, the one love between the sexes that lasts."

"Will it be biographical?"

"Yes. I shall write out of my soul. It may have some humor worthy the attention of your clever paragraphers. For instance, I shall tell of my own first love. It occurred when I was five years old. The object of my adoration was a big handsome man of thirty-five. I adored him. Until—one fatal day he took me upon his knee and told me a story. He said, 'On my way here I saw something very strange. I saw an ant overturn an omnibus.' I slid from his knee and went away alone and wept. Wept heartbrokenly! In that storm of indignation my love turned to hate. The object of my adoration had committed the unpardonable sin in love. He had made me ridiculous."

"Have you dismissed other suitors for the same reason?"

A glowing, laughing "Yes."

"You will, perhaps, write of your long companionship with Maeterlinck.

"Yes. I shall tell of our spiritual union. Ours was a transcendent love. I shall write of him as he is, a superb artist, a genius, a great man, and a good one. I shall say that he is still my friend. When I go back to France I may visit him and Mme. Maeterlinck. It is possible that I shall appear in other plays of his. I hope so. It will be a great pleasure. My work in playing Light and in directing the production of "The Blue Bird" was the greatest joy of my life."

"Is joy so impersonal?"

"Yes. The greatest abiding joy granted to a soul is in good (*Continued on page* 206)

(Circle)

RUTH DONNELLY

Office rôles seem to have fascination for this Broadway favorite. Not so long ago she was the telephone operator in "Going Up." Now she helps along the fun as the stenographer in "The Meanest Man in the World."



(Below)

ALMA TELL

Still appearing as Annie Laurie Brown in "When We Are Young" on tour, really, Alma, your face and talent deserve a better play. We prefer to remember you as Susan Lennox and also in "The Eyes of Youth"





Photos by Edward Thayer Monroe

GENEVIEVE TOBIN

Saucy, demure, breezily vivacious, always delightful in her boyish rôle in "Little Old New York," this charming little actress has been hailed as "a new Maude Adams." It is not so long ago since she was, with her sister, Vivian, one of the Tobin Sisters, and played one of the children with David Warfield in "A Grand Army Man"



(Oval)

ALBERTA BURTON

It was in musical comedy that this personable young actress first attracted attention, when she played the feminine rôle in "La, La, Lucille." Here she appears as the Governor's daughter in "The Tavern." Soon she will be seen in the leading rôle in Frank Bacon's new play, "Five O'Clock"

FAIR FACES ON BROADWAY



Photos White

Act I. Marilynn Miller as the little dishwasher, and Leon Errol as the broken down nobleman forced to earn a living, find they have much in common



Act. II. As Mme. Nookerova, famous Russian dancer, and the Duke of Czechogovinia, Miss Miller and Mr. Errol create a sensation at a fashionable garden party



DOLORES

Statuesque and magnificently gowned



Act III.

THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER

Where three couples, their misunderstandings ended, come to be spliced in holy matrimony. From left to right are Dolores and Leon Errol, Marilynn Miller and Irving Fisher, and Walter Catlett and Mary Hay



MARY HAY

Demure and charming as the dancer's maid

TUNEFUL AND BEAUTIFUL, "SALLY" SCORES AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

Empire. "MARY ROSE." Fantasy in 4 acts by James M. Barrie. Produced Dec. 22 with this cast:

Mrs. Otery	Ada King
Harry	Tom Nesbitt
Mr. Morland	O. B. Clarence
Mrs. Morland	Winifred Fraser
Rev. George Amy	A. S. Homewood
Mary Rose	Ruth Chatterton
Simon Blake	Tom Nesbitt
Cameron	Guy Buckley

THERE are flowers so delicate that they can not stand transplantation from the soil in which they grow. There are eyes so blind, minds so vacuous, they would be incapable of seeing beauty in anything. The American production of Barrie's strange dream drama, "Mary Rose" is a case in point. A tremendous success in London where, to me, it seemed one of the most beautiful and impressive things I have ever seen in the theatre, here it seems to miss fire. Why? Largely, I think, owing to its inferior interpretation, and the mood of the audience. One must be, to a certain degree, receptive oneself, to understand the moods of others, and just now New York's mood is not—well, not exactly spiritual.

They say that Barrie thinks out these fantasies, of which he alone has the trick of writing, sitting in his study, smoking his pipe in front of the fire. In the glowing embers he sees the fairy, elf-like creatures whom he presents as characters in his plays.

"Mary Rose," it has been suggested, is the outcome of the recent widely spread psychological cult, due to the losses in the war. The desire to once more see and talk with one's dead became an obsession in the minds of fathers and mothers all over the world—a hope fostered and encouraged by the scientific reasoning of Sir Oliver Lodge, Conan Doyle and other students of psychic phenomena. To their arguments Barrie makes answer in "Mary Rose" and his answer is as cruel as it is obvious. It is that, even though we had the power to bring back our dead, we should not wish to do so.

"Mary Rose," a young girl of eighteen, soon to be married to an impatient lover, lives happily at home idolized by father and mother. To the fiancé, on the eve of his wedding, the father confides a life-long secret. A strange thing once happened to Mary Rose while they were away, visiting the Hebrides. One day she disappeared, but, after long search, was found on one of the most lonely of the islands—a place regarded with great fear and avoided by the natives who call it "The island which likes to be visited." When the island calls, so runs the legend, none can resist its summons. Mary alone had heard the call and she went. When rescued, she remembers nothing and the incident is gradually forgotten.

But the young man laughs it off and the couple are married. Where shall they go for a wedding trip—to the Hebrides, of course, since Mary Rose dearly loves the island. Act II finds them there. All at once, while they are picnicking, the wind rises and, quite unnoticed by the others, Mary Rose hears the irresistible musical call that bids her leave her companions and come. When the others look around, she has disappeared.

Twenty years pass. Mary Rose has long been given up as dead. Her baby is now a husky soldier. Mother, father, husband have all become old and gray. To them Mary Rose is only a faded memory of the past. One day, Mary Rose returns, still a young, vivacious, laughing girl. The years that have gone, making the others gray and decrepit, have passed her by, not touching her. They stare at the newcomer, not believing the evidence of their own eyes. "Don't you know me?" she pleads tearfully. "I am your Mary Rose." Gradually, they realize it must be she, but they are embarrassed by her inexplicable youth. She is still young, full of the joy of life. They are in their declining years. The ties between them seem broken. Sadly, Mary Rose understands that though she has come back she is really dead—to them. Like a spirit from another world, for years she haunts the home of her girlhood, searching for her baby, until at last all her relatives are dead. When her soldier son returns from the war, and finds her roaming, ghost-like, through the deserted house, he listens incredulously to her amazing story.

The New York production suffers in that the title rôle is not so well played as in London. Fay Compton, who played the part of Mary Rose in the original production, although an actress of perhaps more than ordinary experience of life, is the embodiment of buoyant, unsophisticated girlhood. Ruth Chatterton, an actress deservedly popular, and with many local successes to her credit, does not quite convey this impression and the illusion suffers.

But go and see "Mary Rose." It is something unusual in the theatre and it will deeply impress those to whom has been vouchsafed the light to understand.

WINTER GARDEN. "PASSING SHOW OF 1921." Dialogue and lyrics by Harold Atteridge. Music by Jean Schwartz. Produced Dec. 29 with these principals:

Marie Dressler	Mellette Sisters
Willie Howard	Tot Qualters
Eugene Howard	W. H. Pringle
Harry Watson	Dolly Hackett
Janet Adair	J. Harold Murray
Ina Haywood	Cleveland Bronner

THE Passing Show is more than passing fair. It is a refreshing and spectacular tonic destined to restore the jaded optics of New Yorkers. It is the ninth and best of the passing shows—those Winter Garden revels which feature youth and beauty, enhanced by bizarre costumes, and, like jewels, presented in the most effective settings. This year the girls seem to be less beefy, more graceful, lithe and sprightly than ever before. They have not the manner of many Broadway dancing beauties who, in their becoming fatigue, appear to be telling you reproachfully: "You may be Tired

Business Men, but how about us Tired Chorus Girls?"

In this year's peacocks' Paradise, breast-plates are much in evidence—so are shapely hips and shoulders and backs of langorous beauties who stroll in the parade. Pearls pour their milky cascades over the forms of many of the lovely ladies.

The ever popular runway is crowded this year with nimbly prancing dumpling-dollies, who flaunt their ruffled skirts so close to the country cousins who have seats down front center aisle, that the C. C.'s can sniff the brand of rice powder that the D. D.'s use.

There are the usual travesties of well-known Broadway shows. In burlesquing "Spanish Love," the Passing Show-Them-Ups are a bit inconsistent. The burlesquers jibe at the characters in "Spanish Love" who get chummy with those in the audience by circulating among them, and giving many of their lines from the aisles. They do this by means of a callow youth who goes searching for an elusive brown derby, thus getting all mixed up with the "Spanish Love" leading lady, impersonated by Marie Dressler, who winds up by sitting on the brown derby and its owner. Every one knows it has always been a little trick of the Passing Showites to get themselves acquainted with the front of the house by abandoning the footlights every song number or two.

The 1921 show is in two fulsome acts, and twenty-six scintillating scenes, and is staged by J. C. Huffman. The dialogue and lyrics are by Harold Atteridge, and the music by Jean Schwartz, with "incidental and additional," not accidental, music by Al Goodman and Lew Pollock.

The ever frolicsome Marie Dressler—would it be kind to say, "bigger and better" than usual—the irrepressible mimic, Willie Howard, aided and abetted by Eugene Howard, and Harry Watson, are the more prominent and gleaming stars of the big cast.

BELASCO. "DEBURAU." Play in four acts by Sacha Guitry. Englished by Granville Barker. Produced Dec. 23 with this cast:

Jean Gaspard Deburau	Lionel Atwill
Marie Duplessis	Elsie Mackay
Monsieur Bertrand	Bernard A. Reinold
Robillard	Hubert Druce
Laurent	Joseph Herbert
Laplace	Rowland Buckstone
Justine	Margot Kelly
Madame Rebard	Pauline Merriam
Clara	Marie Bryar
Honorine	Isabel Leighton
Clement	Edmund Gurney
The "Barker"	Sidney Toler
The Money Taker	Helen Reimer
A Journalist	St. Clair Bayfield
Madame Rabouin	Rose Coghlan
Charles Deburau	Morgan Farley
A Doctor	John L.Shine
The Prompter	Fred Bickel

IN our last issue an outline was given of this interesting play by Sacha Guitry, the well-known French actor and dramatist, which Mr. Belasco recently presented on Broadway in his usual lavish, artistic manner. It is not, therefore, necessary to recite again here the pathetic story of the famous mime, who, after delirious moments of public adulation, is brought painfully to realize how evanescent a thing is fame, especially the glory of the actor who struts his little hour, the favorite of a temperamental, fickle public, which may at any moment reverse its thumbs. One disillusion after another poor Pierrot encounters—first an unfortunate love affair, a blow that wrecks his health, then the realization that old age is creeping on, and finally, the loss of his acting powers which results in his being jeered and hooted on the very boards where, only a few months before, he had been idolized.

A familiar enough theme, this, with a dash of "Pagliacci" and a glimpse of "Camille," but old material has been skillfully handled, and the net result is an impressive, appealing play. The actor's dignified demeanor during his moment of triumph, his mental suffering when the tide sets against him, his hot resentment when his son offers to take his place, and, in the end, his quiet resignation to the inevitable—all these varying lights and shades are well and convincingly portrayed. It is the simulacrum of life, and that, after all, is all we ask of the theatre.

There are scenes in the play that vividly impress the imagination—notably that in the first act where the stage shows the interior of the Théâtre des Funambules, with a distinguished audience, including the celebrities of the day, Alfred de Musset, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Chopin and others who have come to applaud the famous Deburau. Only a Hogarth (and Mr. Belasco) could do justice to the marvellous grouping and coloring of this scene. Another unforgettable stage picture is when Marie Duplessis, Dumas' celebrated Lady with the Camelias, comes, a vision of fragile beauty, at the end of the performance, to lure Deburau from his marital vows. And again, the powerful scene at the end, when the poor, distracted mime, at the end of his strength, falls to his knees, appealing in vain to the jeering, merciless mob.

Lionel Atwill as Deburau gives a careful, consistent, and on the whole, a convincing, agreeable performance. It is not an inspired effort. Only at rare intervals does there flash out anything approaching dramatic fire, and of Pierrot's supposed genius for pantomime, the actor gives no striking proof. It is a terrifically long part, and credit must be given Mr. Atwill for memorizing the blank verse lines and speaking them without a slip—a prodigious feat in itself—but at times his delivery is monotonous. He is reading, not acting.

The part of Marie Duplessis is charmingly acted by Elsie Mackay—Mrs. Atwill in real life—who makes a beautiful stage picture as the unfortunate young courtisan who has caused more tears to flow than any other heroine of the modern stage.

The cast is so long and the work of everyone concerned so meritorious, that it is obviously impossible to do justice to all. Special mention, however, must be made of Rose Coghlan's Madame Rabouin, only a small bit, but delightfully done; Sidney Toler, who got all the humor out of a typical Paris show barker; Margot Kelly, who made a sprightly, charming Columbine, and Morgan Farley, a young actor scarcely out of his 'teens, who played the son, Charles, with all the sympathy and understanding of a veteran.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "SALLY." Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Guy Bolton. Lyrics by Clifford Grey. Music by Jerome Kern. Produced Dec. 21 with this cast:

"Pops"	Alfred P. James
Rosalind	Mary Hay
Sacha	Jacques Rebirott
Otto Hooper	Walter Catlett
Mrs. Ten Broek	Dolores
Sally	Marilynn Miller
Duke of Czechogovinia	Leon Errol
Miss New York	Agatha Debussy
Admiral Travers	Phil Ryley
Blair Farquar	Irving Fisher

Jimmie Spelvin	Stanley Ridges
Alta	Alta King
Betty	Betty Williams
Barbara	Barbara Dean
Vivian	Vivian Vernon
Mary	Mary McDonald
Emily	Emily Drange
Richard Farquar	Frank Kingdon
Billy Porter	Wade Boothe
Harry Burton	Jack Barker

SALLY is gay. She is beautiful as well as tuneful. Unnecessary to add, she is also an unequivocal success. In fact, truth compels the statement that a more brilliant, satisfying and refreshingly entertaining show of its kind has not been seen in these parts in many a moon.

Most musical productions are merely decorative. Sally is that and much more, for, in addition to exquisite Urban settings and costumes as rich and tasteful as any the local stage has seen, there is a tangible plot and of rich humor, plenty. Jerome Kern's music, too, is always delightful, and he has fairly surpassed himself, while Guy Bolton's Cinderella-like book, while travelling familiar paths, has a decided punch. Then there are the principals—Marilynn Miller, that lovely little dancer, long a metropolitan favorite, who in this piece has tip-toed her way to stardom; and Leon Errol, a deliciously droll comedian whose facial contortions and marvellous agility provoked the audience to spasms of laughter for three solid hours.

Marilynn Miller won her place in Broadway's affections as a dancer of rare charm and daintiness. In this piece she proves that she can also sing. It is not a big voice—one would hardly look for that from so frail a frame—but it is a singularly sweet voice, and she manages to get out some high notes. Her acting, too, is surprisingly good.

Leon Errol finds in the dual rôle of the Duke of Czechogovinia, compelled by circumstances to be a waiter in a New York lobster palace, a part that suits admirably his particular gift of stage humor. His comedy is spontaneous and quite irresistible, while his acrobatic stunts would put any circus specialist to shame.

The Urban settings are a delight to the eye, the grounds of a palatial Long Island home and the Little Church Around the Corner being particularly beautiful, and there is a spectacular number, the Butterfly Dance at the Ziegfeld Follies, that for sheer beauty of costuming takes your breath away.

CORT. "TRANSPLANTING JEAN." Comedy in three acts by de Flers and Caillavet. Produced Jan. 3 with this cast:

Jeannette Aubrin	Winifred Anglin
Jean Bernard	Richard Barbee
Bigoire	George Gaston
Aubrin	Jess Sidney
Catherine	Evelyn Chard
Naima Duval	Margaret Lawrence
Comte de Larzac	Arthur Byron
Charmeuil	George Graham
Abbe Jocas	Forrest Robinson
Pierre	Albert Marsh
Madeleine	Katherine Standing
Lucie Ramsey	Olga Lee
Vervier	Hallem Thompson
Madame Melcourt	Kathryn Keys

NOTHING perhaps presents greater difficulties to the American producer than French comedy of sentiment. In the case of melodrama, the process is very simple. The passions of violence, being elementary and common to all peoples, the forces at work are readily recognized and understood. One has only to make the locality New York instead of Paris, and the trick is done. But the more subtle complications of love and marriage cannot be disposed of so easily The adaptor must either make radical changes, entirely obscuring the meaning of the French author so that the peculiar charm of the original is entirely lost, or else he must retain the whole without attempting any change, and then the philosophy of the play is quite beyond the sympathetic understanding of our audiences, the French and Anglo-Saxon viewpoints on these questions being so entirely different.

The present adaptor has wisely chosen the latter course. The play is as Messrs. De Flers and Caillavet wrote it, and a very charming comedy it is—quite French in its philosophy, flavor and spirit, and with dialogue that sparkles like champagne in every line. The first act is immeasurably the best of the three and the amusing scene in the second act between Arthur Byron, the elderly French *roué* who imagines he has reformed and given up women for all time, and his son, Jean, led one to think that here was a really brilliant play. These expectations, unfortunately, were not realized. The second act does not live up to the promise of the first, and the last act is more disappointing still.

Arthur Byron, who, with Benjamin H. Marshall, has directed and staged the play, also dominates it in the leading rôle. He is thoroughly delightful as the philandering, elderly French boulevardier. Margaret Lawrence, who plays the feminine lead—a part originated here by Martha Hedman—clings to a choppy near-French accent, though every one else in the cast has abandoned the idea of handicapping themselves in this way. Otherwise, she is as vivacious and maliciously mischievous as ever.

Richard Barbee, as Jean, the illegitimate son, makes little of an important rôle. However, cast as a young lad lacking the social elegances, he proves an excellent foil for the polished Arthur Byron. Forrest Robinson, as the tolerant Abbé, in a minor rôle, distinguishes himself in it.

GREENWICH VILLAGE. "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA." Extravaganza in three acts by John Gay. Revived Dec. 27 with this cast:

Peachum	Arthur Wynn
Lockit	Charles Magrath
Macheath	Percy Heming
Filch	Alfred Heather
The Beggar	William Eville
Drawer	C. C. Lewis
Mrs. Peachum	Lena Maitland
Polly Peachum	Sylvia Nelis
Lucy Lockit	Dora Roselli
Jenny Diver	Nonny Lock
Diana Trapes	Edith Bartlett

THE discriminating person who goes to see and hear "The Beggar's Opera," without knowing before hand anything about it except that it is a revival of an old play, will get a good evening's entertainment; while the one who goes with full knowledge of its history is in for some rare pleasure.

The amazing thing about it all is that the story, even though told in language that has been somewhat modified to suit sensitive modern taste, should be almost as pointed in its satire on things of today, as when it was written two centuries ago; and that the music, skilfully treated and arranged by Mr. Frederic Austin, should retain for the modern ear all the spontaneity, charm and vital beauty that it ever possessed.

It is an achievement distinctly worth while on the part of Mr. Arthur Hopkins to have brought

over the English company that has been playing the piece in London for six months, thereby giving New Yorkers of today the chance to enjoy a celebrated classic for the great intrinsic merit which it contains.

The company of players contains no stars, but each member is adequate to his or her part, and in some cases, the work is of superior excellence. Sylvia Nelis in the part of Polly is a delight to the eye, and her singing, the best of any in the company, is a charm to the ear. Her voice, not large, but sweet and clear is well suited to the best rendition of the music.

Lena Maitland gives a delicious performance of Mrs. Peachum, and looks as if she had stepped out of one of the old pictures giving scenes from the opera. She is ably seconded by Arthur Wynn as Peachum, and their talks over Polly's affairs are very funny.

Macheath is played with any amount of humor and sang-froid by Percy Heming, who sings his music with discretion, if not always with the best tonal results.

The other members contribute to a satisfactory ensemble, and there are some splendid choruses, sung in a manner which would put to shame any chorus in any musical comedy now extant on Broadway or its environs. There is a small, but efficient, orchestra, well-conducted by Mr. John Mundy; and the settings, extremely simple though they are, are sufficient in identifying the scenes of the play.

LYRIC. "Her Family Tree." Fantastic play in two acts. Lyrics and music by Seymour Simons. Book by Al Weeks and "Bugs" Baer. Produced Dec. 27 with these principals:

Nora Bayes	Julius Tannen
Al. Roberts	Frank Morgan
Florence Morrison	Una Fleming
Thelma Carlton	Alan Edwards
Jerome Bruner	Tom Bryan
Randall Sisters	Donald Sawyer
Margarite Daniels	Henriette Wilson

NORA Bayes is entertaining a crowd of her friends at a party on the roof of her Riverside Drive home, and the talk happens to light on the subject of pasts. Not, however, the near pasts of the present existence, but the farther removed periods of by-gone ages and previous incarnations. "Ouija" is consulted as to how to learn the truth about these things and recommends a visit to Scrya, a seeress who lives "around the corner." Julius Tannen, one of the guests, taking the matter seriously, decides to visit the crystal-gazer and find out who Nora and his other friends were and what they did in their former visits to earth. What he learns during his visit forms the basis of "Her Family Tree," a fantastic play with music in which Miss Bayes has come to the Lyric Theatre.

It is an elaborate affair in two acts and eleven scenes, rich in opportunities for Miss Bayes and her friends, of which they are not slow to take advantage. There is a scene of broad burlesque in the redwoods of California, which is good fun, and another in the courtyard of a medieval castle in the days when Knights were busy, which runs it a close second; there are others, as that in the Georgian garden in England, where the mood is serious verges on the tragic—and where Miss Bayes scores in an entirely different class of work from what one is accustomed to in her.

Taken altogether, it is a lavish entertainment, too lavish in amount. The scenes are beautiful, the costumes rich, appropriate, and always well within the limits of fine taste. The fun is clean, but in some cases, as for instance, Mr. Tannen's monologues, it palls on the taste, like too much caviar. Notably good work is done by a number of the principals, including Al Roberts, Frank Morgan, Alan Edwards and Florence Morrison; while Tom Bryan, Una Fleming and some others offer some charming dances.

The mainspring of the whole show is, of course, Nora Bayes, herself. She is a host and we like her much, excepting only when she takes the roof off her voice as in the song, *Why Worry*. She is infinitely more to our taste in her singing of *Where Tomorrows Begin*.

BELMONT. "Miss Lulu Bett." Comedy in three acts by Zona Gale. Produced Dec. 27 with this cast:

Monona Deacon	Lois Shore
Dwight Deacon	William E. Holden
Ina Deacon	Catherine Calhoun Doucet
Lulu Bett	Carroll McComas
Bobby Larkin	Jack Bohn
Mrs. Bett	Louise Closser Hale
Diana Deacon	Beth Varden
Neil Cornish	Willard Robertson
Ninian Deacon	Brigham Royce

THE principal weakness of Zona Gale's dramatization of her own novel, "Miss Lulu Bett," is that it is undramatic. There is a threadbare story, which in the book, probably was effective with the class of readers that enjoys homespun fiction. But that is not the class which patronizes in large numbers the theatre wherein you see and hear living actors. As a rule, it prefers the "movies."

So, Lulu Bett, the drudge, who is accidentally married to a man by an old stage trick hardly worthy of a serious play, becomes inexpressibly tiresome before the end, while the daily life of an uninteresting family, round which revolves most of the action, hardly offers an excuse for the two acts in which we see them. The third act is negligible.

For the benefit of those who may not have read the novel, let it be stated that, a month after marriage, Lulu learns that her husband has been married before, and also that the first wife is not dead. So she comes back to be the slavey in her brother-in-law's home—until she cannot stand it any longer. Then she listens to the wooing of Neil Cornish, a struggling music store keeper, but eventually is reunited to her husband.

An excellent cast and a particularly good setting of the second act—the porch of the Deacon's home in a country town, with real clapboards—redeem the general ineptitude of this "comedy of manners," as the program calls it. Carroll McComas is effective as Lulu, although one wishes she were not so insistently a "boob," and, of course, Louise Closser Hale contributes a gem to the setting with her rendering of the grandmother, Mrs. Bett. The one spontaneous laugh on the opening night came when she placed her finger on the back of the priggish, selfish Dwight Deacon—well done by William E. Holden—and spat out "Cockroach!"

The best work, however, is done by Lois Shore, as the seven-year-old Monona. Without any of the precocious offensiveness of the average child actress, this little girl is the most natural *enfant terrible* seen behind the footlights for years.

(*Continued on page* 222)

CARROLL McCOMAS IN "MISS LULU BETT," AT THE BELMONT

Carroll McComas, so often seen as pretty heroines, beautifully gowned, demonstrates in this piece that she can be equally effective in less decorative rôles. As Lulu, the household drudge of a commonplace family, she is a bright spot in a rather dull play.



A. P. Kaye — Grant Mitchell (back centre) — Arthur Elliott — White

SCENE IN "THE CHAMPION" AT THE LONGACRE THEATRE.

Farcical comedy of the returning prodigal, which brings Grant Mitchell back to Broadway. Although a sedate and horrified father does not slay the fatted calf for his prize fighting son, the Champion does not return to his English home town unwelcomed. The Mayor, himself, greets him, and a committee of prominent citizens leads him off to a banquet in his honor, while his amazed family can only gasp.



Fairchild

"TRANSPLANTING JEAN"—WITTY FRENCH COMEDY AT THE CORT.

When a philandering bachelor, suddenly decides to reform and settle down as the protecting father of his unrecognized son, many amusing things can happen. As an expert in love, he can try to straighten out his son's love affair, only, himself, to become considerably tangled up. All this happens in "Transplanting Jean."



Richard Barbee — Arthur Byron — Margaret Lawrence

LAUGHTER IN ENGLISH, FRENCH AND AMERICAN PLAYS

SYNTHETIC DRAMA NEW ART OF THE STAGE

Music, art and literature combined in a rythmic whole

By WALTER A. LOWENBERG

ONE of the most unique and interesting developments of the modern theatre is the work of Maxwell Armfield, the well-known English designer and painter, and his talented wife, Constance Smedley, who have evolved an entirely new form of drama.

For the last twelve years, Mr. and Mrs. Armfield have presented in England and America, before the most unlettered audiences as well as the most sophisticated and cultured, a series of synthetic plays which combine the motion of the continuous dance with the music of words and definite color progression, all having their own distinct parts in completing the rythmic whole. "Synthetic drama," they call it because they combine music, art, and literature into a harmonious unit, each expressing the unfolding idea with equal effectiveness.

After appearing at various colleges and universities throughout the country, Mr. and Mrs. Armfield completed a course of lectures at Columbia University. They also gave an exhibit at the Macdowell Galleries in Fifty-fifth Street, and their rythmic production of "A Winter's Tale," tinged with the spirit of Greek drama in its use of elevated stages, of colorful costumes and the insistence on rhythm in word and music, was recently seen on Broadway at special matinée performances at the Little Theatre.

What is this new art? Of their ambitious work, "Miriam," a five-act drama, written for the synthetic method and produced at the Greek Theatre of the University of California at Berkeley, recently, with Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, the *Daily Californian* says:

"'Miriam, Sister of Moses,' was more than a 'drama.' Its elements of music, color, pageantry, sensuous grace, and awesome austerity counted for too much in themselves. 'Miriam' is a sacrament, an act of religion: it is also a work of art of breathless beauty: it is music, sweetly mingling the mental and emotional with the spiritual: it is blazing color astounding the eye until even black and white come crashing upon the senses like a revelation in the thunder and in the lightning, and over all rolls the mighty, sonorous voice of the Pentateuch.

"Mr. and Mrs. Armfield, the dramatists, made wonderful use of the mighty lines of Exodus, and the action moves steadily, powerfully, and, indeed, with all its majesty, rapidly, to the inescapable and adequate culmination of real tragedy. For the play is, in the highest sense, a great tragedy, but the miracle was accomplished of giving to tragedy, without cheapening it, the "happy ending" which the modern mind most indubitably demands, and which the tragedian is almost always unable to compass without prostituting his art . . . .

"The decoration reaches a climax intellectually in the bold conception of the tabernacle, but the use of pure color goes on to the end."



Symbolistic costume designed by Maxwell Armfield for Hermione in "A Winter's Tale." The squares on the gown show the formality of the court as opposed to the pastoral scenes.

This tremendous work will be seen in New York some time next season. Negotiations looking to making the production at a Broadway theatre are now pending.

The method followed by the Armfields is very simple. They take a play based on an old French Troubadour *chanson-de-geste*, for example, which needs to be presented attractively to win appreciation, and by working it into a rhythmic whole, with every movement, word and color simplified to fit into a balanced form, give the production a charm which is quite distinct.

"We select the speaking voices as one would singers," said Mr. Armfield, "with soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass, so that they are modulated and delightful to the ear. When the action throughout the play is rapid we bring out contrast by finding one character whose movements create a definite pool of slowness about him.

"What distinguishes the work of the Synthetic artist from that of others is that in his case, each movement, sound or color on the stage is playing a definite and individual part in the expression of the subject. Nothing is redundant, nothing is irrelevant, nothing is an end in itself. Red, for instance, is not in a costume because the author likes red, but because red is a part of his tool chest and says something at some point in the drama which cannot be conveyed to the audience by a note of music or a side-long glance of the eye,

"The blond young lady wears blue, not because it suits her, but because blue is necessary to the author, and if he does not require blond hair, her 'crowning glory' must submit to a wig. Nothing, in fact, is either good nor bad, but the thinking of the author makes it so.

"In our conception of study the student does not attempt the expression of emotion until he has thoroughly analysed and understood it. The synthetic dramatist or producer arranges his material so that when accurately performed the emotion is automatically aroused in the audience. If he is a master craftsman he will not leave so important a matter to the chance ability of the actor.

"There ceases to be any 'natural movement,' in any case a ridiculous term. A movement is either relevant or not. Whilst art sometimes aims at giving an impression of nature, art itself is always and necessarily artificial, or it would not be itself, but life.

"Miss Dorothy Johnston, who gives a synthetic interpretation of my recital, 'The Eastern Gate,' has been traveling with it through the West. It is the first synthetic recital presented in this country. The visual appeal and the audible appeal, in speech, music and song, instrumentation and composition, prose and verse, are all on a unified basis, and the color sequences, the background, and the underlying ideas are also unified. I predict that the day will come when the enobling ideas, the mental attitude to life of the synthetic dramatist will be found to be the determining factor in the production of satisfying, worthwhile art."



Typical synthetic setting for "Miriam, Sister of Moses," a synthetic drama written by Maxwell Armfield and produced recently at the University of California, with Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn. This work will be seen in New York next season



Katherine Parr and her ladies in Pre-Elizabethan costumes designed by Maxwell Armfield for his synthetic play, "The King's Progress."



MIRIAM, Sister of Moses, is seen here in her synthetic costume designed by Maxwell Armfield. The robe, full of Hebrew symbolism, is purple, indicative of royal descent, with scarlet purification flames and white spirals, suggestive of the sacred dance. The Israelites are seen coming up from the Red Sea. Miriam prophesies the defeat of the Egyptians. Troubles in camp, however, begin. Miriam, infuriated at the disobedience of Israel's leaders, herself assembles the women and children, and at their head revives all with her dance, and leads them out into the wilderness

SYNTHETIC DRAMA—A SPECTACLE OF MUSIC, COLOR AND PAGEANTRY

THE COME-BACK OF THE MALE STAR

Actresses have long held the center of the stage, but men are now in favor

By HELEN TEN BROECK

IT is always interesting to know how closely Art, smiling and beautiful, is related to Science, the cold-eyed and calm. At the present moment, while astronomers are announcing newly measured orbits and newly computed dimensions for the greater planets, those lovers of art who search the theatric skies, and study the constellations of the stage are discovering new arrangements, new adjustments of the stars whose brilliance glows in the dramatic firmament. The question of sex looms large to-day in the discussions of that breath-taking Betelgeuse long listed as a *star* under the feminine sign like Venus, and the chaste Luna, and in the theatrical heavens a significant sex adjustment also challenges attention.

Indisputably, the golden age of our stage was that period to which our parents and grandparents look back with fond recollection —that Victorian time of the '70's and '80's when Edwin Forrest, the elder Booths, E. L. Davenport, Wallack and a half hundred other male stars lit the dramatic heavens with their genius, almost to the exclusion of the feminine star, although Charlotte Cushman, Fanny Davenport and the light hearted Lotta were in their zenith. Belasco effects, futurist scenery, and Bakst eccentricities of color and form were lacking in those days, but what the great Siddons called "bare boards and a passion" carried our grandparents into dazzling fields of fancy when these great stars cast the spell of their art over the flickering, gas-lit stage.

SURELY the dramatic heavens were "throbbing and panting with stars," mostly males, when Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Lester Wallack, Frank Mayo, W. J. Florence, John T. Raymond, John McCullough, Stuart Robson, Richard Mansfield, W. H. Crane (now almost sole survivor of the grand galaxy), Nat C. Goodwin, Joseph Jefferson, James O'Neill and their glorious brothers were writing their names in star-fire across the sky. And then appeared upon the horizon a cloud—to drop the starry metaphor —the size and the shape of a woman's hand.

A new tradition of the drama was constructed with the actress to guard it — the actress to carry it on. One need not discount the work of our inimitable John Drew, of William Gillette, of Francis Wilson, of De Wolf Hopper, of William Hodge, of Leo Ditrichstein, of Dustin Farnum, of William Faversham, of E. H. Sothern, or any of our stars of the day that bridged this yesterday, with the present now, to say that the greater glory of the stage belonged to sister stars. A public taste that has permitted the absence from the footlights of several of these stars for entire seasons, that has compelled our most gifted and scholarly Sothern to depend upon the charm of Virginia Harned, the popularity of Julia Marlowe as twin stars to strengthen his hold upon the public heart—such a public taste is not without its significance. David Warfield, to be sure, George M. Cohan, Fred Stone and Raymond Hitchcock have been sure of a welcome year after year, but the list of men whose names have glowed in letters of light above the doors of our playhouses is a short one in comparison with the list of women stars.

What man has contributed, within the memory of todays theatregoer, such breathtaking moments to the stage as Mrs. Fiske in "Tess"? As Leslie Carter in that unforgettable moment when the tumbril bore her to execution in "DuBarry"? As Blanche Bates in her poignant climaxes in "The Darling of the Gods"? As Margaret Anglin who challenged even Henry Miller's gripping art in "The Great Divide" and "The Only Way"?

WHAT actor has filled a niche like that of Maude Adams? What actor—until the sweep of the stars brought John Barrymore into his own, has given us moments like that heart-suspending instant of awe in "Mid Channel," that first set Ethel Barrymore securely among the stars? What comedian has touched the gay pipes of Pan to such tones of mirth as our own May Irwin? Our own Elsie Janis? Our own roguish Billie Burke? Our Ina Claire? Our Blanche Ring? Where shall we match the glow of Grace George's provocative art, the all-intriguing charm of Laurette Taylor, the lambent lustre of Frances Starr's bright ray, the art of Rose Coghlan, of Amelia Bingham? Who is a star if Helen Ware isn't or Lenore Ulric, or Marie Doro, or Irene Fenwick, or Margaret Wycherly or Jane Cowl? Who can forget the glow of Viola Allen's art or Mary Mannering's, or gentle Annie Russell's, Edna May's, or Fay Templeton's? Extend the feminine catalogue through a hundred shining names—it is still unexhausted.

But search the sky to-day! Betelgeuse has assumed his rightful place in the higher celestial ethers and lo! A shadow the size and shape of a man's hand—a MAN'S hand, now appears in the dramatic heaven, and the star masculine rises effulgently into his own again.

DAVID WARFIELD, whose gleam has never wavered nor suffered eclipse, and Frank Bacon started the star shower with record breaking runs. Mr. Bacon—lovable old "Lightnin'," having achieved the impossible and started on a third year in one theatre in an unbroken New York engagement. Managers were quick to read the message and other male stars swung into view, stars newly discovered, or stars who had suffered like Francis Wilson, Holbrook Blinn, Arnold Daly and De Wolf Hopper a temporary and regretted eclipse. To be sure the brightest of the younger star actors, John Barrymore, has not yet taken his place in the constellation, nor is John Drew glowing in mid-heaven. Neither has William Gillette arisen on the immediate horizon, but the number of masculine stars charted upon the bright arch of the dramatic sky suggests a challenge by Mercury and Jupiter, by glowing Mars and tragically darkling Saturn, to Venus and her hundred sisters. Count the feminine stars at present on view in New York: Mrs. Fiske, and Ruth Chatterton, Mitzi, Margaret Anglin, Madge Kennedy, Nora Bayes, Gilda Varesi and Marilynn Miller, new luminaries glowing with fine radiance in well won orbits, Helen Ware and Florence Reed, Patricia Collinge and Helen Hayes. Against this list place the names of William Faversham, George M. Cohan, who is like no other star in unique glory, George Herbert, Frank Craven, Raymond Hitchcock, the always effulgent Fred Stone, Grant Mitchell, the temperamental Ben Ami, Roland Young, Fritz Lieber shining in the Shakesperian orbit, Lionel Atwill, Joseph Schildkraut, Holbrook Blinn, Arnold Daly, Henry Hull, Leo Ditrichstein, George Arliss, William Hodge, Frank Tinney, Arthur Byron, Maclyn Arbuckle, Leon Errol, Robert Warwick, Francis Wilson, De Wolf Hopper, Willie and Eugene Howard with E. H. Sothern, William Gillette and Al Jolson awaiting their hour to rise and again shine on Broadway.

The come-back of the male star so long in eclipse is startling. It must have a reason. Let's question Lee Shubert, who is supposed to swing a powerful lens athwart the dramatic sky.

THIS is the 'open season' for male stars," said Mr. Shubert, caught in his theatrical observatory for a moment, "because the public is tired at last of the drama that exploits only the feminine idea. Macbeth has nudged Lady Beth off the scene, and the problems of 'The Master Builder' have supplanted those of Hedda Gabler and Nora. I am presenting at the present time no less than eleven male stars as against four of recent seasons. This does not indicate that feminine stars have lost their appeal—far from it. But it does show a decided shifting of public interest to a new point of view."

The searching eye of Arthur Hopkins early descried the pale dawn of the masculine star. It was Mr. Hopkins who charted the orbit of John Barrymore as a Shakesperian luminary and gave Lionel of that bright ilk a place in mid-heaven.

"Why the male star just now?" I asked Mr. Hopkins. The manager waved his arm in a wide gesture. "There's an astronomical tradition that managers create these luminaries of the drama," he said, "or that they spring out of the (*Continued on page* 210)

MOTION PICTURE SECTION



THE OVERWHELMING CLIMAX OF THAT AMAZING FILM, "PASSION"

This remarkable picture came to Broadway via Germany and broke all records in the Capitol Theatre. We see DuBarry struggling with her captors in her last moments before being executed on the guillotine



POLA NEGRI

This actress who plays DuBarry in "Passion" is the perfect type of the pretty provincial child of destiny with a face "astonished at everything" as portrayed by Leon Gozlan

LOVE AND REVOLUTION IN HISTORIC PHOTOPLAY

WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

By ALISON SMITH

MOST months in the screen year jog contentedly along without any spectacular triumphs or conspicuously disastrous failures. Occasionaly, however, a date will occur on the calendar which deserves to be illumined in the gayest and most festive red letters. This happens to be one of those flaming months and the picture which sets it apart was sent to us from overseas under the hectic title of, "Passion."

The name has been criticised as a mere box-office lure; "it is not a sex play," these critics insist, "why, then, should it have such a title?"

As a matter of fact, there is no reason why "Passion" should have such a connotation. Its meaning is by no means confined to an erotic sense. In our opinion, it fits the film perfectly. It is the story of the little milliner once known as Jeanne Vaubernier and of the glory that was the Comtesse DuBarry and the grandeur that was Louis XV—before the deluge. Its theme omits none of the seven deadly passions including avarice, jealousy, pride, mounting hatred and finally (but by no means incidentally), the way of a King with a milliner.

IT is a German film with many of the scenes taken in the Potsdam Palace, according to a persistent rumor. It was directed by Emil Subitch. A most interesting contrast is offered in this obviously foreign direction so different from our own. It has given a wider sweep to the story, made it more ruthless, less *intime* than the similar theme done by our directors. The cast is as nearly perfect as anything can be in this vale of imperfections. It is headed by Pola Negri, who is a perfect type of the legendary DuBarry. She is all we have imagined of the pretty provincial child of destiny with a face "astonished at everything," as portrayed by Leon Gozlan. Her dominance of the screen, however, is through the importance of her rôle and not through any marked superiority over the other players. For they are all amazingly real, from the greedy, fatuous King, himself, to the little page who held the train of the enthroned DuBarry.

ALMOST any other picture appearing close to this release, has something of the nature of an anti-climax. There is, however, one other film which had the benefit of fully as much advertising as "Passion" and excited almost as much comment in favor and condemnation. This was the new production of William DeMille called, "Midsummer Madness." It is a most elaborate production, thickly encrusted with jewels, fine feathers and sparkling movie repartee, a dazzling version of the eternal triangle. For it has the fatally persistant theme of the man who elopes with his best friend's wife, to the confusion and disarrangement of his own household. In its development, Mr. William DeMille has adopted the general style of his brother, Cecil, which means, of course, that the film is nothing if not lavish. In his work he had the assistance of a most unusual cast which included Conrad Nagel, Lila Lee and Jack Holt.

THE Girl With the Jazz Heart," which brings Madge Kennedy back to the screen after several months of absence, is all its name implies. It is mostly jazz but such clever and invigorating jazz that your ears are not assailed by it as in the cruder forms of syncopation. Moreover, it gives us Madge Kennedy in a dual rôle, and if one character played by this ingratiating young actress is good, two are just that much better.

She plays a young Quaker maiden with a "thee and thou" manner and also a gum-chewing, ragging telephone operator who changes places with her in order to capture a young oil-king and his fortune. Of course, the oil-king prefers the pretty Puritan and the goddess of the switch-board contents herself with a dancing partner, who, in her own words, is "nearer her speed." It is not a strikingly original theme, but it has been developed in a manner that is new enough to be refreshing. There is real characterization in the drawing of the two girls, especially in their speech as represented by the very snappy sub-titles. And, there is always Madge Kennedy, who is a joy to watch in every rôle and situation. It is interesting to record that while she was playing these two rôles on the screen, she was appearing at the Astor Theatre also as two different women, making a record-breaking total of four personalities at once.

ANOTHER amusing and swiftly moving comedy has been made from the cheerful tale of "The Charm School." Alice Duer Miller, who is responsible for the plot, must understand charm perfectly, for she has given us an idea in which that elusive quality has survived through pages of fiction, a stage drama and finally a screen version in five reels.

Wallace Reid is the hero. If a film fan were to be asked off-hand what star he would select as the too handsome principal of a girl's boarding school, the name of this reliable matinée idol would spring into his mind automatically. Probably, you have read the story or perhaps you saw it on the stage; at any rate, the story is too well-known to bear repetition. The main situation is the dilemma of an arrow-collar type of young American who suddenly finds that a select seminary of young ladies has been willed to him by an aunt with a taste for irony. The sentimental complications which develop are inevitable especially with the impressionable girls who insist on taking literally the admonitions to love their teacher. The greatest difficulty of all comes in the teacher's own susceptibility; he succumbs to the huge brown eyes of the naughtiest pupil and the experiment in pedagogy ends in an old-fashioned matrimonial fade-out.

ONE of the most interesting films of the month is remarkable less because of its own merits than because it is peculiarly a story of a woman's character written and directed by a woman. "Too Please One Woman" is almost entirely the work of Lois Weber, the most prominent woman director in the field. With this advantage on her side, her deductions may be received with more tolerance than if a man had made them. Her story is the study of an "unchastened woman" who has gone through life with a blissful belief that no man (especially no husband) has rights which she is bound to respect.

During her brief sojourn in a country village, she brings unlimited suffering to all who meet her, especially to the blonde ingenue and it is only a bolt from the blue that saves her victims and restores them to a happy final scene.

The piece is quite obviously old-fashioned marital melodrama but it has scenes of great skill and originality in development. Mrs. Weber's picture of a school picnic, for instance, is one of the most spontaneous and colorful episodes we have seen on the screen. Her work with the actors is also as restrained as her somewhat hectic plot will permit. They are for the most part adequate players, especially the sinuous enchantress, with the cryptic name of "Mona Lisa."



MAE MURRAY IN
"THE GILDED LILY"

When the action of a picture lags, Mae Murray does not have to fight for time—she dances. Here we see her posed before a vase of wisteria although her picture is called "The Gilded Lily"



SCENE IN
"TO PLEASE ONE
WOMAN"

One woman's idea of how another woman would beguile a man. This picture shows Mona Lisa, the vampire, plying her fatal arts on the young doctor

NEW SHADOWS ON THE SILVER SCREEN



SCENE IN "MIDSUMER MADNESS," A NEW DE MILLE PICTURE

A crisis in the matrimonial tangle. Conrad Nagel, the blonde villain, is just beginning to feel remorse at eloping with his best friend's wife



Photo Hoover Art Co.

WALLACE REID

The only male star we know who can wear a sport shirt and get away with it. Note the quizzical eyebrows! They take the curse off the soft collar. Mr. Reid is preparing to make up for "The Charm School"



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM IN "THE SIN THAT WAS HIS"

A poignant story of crime and repentance. Mr. Faversham is here shown standing beside the prostrate figure of the priest whose identity he has stolen. The keynote of the story is in the crucifix above the bed

DRAMA AND DOMESTIC TANGLE IN NEW PICTURES

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Objection has been made in many quarters to the term "amateur," as indicating crudity, but, applied to this Department, it deals with the dilletante of the stage—art lovers, as distinguished from commercial producers

By M. E. KEHOE

Two distinct types of college plays, in which the Princeton Triangle Club's all-amateur-effort, "They Never Come Back," and the Williams College Dramatic Club's artistic revival of "Beau Stratagem," bring new laurels to both institutions

THE WILLIAM'S COLLEGE DRAMATIC CLUB

ONE of the oldest and most notable organizations devoted to the presentation of dramatic art in its many phases is "Cap & Bells," The Williams College Dramatic Club.

This club was organized in 1872 and from humble beginnings has become a factor of importance in college dramatics.

Throughout its long and varied career of 48 years "Cap & Bells" has presented plays representing the gamut of dramatic literature and theatrical effectiveness.

Its beginning was modest. The usual one-act farce or comedietta followed at intervals with more pretentious offering was primarily for home consumption. Happily such humble beginnings met the approval of a responsive and appreciative faculty and in due time more ambitious and worthier plays were presented.

An equally interested and generous alumni paved the way for modest tours to nearby cities and towns. These adventuresome and interesting trips were productive of renewed effort and marked enthusiasm insomuch as a special department was organized for the building and construction of scenery and the employment, by competition, of student artists for the painting thereof.

In the staging of the plays, in the earlier years of "Cap & Bells," the accomplishment was made entirely through student effort and supervision by the faculty. When the vacation tours became standardized and a keener and more subtle choice of plays developed it was found necessary and expedient to call for the services of professional coaches. Under their careful direction and tuition the odium of amateurism—the bugbear of the stage was alienated.

THE English Department was not slow in recognizing so worthy an organization and its coöperation was spontaneous, for in many instances a worthy play which has passed comment and muster in the class-room was given vitality and dramatic effectiveness as presented by "Cap & Bells."

The result of the semi-annual tours of the club to all the large cities of the East met with artistic as well as financial success, and in a few years a reserve fund was created which enabled the organization to delve freely into more ambitious and worthier projects.

At this stage the Trustees of Williams College, keenly alive to the growing importance of the Drama and its exposition by "Cap & Bells," voted annually a sum of money for the presentation of a play which met the approval of the English Department, to be presented yearly on Decoration Day and as a part of the Commencement exercises in June.

Successively many classical dramas, interspersed with standard and modern offerings, were produced. In a long array of representative plays, "The Alchemist"; "Doctor Faustus"; "The School for Scandal"; "The Critic"; "The Jew of Malta"; a series of Irish plays and "Twelfth Night" were worthy examples.

The presentation of "Twelfth Night" was notably effective and met the heartiest commendation from the faculty, alumni and its audience. The excellence of this production was due largely to the efforts of Mr. Albert Lang, who made his initial appearance as coach for the Williams College Club. His long and varied experience on the legitimate stage as director of successful New York productions eminently fitted him as a master of his calling, and by his careful painstaking work "Cap & Bells" rose to a plane of dramatic effectiveness and worth enjoyed by few other college clubs.

THE present offering, "The Beaux Stratagem, first produced in London in 1707 is a noteworthy example of Mr. Lang's efforts. When first suggested by the English Department and later endorsed by "Cap & Bells" a glance at the play made doubtful the possibility of a successful revival. Of the Restoration period, when license of speech illy contrasts with our present-day sense of propriety, the Club hesitated at the tentative selection. But the keener sense of the faculty was not misplaced for, in the hands of Mr. Lang, the play was judiciously expurgated. Also, through a series of interpolations which came from the days of David Garrick and other notable representations, as well as innovations employed by the Old Park Theatre, New York, in 1841, the play took on a fresh lease of life.

Its ultimate presentation with the employment of a unique device in the way of scenery for its several scenes were hailed with delight by crowded houses on the club's recent Christmas trip.

The old play surcharged with a mass of "business" and movement—its characters dressed in the period of tiewig and square cut coat; of sword and buckler—has evoked unusual attention from many of the faculty of other universities and it has served to open up a mine of potential dramatic wealth in many other forgotten plays of the Restoration and later periods of English drama.

In short, many commendatory expressions of pleasure and delight received by the management and by the English Department of Williams College has promptly encouraged the Club to develop this rich field of old English plays and exploit more of the hidden treasures.

For wisely has that master mind declared, "The Play's the thing."

THE PRINCETON TRIANGLE CLUB

THE musical farce which is this year's offering of the Triangle Club of Princeton University is perhaps particularly interesting to followers of amateur theatricals because it is an all-amateur effort to the very nth degree. A number of shows have been produced in the past by this now venerable organization which laid well-founded claim to a noteworthy freedom from professionalism, but none which could boast as can this production of complete originality from start to finish.

That phrase "originality from start to finish" has been the motif which has guided every hand having a part in the preparation of "They Never Come Back," the name to which the 1920 show answers. Student monopoly has extended for the first time this year to the designing and actual construction of the scenery and the conception and execution of every lighting effect used, both of which departments have been handled not only creditably but with distinction, for there are several stage pictures to be seen in the show which are a real treat. Every appliance in use by the electricians and stage hands has been made by undergraduate hands.

While treating the matter of scenic investiture, a feature which has incidentally made one of the important contributions to the popularity of the piece, another rather uncommon characteristic of "They Never Come Back" deserves mention: the fact that everything seen on the stage is not only artistically effective but archeologically correct. The costumes of the Inca-warriors are authentic reproductions, the details of the great Indian shrine is authoritative in the same sense. And, although it is a mere musical comedy of which we are speaking, it has furnished opportunity to its producers for practical application of a great variety of branches of training, from the study of old Japanese prints inspiring the costumes used in a particular song, to simple instruction in how to use a sponge on a backdrop. Whether or not this consideration has made the show any more interesting to one-night stand audiences, it will, (*Continue on page* 216)

Community Dramatic Activities

By ETHEL ARMES

WHILE marionettes have delighted old world audiences these many years, few American communities have seriously considered this type of dramatics until quite lately. Now it is coming, and coming fast. People like it. Even High School boys and girls can make the puppets and give the plays.

The Recreational Department of the Boston School Committee has recently held a recreational school which included a demonstration of marionettes by Oliver Larkin of Harvard College and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Precise details of the making of the puppets were given by Mr. Larkin, for, as Tony Sarg says, "Puppets are just the same as children. They can't just born themselves any more than a child can. They have to have parents and Uncles and Aunts and all that." Tony Sarg, by the way, doubtless has a good deal to do with this renaissance of the marionettes. Mr. Larkin's little plays in Boston, with his workmanlike exposition of the mechanical end, were enthusiastically received. At the school, Miss Joy Higgins, head of the New England Department of Community Service Dramatics, explained and demonstrated spontaneous dramatics with pantomime. Pantomime, too, is only recently coming into its own in community dramatics.

* * *

THE recreation classes secured the gymnasium of the Boston Normal School for these demonstrations of amateur dramatics, which ran ten days to crowded houses. In addition to the presentations of the marionettes and to the exposition of the technique of pantomime, the subject of story play acting and of folk dancing were developed.

The faculty included persons of considerable note: Miss Priscilla Ordway, and Miss Elsie McElaney of Lincoln House; Miss Edna Grau of the Boston School of Physical Education; Mrs. Richard K. Conant, official representative in America of Cecil Sharpe; Mr. Larkin and Miss Higgins.

Recruits were brought to the school in large numbers by circulars that went to the stores, factories, churches, Sunday schools, fraternal organizations, industrial unions, women's clubs, and settlements, and by the newspaper publicity given the occasion. Many requests have been made for a repetition of the school. Other towns and cities are following the lead given in this instance by Boston.

* * *

AN exhibition at the MacDowell Gallery, New York, not long since, gave the public an opportunity to study without cost, methods of lighting, simple staging, costuming and grouping for a small stage. The exhibition, given under the auspices of Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Armfield also included a synthetic play demonstrating these points: A Persian idyll, "The Minstrel," by Mr. Armfield, presented by three people before decorated screens and black cloth with flat lighting, alternated with "The Aubade," a troubadour Dawn-song adapted from the twelfth century work, keeping the form, the rhyme, the setting, and using the chanting voice. This was designed to show different processes of light, as the action took place between midnight and dawn, and also the various dramatic uses of draperies.

* * *

THERE is keen enthusiasm in a community drama program in Zanesville, Ohio. A Girls' Dramatic Club has been organized, under the direction of Elizabeth B. Grimball, of Community Service, Inc., with twenty-one members from the student body of St. Thomas' School. They are already at work upon a play. Miss Sybil Burton, of the Woman's Club, has arranged a dramatic program for the Spring meeting of the organization, with the assistance of Mrs. Bailey, president of the Club, and several prominent club members. The Rev. Harry Block of the Presbyterian Church, is interested in the production of a series of plays for his adult dramatic club.

* * *

AS a result of a three weeks' institute held in Warren County, Ohio, a dramatic club was organized in each town, with officers elected for 1921. The officers constituted a committee on programs which met with Miss Maude Frances, dramatic director for Community Service, Inc., for discussion of materials, suggestions for producing plays, and sources from which plays might be procured.

* * *

A COMMUNITY interest in dramatics was largely responsible for the continuance this year of a charming custom in Sacramento, Cal., which would otherwise have been abandoned. A group of persons recently organized for activity along dramatic lines planned a Christmas pageant. Mrs. L. C. Hunter, chairman of the committee, recruited business men, artists, and persons generally representative, for the cast, so as to make the celebration as thoroughly communal as possible, and at the same time to give impetus and permanence to the budding drama move throughout the city.

The usual procedure at the time of the Christmas holidays has always been heretofore a public celebration held under the auspices of the Municipal government, the Chamber of Commerce and other organizations. This had been given up.

The little group of towns people thus interested in keeping alive the community spirit and enterprises, revived the idea, however. Their Christmas pageant representing the Nativity, was given in Capital Park. Old Christmas carols, hymns and anthems were sung by trained choruses. Mrs. Hunter was assisted by Miss Marjorie Day, of Community Service; Mrs. Alpha Johnson, Fred Links, Mrs. P. H. Hawley, Arthur S. Dudly, Mrs. Minnie O'Neil, Rev. Harvey Miller, Mrs. M. R. Beard, Howard McIntyre, Grace Tully, Mrs. Orin Whipple, George Si, supervisor of playgrounds, and Mrs. William Ellery Briggs.

* * *

AN organization just formed at Carnegie Hall, New York, is The Fitzgerald Dramatic Club. It has for its object the fostering of talent wherever found, with special emphasis along dramatic lines, and it is planning to give a series of plays. Samuel Kassewitz has been appointed director for the first play. A committee on costumes includes Mrs. C. C. Persons, Mrs. R. G. Shannonhouse, and Mrs. U. J. Bennet. The program committee is made up of Mrs. Nellie F. Moncrief, Miss Florence Willis and Miss Julia Prentiss; the music committee, of Miss Alberta McCloud, Miss Marjorie Owen, and Mrs. Jesse Grantham. Mrs. George W. Brown is president.

* * *

AMONG the numerous Pilgrim pageants inspired by the historical significance of 1920 was one given in Wabash, Indiana, under the auspices of the South Side Churches. The Friend's Church was chosen for the celebration, and was decorated with autumn leaves and ears of dried corn. Governor Bradford and Elder Brewster were there, and a throng of Indians headed by their chiefs, Massasoit and Squanto. The Indians looked on in wonder while the white men offered prayers. Speeches were then made by both. The pipe of peace was passed around, and a corn dance was performed by the Indian girls.

* * *

IN Kalamazoo, Michigan, there has been demonstrated this past winter an interest in dramatics so strong that neither wind nor weather could prove a detriment to its expression. A pageant had been arranged for outdoor presentation when to the dismay of those in charge, the appointed day brought with it a heavy snowstorm. It was decided to call off the "show." The participants, however, insisted that the program be carried out, and the bands, chorus and audience of several thousand were of the same mind. Nature's contribution was an exquisite carpet of ermine, and the steady fall of the snow flakes added a strange beauty to the scene which will not soon be forgotten.

Below: The comedy work of Lou Tilden, of Chicago, in the part of "Reginald," the precocious bell hop, entitles him to prominent mention—he has personality.





Above: L. Lloyd-Smith, of Boston, as "Adeline Roget"—Julian Eltinge had better look to his laurels!

The acting of F. T. Corbett, of New York, as Lady Doyle, was one of the outstanding hits in "They Never Come Back."





Photos by Orren Jack Turner

"They never come back"—is a misnomer at Princeton, because, they do come back—each year with a stronger play. The temple scene shown above, is a notable amateur achievement, all of the lighting and scenic effects having been designed and executed by members of the Triangle Club, the producers of "They Never Come Back."

THE PRINCETON TRIANGLE CLUB'S LATEST PLAY



Below: The part of Cherry, the Innkeeper's daughter was cleverly acted by H. W. Baxter, with N. Smith as the Innkeeper, in "Beau Stratagem."



Above: G. Zalles as Archer, and A. V. Youngman, who as the servant did some unusually good character work, in the revival of "Beau Stratagem."



A picturesque ensemble from the William's College revival of "Beau Stratagem," the cast being composed entirely of men—even to the very convincing grand dames!

A REVIVAL OF "BEAU STRATAGEM" AT WILLIAMS COLLEGE

The Programme of Fashion

By Pauline Morgan



F. E. Geisler

SALLY—

With the début of this enchanting musical comedy, comes Fashion. Usually a fickle dictator, she has decided emphatically on the tight little bodice and full skirt, the Princess lines, and the Directoire style for the spring season, and has introduced through the medium of a Ziegfeld production, the final decision in this all-important matter. The stately Dolores appears in the first act, gowned in a stunning brown velvet Directoire gown and hat made by Lucile. The habit draped skirt is very long, and the bodice with square neck edged with deep cream lace, shows a Medici collar of Kolinski. Of course the sleeves are long banded with fur and draped with lace. A loose panel at the back is caught in below the waistline, emphasizing the Directoire mode. The Russian influence is strong, and the much mooted question as to the entrance of Russian boots for street wear, promises to become a reality.

Evelyn Gosnell introduces smart fashions on and off the stage



Miss Gosnell has found a charming variation in a black net frock with a fruit motif of strawberries embroidered in long stems. These stems extend into the bodice which preclude any other trimming save the youthful fluffy sash of tulle

Specially posed photos by Ira Hill Studio



The newest wrap coat of the season—a Brandt model in dark blue satin delicately embroidered in henna and lined throughout with henna. An ultra smart feature is the straight back and front, with the fullness gathered in at the sides with ribbon streamers. Bell cuffs of black satin match the high collar with reversible side of monkey fur



As Mimi in the new farce "Ladies' Night," Miss Gosnell wears a canary yellow robe with a cascading ostrich feather of bright green at the side. It is made over the slimpsiest sort of a silk foundation, with a fragile scroll embroidery of pearls and spangles which hug the body in a lovely silhouette. Designed by Bonwit Teller's Dressmaking Department

Models from Bonwit Teller and Company

Photos from Ira Hill Studio







There is not a seam in this four pointed dancing frock of crepe de Chine in lovely shades of green. Chiffon makes the petticoat of picot edged bands, concealing the limbs, yet leaving them free for dancing. With this gown is worn green orchids and green feather-fan

Lucile designs for Miss Castle a little frock of citron colored marquisette, with a full drapery over an underdress embroidered in silver bowknots. The girdle of black maline has very long ends at one side, which serve as a train. This touch is a valuable suggestion



If you would boast the newest thing in millinery—be sure to have a little roll hat like Miss Castle's, and add a flirty bit of veiling over the eyes. Her chapeau is from Peggy Hoyt's, made of beige colored satin, embroidered in paisley design and color, and skirted with a gold eye veil

(Oval)

Black Canton Crepe made again in four points over a black petticoat of georgette. A square of Indian embroidery decorates the front of the blouse which is singularly like a shirt, hanging straight in front and blousing slightly at the back. It is a two piece frock

Through the

By PAULINE MORGAN



BLIND WIVES—

In this great modern society drama about to be produced on the screen, much interest centers about the gorgeous costuming which includes many of the newest and smartest ideas in fashion. The story is based on the famous stage success "My Lady's Dress," and the gowns are designed by no less a person than Lucile. The frocks and negligées are dreams of loveliness, and as the latter type of garment is of special interest at the moment, we have sketched two which may be effectively copied. The stage has introduced very persistently designs made on the lines of harem skirts and trousers, so we may be assured of the correctness of this style for every sort of gown. It seems a fitting style indeed for the robe intime, which is a name that means suitability for the drawing room as well as for the boudoir.

Lucile has used brocade for the daring negligée at the right—vermillion and gold brocade draped in harem effect and caught up in novel fashion from hem to bust. The wide girdle of gold cloth is edged with vermillion velvet and decorated with a spray of tiny French flowers. A slimpsy train of the brocade is directly at the back, edged with a piping of the velvet and fringed and buckled with gold. Entirely different is the robe with the becoming little coatee—made entirely of jade green and silver cloth and filigree.

THE MIRAGE—

One of the most beautifully costumed plays in New York, and Florence Reed blazes through the exciting drama in a whirl of frocks and negligées and wraps that held us spell bound! It was some consolation to know that while the veriest few of us could ever hope to achieve such an artistic dramatic success, at least we could imitate Miss Reed's style of hair-dressing, her unique jewels and accessories, and her manner of sitting at the piano. We mention this little variation of the subject, because it may be interesting to know that Miss Reed is an excellent pianist. Perhaps the negligées caused the loudest exclamations—the one in mauve chiffon with long Russian sleeves widely cuffed in chinchilla, which was repeated again at the hem of the long gown, and outlined the deep V neck to a very low waistline. Another in Oriental close fitting slip with voluminous paniered sleeves and long trailing train of emerald green chiffon! We have sketched an evening gown showing the low waistline with beaded and jeweled harness robe. The foundation is of flesh charmeuse with a fringed pearl tunic held over the shoulder with woven strands of pearls. The bodice is merely a bandeau of flesh colored charmeuse and tulle. With this is worn a long draped ermine wrap lined throughout with orange chiffon—the effect was startling and wonderful.

Florence Nash's frocks were adorable; one we have sketched as a smart spring model for afternoon wear. Black chiffon velvet in Eton effect with its little jacket, glimpsing a white satin facing. The short skirt is adjusted to the waist with wide organ pleats faced with the white and banded at the hem with the same effective treatment.



Opera Glass



AT THE SAVOY-LONDON—

Lenore Hughes who is dancing with Maurice at the Savoy in London, is decidedly chic and wears her frocks with great style and dash. In her recent visit back to America, she proved her loyalty by carrying triumphantly back to England, a wardrobe bulging with entrancing gowns and American-made boots and slippers. "What she wears" is evidently of great importance to Miss Hughes' admirers on the other side, because her dancing frocks in particular are very much copied by the fashionables. The shaggy skirt, one that floats about in graceful points or scollops with an irregular hem outline, emphasizes the delightful art of dancing and adds infinite charm to the silhouette.

The idea is illustrated in the sketch showing one of Miss Hughes' favorites. The underskirt and long bodice is of geranium colored chiffon with a very occasional narrow silver stripe. The skirt hangs in many overlapping points, with a Russian tunic of peach and mauve colored fringe swung from the left shoulder to the right hip. A large rosette of long fringe swings from the under right arm, introducing that effective new arrangement for concealing the underarm portion of the gown. The other little frock of black satin captures the eye at once—it is covered with black thread lace with an addition of black tulle ruffles at the sides which cascade below the hem of the skirt.



CORNERED—

'Twas a big night when Madge Kennedy appeared again on the speaking stage, and she certainly received an ovation! We had to go twice to see the play for we were so excited over the comedy drama that we failed to do justice to the fashions the first night. When Miss Kennedy isn't the homeless waif in the play, she is a wealthy young woman of fashion, and her frocks are all that a typical American girl's should be. Simply made one-piece frocks they are, girdled or sashed loosely about the normal waistline, and all of them showing a decided tendency to flirt more intimately with the ankle—in other words, Miss Kennedy wears her frocks longer than we are accustomed to seeing them. She showed a preference for soft grays and rose tones, and wore no jewels. Her hair crowns her head like a diadem of jewels anyhow—she has the most charming and characteristic style of coiffure!

The hair is parted in two long strands at the back and wound about her head like two bands of ribbon. One little gown of dove gray chiffon velvet made in one piece, had a perfectly plain bodice with a shallow neck, and was girdled with a long string belt. The skirt part bore the distinctive mark of smart style with row upon row of horizontal bands of gray crêpe de Chine beginning almost at the waistline and sloping gradually towards the back. The bands looked like ribbons and were about three inches deep. In the sketch, we are showing a simple bit of an evening gown and the wrap she wears with it. The wrap is of gray and gold Svn-Fa-Ni, a gorgeous silk fabric in metal effect, with a huge collar of tailless ermine. The dinner gown is of shell pink panne velvet girdled and sashed with satin and tulle, which balances the one-sided drapery.



WHERE RUBYE DE REMER MAKES HER HOME

A favored type of home for the artist is the duplex apartment, with its lofty and spacious studio room and its mezzanine floor for the bedrooms. Such an apartment is the choice of Miss Rubye De Remer, who has furnished it delightfully and makes a feature of her Sunday afternoons there. It was at her studio that M. Helleu pronounced Miss De Reme the beauty *sans pareil* of these United States.



Left: A close-up of the fireplace whose hand-carving was brought in sections from abroad, the chairs on either side being modern reproductions carved to match the original design of the mantelpiece. On the hearth are rare and shining old brasses, in search of which Miss De Remer is fond of scouring the East side.

Right: Another corner of the studio, showing the dark wood panelling, and a corner of an old tapestry that help to give the room its rich atmosphere.



The Home of the Player

FLORENCE REED'S PRICELESS COLLECTION OF CHINESE EMBROIDERIES AND ANTIQUES

All the charm and originality that is Florence Reed are reflected in her apartment in the upper fifties in New York, where she has surrounded herself with the exotic atmosphere of the East, in a unique collection of Chinese *objets d'art*—gorgeous embroideries, temple carvings and fascinating bits from the Orient. The jewel of Miss Reed's collection—a gift from her husband, Malcolm Williams—is a cigarette case, the covers of which are fashioned of the most delicate green jade, fastened with diamond studded platinum clasps.









Above: The entrance to the music room is flanked on both sides by carved, gilded Chinese lamps, and overhead may be seen an arch of wonderfully wrought temple carving, lacquered in orange on the reverse side, giving the effect of a glow, through the carving.

Right: One enters the hall through doors that are hung with heavily embroidered lustrous black satin curtains, one of them revealing a doorway in which a lattice of gilded temple carving has been fitted, bit by bit. It would be difficult to imagine a more fascinating and unusual hall than Miss Reed's.

Upper Right: On the wall above Miss Reed's black lacquered bed, a priceless embroidered frieze is stretched, showing the figures of the eleven Chinese philosophers with Confucius, and beneath it an exquisite piece of temple carving in gold, depicts in symbols an old Chinese legend.

Center Right: An interesting corner of the music room, showing a secret prayer strip on the wall, just in back of a fascinating Chinese floor lamp—and Miss Reed's interesting treatment of the window, where a curious antique Chinese dog stands guard on the sill.

CO-OPERATING WITH THE SILK WORM

By ANGELINA



COUSIN Nina sent us such a lovely box, last week, from Japan. She is going round the world, and had just reached Tokio. The box was wrapped amusingly in a crepey, Japanesey paper, and inside were kimonas for everyone including Father, and yards of silk for underthings for Mother and me . . . . Association of ideas—silk, lingérie, lingérie, silk—reminded me . . . . I hopped on a Fifth Avenue bus and went down to call on Mr. Van Raalte, to find out before anyone else what was new for spring in the way of silk lingérie and silk hosiery and silk gloves and silk veilings. (Yes, they're made of silk, too!)

* * *

I found out what I went to find out, but I'm afraid you're doomed to disappointment if you expect to learn about it from me here. For my brain was in a whirl . . . . too much beauty sightseeing had gone to my head. Vaguely I recalled that "veils with large, square meshes are to be the greater vogue." That there is no hard and fast preference at present for one type of "shimmie"—envelope, step-in, plain—over another. Each has its devotees. That stockings . . . . No, I can't remember the generalization about stockings. I do remember, though, that particular and adorable pair in brown . . . . "third from the end on the right." Anyway, mere word descriptions of the Van Raalte wares are frightfully unsatisfactory. The only thing to do is to step up to a counter and ask to see them.

* * *

However, out of the whirl of fancy emerged a fancy started by something Mr. Van Raalte had been telling me concerning the buying of the raw silk for his fabrics. It has engrossed me to the exclusion of everything else. If you've read H. G. Wells' "Outline of History" perhaps you may see how the fancy originated.

* * *

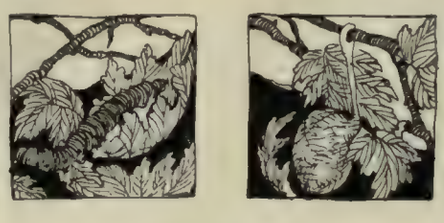
By way of preface and explanation . . . . it seems that this raw silk is bought from the importer in the form of skeins, which is the most convenient way of putting it up. Each strand of a skein is known as a single thread. Each thread is equal to about the diameter of a human hair. And yet each of these fine, tenuous, human-hair threads is actually made up from five to twelve other fibres taken from as many cocoons, (the cocoons are placed in a bowl of warm water and the fibres groped for by hand) each cocoon having been spun of a single continuous fibre running from the mouth of a silk worm. "The House that Jack built!" This is the worm that spun the fibre, that made the cocoon, that made the thread, that made the skein . . . . and so on . . . . Thus every pair of stockings and gloves, every undergarment, even every veil, has in it, literally, miles and miles of silk. That precious little silkworm is responsibe for it all. Did I hear you say, "Isn't Nature wonderful"? She does add a touch, sometimes, doesn't she?

And here is my fancy . . . . Since all this Van Raalte beauty goes back to the little silkworm as its "ultimate cause," and since the Van Raalte things are all so specially perfect, must there not be a very special kind of silkworm going into their make-up? I go on to imagine a special tribe or family of silkworms who would dedicate themselves and their descendants to this high calling, giving up their lives in order to create the most beautiful silk in the world, making of this a cult, a religion, like the Sumurai of old Japan.



Angelina opens a box from the Far East

Young silkworms of this class, instead of being brought up on the usual diet of mulberry leaves, would have a special kind of ambrosial mélange fed them, its secret carefully guarded from all outsiders. They would drink distilled dew for week-days and a specially prepared kind of *saké* for Sundays and holidays. They would have continually to go through special setting-up exercises to make them strong, so that when their appointed time came they might spin faster and longer than all other silkworms.



The silkworm that works for the Van Raalte House is fed on "special brew" that he may spin a finer and larger cocoon than other silkworm

When it came time for them to set up housekeeping their unions would be regulated by committee, with a view to reproducing more perfect little silkworms. Cruelly regulated, if necessary. For you might further fancy an insubordinate young male creature falling in love with another young female creature who had only fourteen feet. *Sixteen* is the regular, and eugenically correct number. But he would find this fourteen-footed damsel absolutely fascinating. She would be "so different from all the others." Love's young dream, however, must be shattered . . . . The police would find occasion to hurry sweet-fourteen off to a lonely tower under life sentence, or quietly drop her into the river. You couldn't afford to take chances on the possibilities of offspring with only fourteen feet. You couldn't tell what dire effect the loss of those two feet might have on the final quality of the silk. The young rebel would be commanded to accept a wife who had the full complement, or go without. The individual must be sacrificed for the good of the race. And what was a transitory happiness in comparison with the immortality of entering into the very warp and woof of the most beautiful silk in the world, of merging one's soul in the soul of a stocking, of veiling the features, and robing with beauty the limbs of the beauties of the great world.

* * *

And how, you ask, does the Van Raalte House discover this particular caste of silkworm? What special marking or symbol makes it known? Ah, my dear children, that is their secret! Sufficient for you that you reap the benefit of their eternal vigilance and wisdom whenever you wear their stockings, their gloves their veils, or their lingérie.



To obtain the first raw skeins of silk the cocoons are placed in a bowl of warm water and the fine loosened fibres groped for by hand

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Photo used by her special permission because she endorses and uses Hinds Cream

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The Programme of Fashion



Helen Hayes in "Bab" introduces some really new styles for the Junior Miss. We illustrate two gowns worn in the play which offer suggestions for the prospective new frock

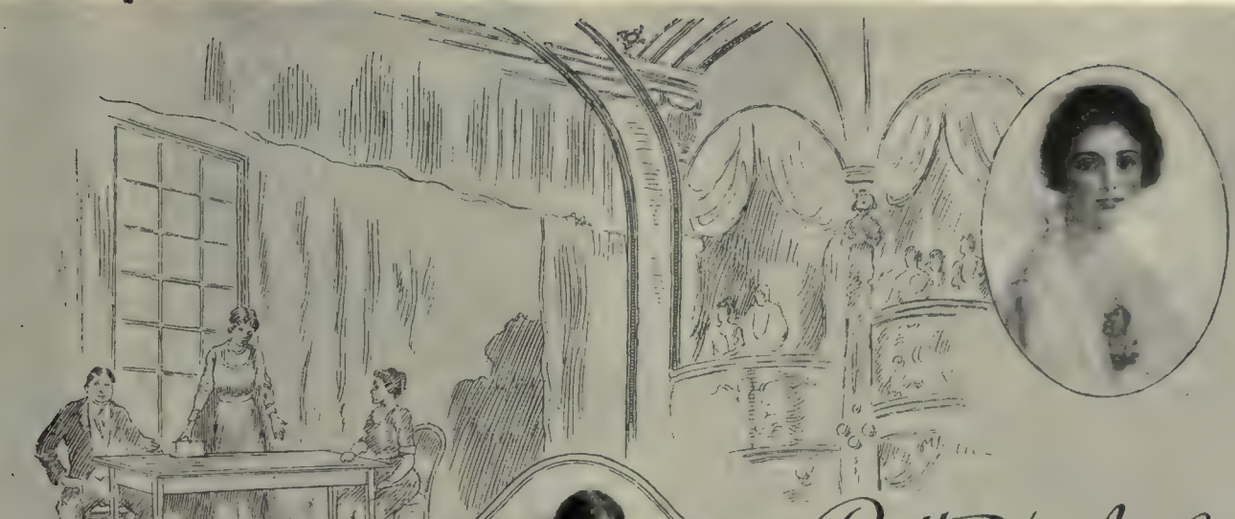
BAB—

This delightful comedy with Helen Hayes as the star, has moved on to other cities, and is made still more entrancing with the addition of new spring frocks by Betty Wales. The evening gown above is constructed entirely of flame and gray tulle with verigated panels overlaid in front and back, and finished with a fluted heading. A foundation skirt is made of flame chiffon with one overlay of the tulle at the sides, and silver lace forms the bodice. The distended skirt of tulle is an innovation in style, and one can secure almost any kind of silhouette with this idea in mind. It has remained for Betty Wales to anticipate this desire for something novel in an evening frock. When the panels are not adjusted to the foundation skirt at irregular intervals, floating sashes of bright color are tied rakishly at the side or back.

Taffeta of course will not be left out of the smart wardrobe of Matron or Miss, and this simple little Betty Wales Junior model worn by Miss Hayes boasts all the newest fashion features. It is of Copenhagen blue taffeta, with snug bodice, and long gathered overskirt made unique with rosette trimmings of taffeta



Campbell Studios



Betty Wales Junior Dresses and Helen Hayes as "BAB"

IN her portrayal of the title role in "Bab", Miss Helen Hayes, winsome creator of youthful stage types, wears only Betty Wales Junior Dresses. Choosing from a wealth of designs, Miss Hayes selected Betty Wales Junior Dresses as most fitly expressing both the charm and beauty of youth.

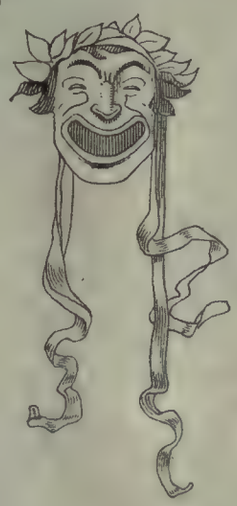
"Bab" is now on a tour of the principal American cities after a long and successful run in New York City.



Act 1



Act 4



ALL Betty Wales Junior Dresses embody the same high qualities of design, materials and workmanship that have made Betty Wales Dresses famous.

You can purchase exact duplicates of the dresses worn by Miss Hayes in "Bab" from your nearest Betty Wales dealer.



Act 2

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NOT only as jewelry, but as a lovely accessory to Dress, wear a necklace of Coro Pearls with your Easter frock.

—A *long* rope of Coro Pearls with semi-low cut or high collared gowns — to give long, slender lines.

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Write for the Art Portfolio of Coro Pearls showing the various Coro styles, lengths and clasps. Each Coro Necklace is guaranteed indestructible, insoluble, and to retain its lustre.

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The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

IF you're up in modern thought you know by this time that there is no such thing in life as mere coincidence . . . .

We amused ourselves over the dinner table one evening last month imagining inventions for which the world stood in crying need. Why, for instance, someone suggested, hadn't a piano rack for an upright piano been invented, from which the music didn't inevitably leap up and fall off when you tried to turn the leaves. Why wasn't there on the market, suggested someone else with a face over-addicted to shine, a vanity box with an electrical bell attachment that started ringing as soon as all the powder in it had run out, and kept on ringing until the box was filled again. Then you would never be thrust into the lovelorn condition of being out, miles from home, with a highly eligible young man, on whom you wished to make all sorts of an impression, of having no powder and a shiny nose.

By that time it was the end of dinner. We were making ready to depart, and vanity cases were out. As I observed the powder sifting down onto my frock and that of the other women, I offered as my contribution. Why can't someone invent a vanity box that keeps the powder from scattering over everything?

AS if in answer—I prefaced that there is no such thing as chance—there came to me through the mails, the very next day, a package. It was from a well-known concern, whose powder, though somewhat new to the market, is already firmly entrenched in feminine favor. And the package opened up revealed exactly the invention I had been wishing for—a powder box that did not scatter its contents when used.

The principle? Like so many other things, simple enough if you had only happened to think of it . . . . a compact of powder covered with a pourous gauze. When you apply the powder puff—really a powder chamois pad—that fits over the compact, the powder filters through the gauze and is taken up by the puff. This way just enough gets on for powdering, and there is no spilling over the sides of the box, nor down the front of your frock. Therefore no wasting of the powder either. And, as if enough had not been supplied in the invention alone, the box itself is enchanting. Just right size for carrying about—slender, and neither too small, nor too large—of some shiny gold metal with a raised design on the hinged cover, and its own mirror inside, all complete. Everyone who uses the case is going to be frightfully enthusiastic over it, I am sure.

I PICKED up from the table of Helen Hayes' dressing room, at the Park Theatre, one evening when she was playing in "Bab"—now on tour— an amusing looking pink taffeta object, round and flat, about the size of a small tea-plate.

"What?" I asked. "If it weren't covered with taffeta I should say it looked like a powder puff."

"Gaze more closely" said Miss Hayes. No sooner said than done.

It *was* a powder puff. Two rounds of lambs wool, their outsides covered in pink taffeta, had been sewn together with an opening left at the top, as if the affair were a little pocket. You turned it inside out, used your puff . . . . and presto! back again to form. Thus there was always a tidy and ornamental pink outside to face the world with. A lovely idea! You know how quickly a powder puff gets to appear dingy . . . . even a few usings can sometimes make it look weeks old.

I found from Miss Hayes where she got this puff. They come in a five-inch size, and are covered in both pink and blue taffeta.

(If you wish to know the name of the new Vanity Powder Box, and where the taffeta powder puffs can be bought, write the Vanity Box, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 *East 39th St., New York City).*



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IVORY PYRALIN has a lasting appeal. Its simple lines and delicate coloring are flawless. With intimate daily use women love their Pyralin more and more. The passing years bring no blemish to mar its beauty, only serving to deepen its rich, mellow lustre.

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And any garment you knit with Minerva will be admired by your friends, because of its richness of coloring, its lasting shapeliness, and its surprisingly long life.

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GEORGETTE LEBLANC

By Richard Graham

(Concluded from page 174)

work. For example, the *première* of a work does not interest me. It is the forming, the moulding and vivifying it through study and at rehearsals that I love."

Behold! An actress who loves rehearsals. There is, after all, something new beneath the sun.

MME. Leblanc has come to America to imbibe its youth, she says. It was a strange statement from one who seems abundantly alive, eternally young. *"Mais oui,"* she insisted. She wanted to do a great deal of work and to do that she must be far from Paris. Again surprise! Georgette Leblanc is a woman of many surprises. This second shock was occasioned by her exclamation: "I hate Paris!"

"You hate Paris?"

"Yes." She leaned toward me, gripping her silk clad knees with her long, white fingers. "Because it is like a woman who has been praised so much for her beauty that she neglects to preserve it. Like an actor who has been so applauded that he no longer studies his art. Like anyone who has become self-satisfied. Self-satisfaction is the end of growth. Paris is the spoiled city of the world. She has been praised too much. She will grow no more."

"There is belief among some optimists that New York will become the fashion center of the world."

"I would not be surprised if it did. There are evidences of it. I encounter them in my promenades. All your women are suitably dressed. Many of them exquisitely."

I WILL tell you another reason why I hate Paris. You and others who say, 'you surprise me,' do not know the real Paris. You visit it but you do not live there year after year. Paris is beautiful and suave on the surface." Her glance followed mine to the piano. "Yes, like that veneer. It is polished and beautiful but do not scratch it. It is too thin. I have come to America because Americans are sincere. Paris and Parisians are not sincere. It is difficult to do one's best work amidst a thousand insincerities."

SHE looked from the silk-draped window of the little drawing room to a high building facing Central Park. She raised her supple expressive arms to frame her face. "Aspiration!" she breathed.

Mme. Leblanc, while in America, will write her Book of Love, her memoirs, and will be seen in a photo-drama.

"I am greatly interested in the cinema," she said. "It is the broadest expression of art today."

"Some artists who have gone from the stage to the screen have complained that acting before a camera limits their expression. They say that doing their acting in three feet of space is like painting on a small canvas after being accustomed to larger ones."

"One should not concern himself with the means," Mme. Leblanc made sententious answer. "It is the result that matters. The end in photo-drama is a survey of the world. Life is shown at best in sections on the stage."

A manager has asked her to appear in a pantomime in vaudeville. The pantomime will recite wordlessly the story of her love of nearly two decades for the great mystic.

IN her own right, or perhaps through a habit of mind formed by her one time adorer, she has become a philosopher.

"The world's two great needs are inspiration and intuition," she said. "Had there been more of inspiration and intuition there would have been no world war."

"Will you become a citizen of America?" I asked.

Her face glowed with the new thought.

"Perhaps. I shall think of it. Europe is old and wise and has superior culture. But America transfers the blood of youth into the veins," was the answer of the only woman I have known, save Bernhardt, who seems ageless.



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"BEAUTY" SMITH

By Ada Patterson

(Continued from page 170)

wardly courageous, who had borne him company on the benches of waiting in the outer offices, knew him. Those who did looked as though they had seen a ghost. A former stage director, whom he dared to to stop on his way to the inner offices of Ray & Smollett, said: "'Beauty' Smith? You don't mean it. Certainly, I'll speak to the boss."

When he emerged, "Beauty" rose, faint with hunger and weariness. The man supported him to a chair.

"Yes, I spoke to them about a part for you. But they think you're not quite juvenile enough."

He sent in the most attractive of the fading photographs to the next manager. The photograph secured him admittance.

"What does this mean?" demanded the manager, scowling at him. "Is it a joke? Or are you a confidence man? Don't try to explain. I'm busy. Get out!"

An office boy whose offices he implored and into whose hands he had seen a crisp young vaudevillian press a banknote, said: 'There ain't no use announcing you. This show is for the young and good lookers and for comedians. You're too old."

HE expended a dollar of what was doled out to him on his weekly visits to the rooms of the Actors' Fund for hair dye. Perhaps the dye had outlived its usefulness. Perhaps he did not properly apply it. He appeared at the breakfast table with sparse looks that changed in the sunlight from purple to green. Whereat the young woman giggled and the children said, "Look, mother, at the funny man."

Thereafter "Beauty" Smith, whom no one longer called "Beauty," did jobbing with experimental companies. He was glad to pick up two or three weeks' work. But he was soon dismissed or the company's life was brief.

The truth is you're in tough luck, Smith," said the manager of one of the brief lived companies. "Your looks are gone. By rights, you ought to be a character actor. But you've never learned enough about acting to do character work."

Recalling what he had heard Wilton Lackaye say in that happy year when he could afford to be a Lamb, "All acting is character acting," "Beauty" asked:

"Don't you think, with a little coaching—"

"I'm afraid it's too late, old man."

A round of the motion-picture studios. Much ill luck. A little good. The leading director of them all, seeing his shrunken form and thin face and haunting eyes among the extras, selected him for the rôle of a broker who had lost his fortune and his hope. He explained the character at great length and with absolute clarity.

"Now, do you think you can do it?" he asked.

"I think so, Mr. ——," he answered.

Impulsively the boyish-hearted genius leaned forward and kissed him on the spreading bald spot where his crown of black hair had been.

'I know you can," he said.

But he couldn't or didn't. After several efforts the developer of talent abandoned the task.

"You'll have to get another man," he said to his assistant. "But for God's sake, do it kindly. That man's face haunts my dreams."

"Beauty" Smith tried skulking about stage doors. Others had sunk to such borrowings and had risen again. Some dolings he received, but the donors never waited for the end of his story.

The day the Actors' Fund took him to the Elizabethan house among the tall trees on a high hill of Staten Island, he looked back with no regret at the expanse of flat or pointed roofs.

"No, I don't mind," he made answer to the comforting of the steward. "For many years it has been a city of pain and want to me."

HIS days at the Actors' Fund Home seemed full of dreamy content. He sat quietly listening to the tales of the old resting players. One of the men who walked in palsied uncertainty, despite the support of a cane, had been Edwin Booth's leading man. Another had played a page for Edwin Forrest. They talked of Billy Scanlan and John B. McCullough. One had a more or less clear remembrance of Adelaide Neilson. They live happily among ghosts of other days. He listened to the story of Harry Montague of face and form so handsome and so romance-inspiring, that he used to screen them in a cloak and dash from the stage door to his carriage to avoid importunate matinee maids and bold matinee matrons. Hearing this story, "Beauty" Smith asked if the library contained a portrait of the handsome English actor who had lent his beauty to Wallack's Theatre. He gazed a long time at the woodcut. Then went to his room on the second floor, overlooking the lake, and looked long at his own pictures.

He tried to be useful in the Home. He went about among the neighbors asking for flowers for the Home tables. He was never denied them. He gathered them from the gardens, arranged them on the tables and went

(Concluded on page 210)



Poudres de COTY

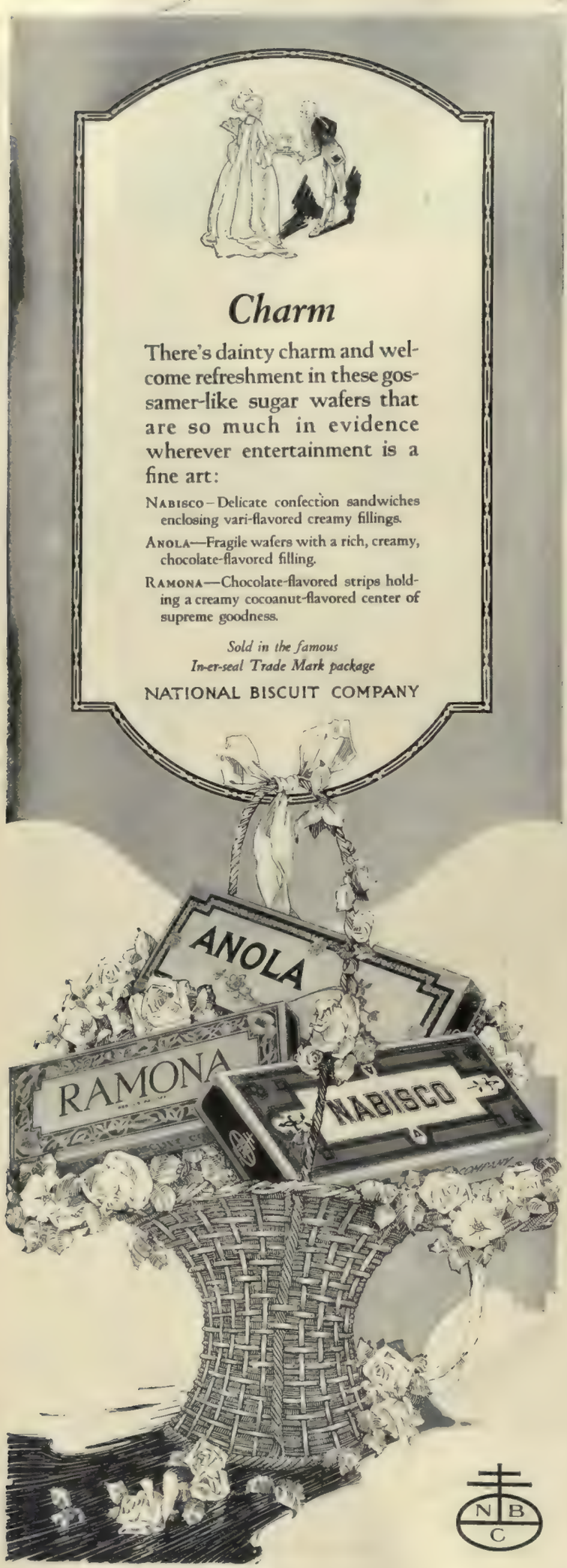
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LILAS BLANC - AMBRE ANTIQUE
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New York 714 Fifth Avenue



"BEAUTY" SMITH

(Concluded from page 210)

to his room for his afternoon nap. He attended services in the little church, and smiled gratefully at the donors of the flowers.

One evening he did not make his appearance when the tea bell rang. The matron went to his door and rapped.

"Mr. Smith," she called. Silence. She pushed open the door. He had fastened all his yellowing photographs on the wall, had pinned them with thumb tacks. He must have sat at the desk surveying them when the supreme pain stabbed his aching heart. She lifted his head. All the anguish of the world was in his chilling face. His head fell heavily from her supporting hand.

Howard Morton, long retired, looked up from the morning newspaper. "There's another death at the Home. They're dropping off like leaves from a tree."

"Who is it?"

"George Smith. The obituary says he began his career with us at Middletown, Kansas. I don't remember him. The guests at the Home say he was one known as 'Beauty' Smith."

THE COME-BACK OF THE MALE STAR

(Concluded from page 184)

Milky Way of star dust by some miracle of creation." This legend is quite contrary to the truth. The public creates its own stars. And if the theatre appeals in terms of shapely limbs and glittering spangles to an eight-year-old-intelligence, it is because its audience is at that period of mental development. Here and there a manager has steadily refused to cater to the eight-year-old mind, and has steadfastly appealed to the adult intelligence. This public demands something more than curves and ruffles. It is an audience that reads and thinks. Until this season, it has largely avoided the theatre because of a dearth of the plays that grip and interest it. The few managers who have steadily catered to the unprofitable few now find this great adult audience knocking at the door of the theatre, and answer its demands by putting forth the play of vigorous idea, of genuine dramatic depth, of broad scope and of virile power. This play demands a hero as well as a heroine and therefore the hour of the male star has struck in the bell tower. The eight-year-old intelligence still clamors, but the man-size play with the man-size idea has come into its own."

A third manager whose activities sweep from Broadway across the Atlantic and back again, bewails the coming of the male star as indicating the fall of woman from her pedestal! "The war activities, the ballot, the rivalry with man in political and public life into which woman has entered of recent years, have rubbed the bloom off the peach," he declares dolefully. "The theatre has always been the home of imagination, of illusion, of things as we dream they are in some other lovely sphere. People don't like to go to the play-house to see women whom they have heard bellow from cart tails even in high causes. Audiences cannot adjust their mental attitude to seeing these efficient apostles of the new feminine freedom, in the rôle of the clinging or the suffering heroine. Dramatists have got to invent a new heroine or see the stage interest drift back to the male star."

Of course, the screen has lured many lovely actresses away from the speaking stage, but then it has given back such favorites of the silent drama as Madge Kennedy, Florence Reed, Alice Brady and Theda Bara, so that the argument that actresses have lost their voices scarcely holds. No, the thing has a definite psychology of its own and the man who seeks to explain why in the astronomy of Science and in the astronomy of the stage the star Masculine is in the ascendent, must dig deep and search high for the answer.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

Unquestionably E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe occupy in drama the same high plane that belongs to Caruso, Kreisler and other Victor artists in music. Their production on two February Victor Records, of the Balcony Scene from "Romeo and Juliet," marks a new epoch in the progress of sound reproduction. These records are a splendid dramatic interpretation of probably the greatest love scene in all literature.

A contrast of strong, ringing, masculine clearness of tone in a slow movement, and intrepid accuracy of playing in a swift and brilliant one, may be heard in the new Victor Record, "Sicilienne and Rigaudon," by Jascha Heifetz. John McCormack sings for a Victor Record, "'Tis an Irish Girl I Love and She's Just Like You," a delightful, wholesome, natural Irish love song. He sings with sincere, finished art.



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The style supremacy of the exclusive modes presented by Sheridan is evidenced by this Evening Gown of three-tone chiffon, with a bodice aglitter with irridescent crystal beads and bead edged panels.

Here is a gown of captivating grace designed to outshine the radiance of evening lights and wrought with the minutest care.

Styled in three tone lavender, purple, orchid and pink.

GOWNS : WRAPS : FURS



"The Make-up Spider"

A bit of color defily distributed, a dab of the lip-stick, a well-placed pencil stroke to set off a point of attraction . . . they can be made to convey art and beauty. Besides, sometimes we just cannot help looking off color, we women, and there is no reason why the whole world should have notice of our temporary frailty. As a necessary prop to our beauty, let us have it by all means, and I am for it to such an extent that I have made it my business to bring together a fascinating assortment of wonderful rouges and exquisitely tinted powders and lip-refreshers. But make-up for the mere sake of make-up, . . . well, it is certainly unnecessary, to say nothing of the taste displayed.

The Secret of Skin Beauty

is a simple one: Make your skin work. If it has become sluggish from any cause, coax it to greater activity. Do not allow it to stagnate under an overlay of paint and heavy creams. Inactive, it will become greasy, flabby, infirm. It will sag. The pores will clog up; then they will expand. Blackheads will form and pimples. With others, again, the skin will dry and fall into wrinkles. It will be pallid and pasty. At this point a sense of false pride will fasten upon you the practice of covering up with make-up the ravages due to make-up. *The make-up spider has spun his web . . . .*

Up to Date Beauty Treatments.

"Make your skin work", I said a little while back. My various Saloons, known as *Maisons de Beaute Valaze,* are based on just that principle. The beauty treatments practiced by me, and by no one else, have for their purpose to keep the skin clear and supple, when natural or other influences have roughened or mottled it. To unpucker and smooth out lines on the face. To free it of freckles, sallowness and muddiness. To restore the satin feel to the skin when it has become harsh. To bring back the inexpressible charm of the perfect oval face. To suppress crow's feet. To bring back to normal size and function large, distended pores. To remove blackheads and oiliness of the skin as well as the conditions that cause them. To remedy looseness of the skin about the throat which in French is so aptly called *cou de dindon.* And then the fascinating short beauty sitting to make you look your very best for a special occasion, a dinner, dance or theatre party — this is the last, but certainly not the least of my innovations, which no woman can afford to miss nowadays.

You should, therefore, take the first opportunity to call at my establishment, if for no other reason at least to satisfy your curiosity and to see with your own eyes just what in reality can be accomplished in the sphere of woman's beauty.

Of the wide range of preparations for home use the following are recommended to your notice:

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood is the one mainstay without which a woman's beauty of skin will not subsist indefinitely. Sooner or later it will crave that supporting stimulation so essential to lively skin-action and purity of flesh tints, which Valaze Beautifying Skinfood is unique in yielding freely. It all but makes permanent prepossessing freshness and natural coloring of the complexion. It is therefore essential to skin beauty at the age when womanhood is in the budding and when it is at its ripest. $1.25 $2.50 and $7.00 a jar.

Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion, a companion preparation to the Skinfood, braces, revivifies; prevents and aids in suppressing lines. For normal and oily skin. $1.25, $2.50 and $5.50. For dry skin, Skin-toning Lotion Special. $2.25, $4.50 and $8.50.

Valaze Roman Jelly, knits together relaxed tissues, flaccid muscles, consolidates flabby throats and counteracts crows-feet, $1.50, $3.00 and $5.00.

Valaze Beauty Grains: A sensational skin rejuvenant. Its importation from Europe has only just been resumed. Used for washing in place of soap. Keeps the skin creamy-white, safeguards its texture and guarantees against coarseness and oiliness of the pores, blackheads and other impurities. Should be a household article in every home. Men, women and children will be free from skin defects by using Valaze Beauty Grains. $1.25, $2.50 and $5.50.

Valaze Cream of Lillies, the new outdoor cream for normal and somewhat dry skins. $1.50, $3.00 and $5.00. **Valaze Foundation Cream,** another day cream and foundation for powder, for normal but rather oily skins. $1.10, $2.20, $3.30 & $5.50.

Valaze Lip Lustre. Restores the full richness of lip color, protects from chapping. In darker or lighter, fruit or coral, shades, for day and evening. $1.00, $1.75, $2.50, $3.50 and $5.00.

Valaze Crushed Rose Leaves: A delightful face coloring, in loose powder or compact form. *Ocre foncé,* for brunettes; *Mandarin,* a saucy, cherry red, suitable for any complexion; *Framboise, Clair,* imparting the happy coloring of the bonnie Scotch lassie; *Moyen,* for the light brunette. $1.00, $1.50, $3.50 and $7.50.

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THE RISE OF THE PRESS AGENT

By James L. Ford

(*Concluded from page 154*)

like to earn twenty-five dollars by two hours' work?" was the welcome proposition made to me one day by a brother press agent engaged to boom an attraction due to open that evening. Knowing the uncertainty of all human affairs, I stipulated only that the money should be paid to me on the fall of the curtain as I wished to take the midnight train for Baltimore.

ALREADY lying tongue was a necessary part of the theatrical equipment then. I understand that it has not altogether disappeared from the business.

That night I stood arrayed in my well-preserved evening clothes beside the manager of the attraction and smiled joyously on every familiar face. At the close of the second act I saw Franklin Fyles, a friend of long standing, emerging from the auditorium, and pausing only to inform the manager that he was the critic of the *Sun*, I sprang forward to greet him.

"Well, Frank, how do you like the performance and the new lady?" I enquired.

Fyles had a glassy smile that looked genial when viewed from a distance and he summoned this to his face as he made answer: "The play is certainly the worst I've seen this season and the star about as bad as could be imagined."

HE seemed to be pleased," said the manager as I returned to his side.

"Oh, he's all right," I said confidently. "By the way, I'll have to start a little earlier for the railroad station. I haven't bought my Pullman ticket yet. So I suppose I may go at the end of the third act?"

After reading the *Sun* notice the next day I kept away from Union Square for weeks for fear of meeting that manager.

AMONG the press agents of this period whom I remember, not one lived to enjoy importance as a manager. Ernest Harvier, perhaps the earliest of them, is now well-known as a political writer; Townsend Percy entered other fields and died many years ago, but Jerome H. Eddy continued to write paragraphs until within a short time of his death two or three years ago, when he was well on in the eighties. Eddy had had a business career before becoming a press agent in his fiftieth year. He had been assistant cashier of the Bank of North America and through the favor of Mayor Havemeyer, who was fond of him, was made secretary and treasurer of the Long Island Railroad Company. For many years he conducted *Eddy's Squib*, a sheet made up of brief theatrical paragraphs which he mailed once a week to the leading critics of the country.

I WILL add that my reason for seeking other lines of endeavor was that when I succeeded in getting a lot of matter printed the manager said that there was no use in paying me a salary when the press was so quick to recognize the worth of his attraction of its own accord; and when adverse criticisms were the chief results of my labors he not only said I was no good, but in most cases refused to pay me what he had promised. Therefore, I ceased to "handle the press."





MacDowell Composing his "Woodland Sketches"

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

BLESSED are those woodlands of New Hampshire where Edward MacDowell met the wild rose; where his spirit discoursed with the departed Indian; where his soul "overflowed with tenderness and caprice." Blessed, too, is the old Steinway in the log cabin where he lived—for was it not the Voice which uttered first his fine romantic melodies? And is it not fitting that the Instrument of the Immortals should have been *his* instrument—just as it was Richard Wagner's and Franz Liszt's three score years ago—just as it is Paderewski's and Hofmann's and Rachmaninoff's today?

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The Appeal of Youth and Beauty

She was the most charming bit of femininity! The first time you saw her you felt instinctively that she was more winsome, more attractive, than other girls. You called it personality and mentally put it down to a rare and dominant beauty.

But when you studied her you saw it was her CLOTHES—the exquisite attire she wore which made her so bewitching.

Ah! a charming, graceful costume makes such a difference. It transmits to the wearer its own loveliness. It gives her poise, self-possession, distinction. What the world calls beauty is more often than not but the subtly transforming effect of handsome, artistic clothes.

The House of Youth MAKERS

Suits for Misses & Small Women

are the embodiment of girlish grace and rare, exclusive attractiveness. Each model is an individual creation of exceptional daintiness and unique character.

Ask to see them in your favorite shop, or write directly to the makers for information where they may be obtained.

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MR. HACKETT'S TRIUMPH AS MACBETH

JAMES K. HACKETT, the well-known Broadway star, appeared for the first time in London recently, at the Aldwych Theatre, as Macbeth in his own special and notable production of Shakespeare's tragedy. The occasion was a complete triumph for the American actor, the critics being unanimous in according his performance the greatest praise. The *Daily Telegraph* said:

"Mr. Hackett's work as 'Macbeth' comes to us with all the charm of complete novelty. He has natural advantages, a commanding figure and a beautiful voice, but he has much more than these; he has a sense of feeling for character, and a technique which is equal to every demand he makes upon it. It is a thoroughly powerful and gripping piece of work which every playgoer should make a point of going to see. Mr. Hackett's elocution is superb and his feeling for Shakespeare's poetry makes his delivery of the fine lines which the part contains in such abundance, a thing of real beauty. His production of the play, too, is notable."

The critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was equally enthusiastic. He writes:

"Gigantic of stature, full of the old-fashioned dignity that the classic actors of America have got by a direct tradition from the traditional sources we share; a naturally big masterful, but sympathetic personality, Mr. Hackett is easily better than any Macbeth of our own within memory. His deep-voiced elocution is an object lesson to those of our younger actors who imagine that there is no such thing as elocution because they have not learnt it. The whole of his playing in the last act—the grave, fatal resignation of the 'To-morrow' speech, followed by a Titanic outburst of sheer power, was a superb clinching of his own view of the character. In its own massive, dignified way, it was a creation and a performance to which our English stage has every possible reason to pay friendly—and, let us hope, emulative, homage."

Among other prominent persons who wrote, congratulating Mr. Hackett on his success, were the American Ambassador and Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, the distinguished playwright. The letter from the Hon. John W. Davis, United States Ambassador at the Court of St. James, follows:

Embassy of the United States,
November 20th, 1920.

My Dear Mr. Hackett,

May I repeat in the morning after—all that I said last night in praise of your "Macbeth." Indeed, I should like not only to repeat but to expand my congratulations, for I rank it far the strongest and most accurate rendering of the part I have ever witnessed. It is a great satisfaction to know that the London press and public share this point of view, and, as an American, I am proud to have the American stage so well represented.

Incidentally, the Princess Marie Louise was unstinted in her commendation, and Mrs. Davis and myself were and are,

Gratefully yours,
JOHN W. DAVIS.

Sir Arthur W. Pinero's letter said:

My Dear Mr. Hackett,

Your performance of "Macbeth" this afternoon moved me deeply. I am old enough to remember the time when players, more or less qualified to interpret the classic drama, were fairly plentiful on the English stage; but that is long ago, and it was sheer delight and refreshment today to see once again in Shakespeare's greatest tragic character an actor so richly endowed and so consumately a master of his means, as yourself.

It would be impertinent of me to point out the passages in your acting which impressed me most. The whole was beautiful, and I thank you for a memorable experience.

I am, my dear Mr. Hackett, with the highest admiration and regard,

Yours sincerely,
ARTHUR PINERO.



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"The Theatre's" Letter Box

Theatre Magazine a Guiding Hand

To the Editor:

Replying to the query to your readers as to what features of your magazine interests them most, I may say the THEATRE MAGAZINE has been a friend to me, because of its unbiased leadership in all that's beautiful and true in the theatre.

Intimate chats with players do not interest me, unless they have a real message to deliver. Pictures are always desirable because within these images are portrayed the human qualities of the players.

What interests me most are the academic discussions and reviews of the present day drama. My reason is, that I am a young, aspiring dramatist. I attribute this self-vocation to the smouldering embers within me which have been fanned to a flame by the guiding hand of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Sincerely yours,
HERMAN W. PFEIL.

Milwaukee, Wis.

From a Geo. M. Cohan Fan

To the Editor:

In reply to your query, I much prefer articles of a lighter vein such as "The Diary of an Ingenue," "Shakespeare Said It," "Kleptomania," etc.

One thing I would like to ask is why Geo. M. Cohan's name is only mentioned in your magazine when it is impossible to avoid it and why his productions, the best in the country and praised to the limit by the critics of all other theatrical publications, receive very little praise in your reviews. I, myself, think that Mr. Cohan is the greatest figure of the American stage and, regardless of his stand on Open Shop question, I think his productions are in a class by themselves.

Very truly,
CHARLES G. SNYDER.

Roxbury, Mass.

We have the highest opinion of Mr. Cohan's gifts. He is frequently mentioned in our columns. An article by him, with his portrait, appeared in our November, 1920, issue.—Editor.

A Plea for Galleryites

To the Editor:

I enjoy the "analytical reviews," if by that term, you mean articles similar to the excellent one entitled "Deburau," in the current number. That sympathetic criticism increased my enjoyment of the play a hundredfold.

Also, may I ask you to try and help the "shabby genteel" who are obliged to sit in the gallery? For us there are no regular programs. A separate entrance, hard, uncomfortable seats, etc., alone are provided. May not something be done?

Please, upon no pretext, omit your beautiful pictures of scenes from the plays.

"THEATRE-LOVER."

New York City

Killing the Goose

To the Editor:

Allow me to say that I enjoy the reviews of plays, and by all means, give us pictures—more pictures, intimate chats with the artists—and home pictures of them.

I do not care for the fiction nor many of the articles. I buy the magazine to look at the pictures. I am glad you keep the movie department subordinated to the legitimate.

I note the article on "Killing the Goose" in the current number, and can surely subscribe to what it says. This very night "Buddies" is playing in our town and the advertisements say "Selwyn's Own New York Cast," yet, whoever heard of one of them? They probably think we don't know that Peggy Wood and Donald Brian, etc., are, or were, in the New York cast. I know of one who didn't go.

Very truly,
K. M. WILLIAMS.

414 Rose Lane,
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Enquiry at the Selwyn office in New York elicited the information that there is only one original New York company of "Buddies," and that is now playing the big cities, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, etc. The Selwyns lease the play out for other territory and they disclaim all responsibility for announcements of local managers, since they, themselves, have had nothing to do with the selection of the cast.—Editor.

An Insult to the Intelligence

To the Editor:

May I be permitted to register my approval of the wisely spoken article, "Killing the Goose," in your February number? For a considerable number of years I have been one of those "small town audiences" mentioned. Long ago I refused to pay out my hard-earned dollars to witness unspeakably awful performances by third, fourth and fifth rate companies widely advertised as "the original." Most of us may never have seen Broadway, but we are fairly intelligent.

It is a pity the managers did not discover this before they had killed their golden egg laying goose—the road. For we will patronize worthwhile shows, done by competent, not necessarily "original" companies—but we refuse to forever have our intelligence insulted. Stock companies and little theatres are coming satisfactorily to our rescue.

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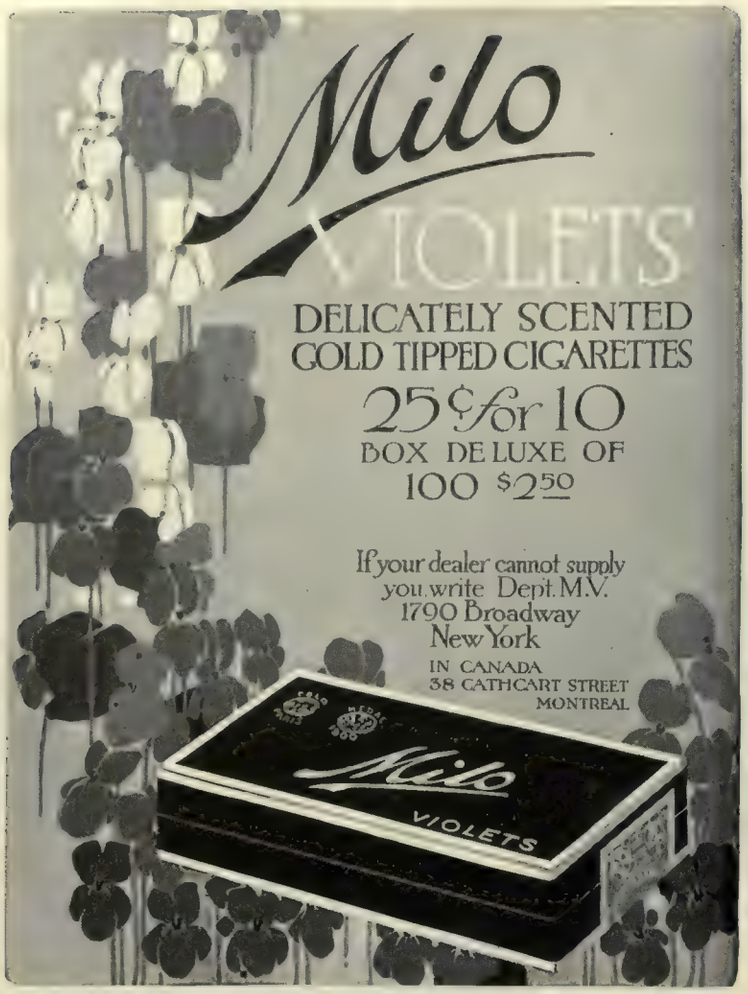
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Manuscripts submitted for contest closing January 1st, 1921, were stolen from automobile, under impression the box contained furs —in opinion of lawyers and police manuscripts probably lost. Committee requests all contestants to send duplicates to Mr. Louie Ling, Hotel Stevenson, Detroit, Mich., before March 20th, 1921.



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THE PRINCETON TRIANGLE CLUB

(*Concluded from page* 189)

perhaps serve at least to explain the importance of the Triangle Club's position in the University and make it apparent that its popularity has a sane and sound basis.

There are not many who will dispute the existence of a rather distinctive brand of humor whether they have a taste for it or not, namely the species of fun characterizing college magazines, college plays and, in general, college men. The plot-development of "They Never Come Back" gives all kinds of opportunity to the wits of the Triangle Club to do their worst, and the book is marked throughout by lines that always snap and often scintilate.

THERE are several individual performances of distinction in the show. Mr. J. R. Forgan, who has the part of Larry Bruster does not have quite the chance to monopolize the honors that he made such good use of in "The Isle of Surprise," but Lou Tilden, with a real gift for comedy, evens things up by stepping still farther into the limelight. The two of them are largely responsible for the pep in the piece, and they succeed in maintaining a tempo throughout that carries everything else along with it. But these two performers were expected to distinguish themselves: there was no thrill of surprise connected with their appearance on the first night that "They Never Come Back" was presented in the dingy old Princeton Casino way back in the middle of December. It is for this reason that the real hit of the show was the general behavior of a certain W. H. Smith, whose inimitable characterization of Sylvester, the witless bell-hop, entitles him *ex-officio* to a spacious niche in the Triangle Hall of Fame.

E. H. Wever, the President of the Club, contributed a very clever character sketch in the part of the henpecked English-Lord, with his customary finesse. Mr. Wever is the author of the book, most of the lyrics and a tune or two besides, including one of the outstanding musical hits of the score. There is also some very beautiful and subtle work by H. F. McCormick to be heard in the score; in particular the spectacular "mummy-dance" which opens the second act.

Which brings us again to the matter of scenery. It can be said without qualification that "They Never Come Back" is the most effectively staged production in the long history of the Triangle Club. If "The Isle of Surprise," presented last year, exceeded the present play in subtilty and finish, the latter certainly has the earlier show stopped completely as far as artistic effect is concerned. The temple scene which provides the setting for the second act, being extremely effective, with its awe-inspiring mummy boxes, and wierd lighting, also the dawn on the mountains which distinguishes the opening of the last. Both illustrate rather interestingly the reaction of the newer precepts of stage lighting and effects on the collegiate mind. There is also a lot of dancing in the show; it is high in quality, the chorus is graceful and shows evidence of an abundance of careful training. But, while "They Never Come Back" may be a spectacular show and a dancing show, its chief claim to success must be based on the fact that it is above all else, a *funny* show.

The annual Christmas holiday trip, which began December 18th, took the Club farther West and North than it has ever been before, eleven cities being on the itinerary: New York, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Chicago and Cleveland, in the given order. Montclair, Plainfield and Boston will be visited in a supplementary trip scheduled for the mid-year recess in February.

It was the opinion of some who saw the 1919 Triangle show that it set a standard its successor would have infinite trouble in maintaining. Nevertheless, although the new production is dubbed "They Never Come Back" it seems to prove, in one sense at least, that they do.





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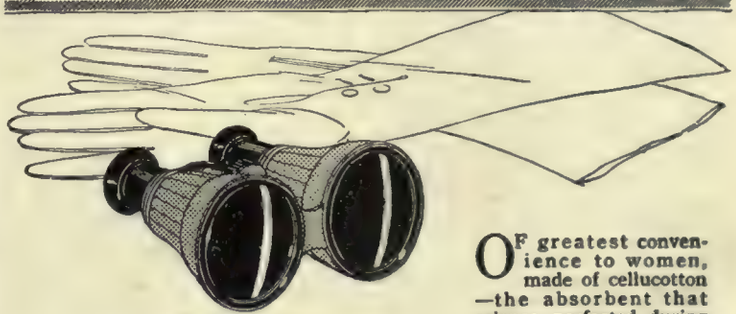
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Vice-President of the Banque de Paris

We are glad to hear that Monsieur Maurice Boyer, formerly with the French High Commission in Washington, who came again to the States last year as General Secretary of the French Delegation to the Atlantic City Conference, and who recently was in this country to marry Miss Katharine Hill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percival S. Hill of New York, has just been appointed Fondé de Pouvoirs of the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas, which is equivalent to a Vice-Presidency in an American Bank.



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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 180)

LEXINGTON. Fritz Leiber in Shakespearian repertoire.

BROADWAY is yet to profit, but East side and West have each enjoyed its quota of Shakespearian revivals. At the Lexington Theatre during the weeks of Dec. 27 to Jan. 8 Fritz Leiber made his bid for classic honors, and a grateful populace—splendidly numerous in proportion and finely responsive—listened with rapt attention and applauded with vigorous enthusiasm his spirited renderings of the various Shakespearian heroes.

Spirited is the adjective which more particularly emphasizes his several assumptions. Something more of subtlety and introspective analysis would, I think, improve and elevate the character of his workmanship, but his general intelligence, sound technic, rich strong voice, plastic mask and graceful carriage are all factors in the establishment of a personal success.

There is also an earnest and not ineffective effort made to stage the plays in the more modern spirit which employs draperies and illuminative lighting effects. The company is in the main satisfactory.

For his opening bill Mr. Leiber elected to don the Prince of Denmark's inky robes. His Hamlet is a spirited personation, princely in demeanor, largely conventional, but, in the main, nicely responsive to its exquisite poetry and alternating moments of vaccillation and accomplishing action. Mr. Leiber should manifest, however, a greater care in his speech. His slovenly pronunciation is, at times, worse than inelegant.

An old time rendering of the King was given by Louis Leon Hall, while his seductive consort was personated with really queenly distinction and impressiveness by Irby Marshall. John C. Hickey's Polonius is altogether admirable, dry, sententious and human.

Mr. Leiber's other bills during the engagement included "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," "Julius Caesar," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Macbeth."

LONGACRE. "THE CHAMPION." Farcical comedy in 3 acts by Thomas Louden and A. E. Thomas. Produced Jan. 3.

AN experienced theatregoer on a first night, somehow can intuitively tell whether a play, good or bad, is going to be a popular success. I put it down that "The Champion," in which Grant Mitchell is the star at the Longacre, will have a substantial run.

Mr. Mitchell's attractive personality will have much to do with this as the farcical comedy written by Thomas Louden and A. E. Thomas is perilously flimsy and constructively inept with a literary appeal in keeping with the intelligence, well, I confess I don't know what class it is—that likes newspaper comics and sob sister write-ups—so we'll let it go at that. It is very like an expansion of one of those farces which had a considerable vogue in the "fifties" all duly published in French's Minor Drama.

We all know that Mr. Sam H. Harris, who presents Mr. Mitchell, was, for a long time associated with the prize ring—as a manager. It must, therefore, have been his idea to make a light weight title holder the hero of a three act comedy. Anyway, such is "The Champion" in the person of William Burroughs, member of a middle class English family in the town of Knotley. He runs away at an early age. On his return, unexpected to all save his mother, he keeps his fistic laurels,—they netted him $200,000—to himself. But it leaks out. His conservative father and brothers are bewildered and horrified at the revelation, but as the gentry and aristocracy are delighted, the temper of the whole family changes. Incidentally young Mr. Burroughs, who has in the meantime become an American citizen and a member of Congress, shows up a recreant Lord, licks him in short order, and wins the hand of the Lady Elizabeth Galton. That will be about all nor could much more be asked for.

Mr. Mitchell is delightfully distinguished in this rôle. It cannot be said that he does any acting. He first walks through the piece, demonstrating his own personal charm. His crisp, natural method of speech adds much to the humor of the varying situations. Arthur Elliott is an explosively apoplectic father, Lucy Beaumont a gentle mother and Gerald Hamer, a characteristically clerical brother. A French maid is personated with breezy Gallic vivacity by Desiree Stempel and a graceful, natural and sympathetic rendering of the impoverished lady of quality is given by Ann Andrews, whose gowns are all that they should be.

REPUBLIC. "DEAR ME." Play in three acts by Luther Reed and Produced Jan. 17.

DEAR Me, will we never get away from this Pollyanna cheerio patter? Will playwrights never cease pepping up the personnel? 'Dear Me' is a play about a little slavey who scatters the sunshine talk. Regretfully yours, Myself."

The above letter is similar to the

(Concluded on page 224)



$250.00 Prize Contest

This picture is an advertising illustration. It is similar to the pictures that have been used in like advertisements during the past year. Do you know what well-known product it advertises? If you do, you may win $250.00.

Read the Conditions Below

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What are the people in this picture saying? For the most apt and most cleverly worded dialogue or monologue that completes this advertisement and that is submitted to us by May 15, 1921, we will pay $250.

Any one may enter this contest except professional advertising writers. Should the winning advertisement be submitted in identical wording by more than one person, each will be paid $250. The prize-winning answer together with the name and address of the winner will appear in the October issue of this magazine. However, a check will be mailed to the winner as soon as the contest can be decided.

CONTEST EDITOR

150 Madison Avenue (Sixteenth Floor) New York City



Charm that has a Single Source

IN beauty which serenely stands the scrutiny of repeated glances, artifice plays small part.

A clear, radiant, youthful complexion, the brightness of the eyes and the sheen and lustre of the hair have but a single source—internal cleanliness. Internal cleanliness is the originator of charm, the handmaid to beauty, the basis of personal attractiveness.

Nature uses the blood as a means of feeding the skin. Each one of the millions of skin cells lies as it were on the bank of a tiny blood-stream, whose function it is to bring nourishment to the cells.

If the organs of elimination do not function properly, poisons are formed, absorbed by the blood; and these tiny streams bring contamination, not nourishment, to the skin cells. Do you not see the danger? It is these poisons that are the most common cause of unattractiveness. Facial blemishes, muddy skin and sallowness are all traceable to them.

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Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), Room 713 R, 44 Beaver Street New York. Please send me a copy of "A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM WITHIN"

Name.....

Address.....

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Concluded from page 222*)

kind that April writes to herself, à la Bab, and Joan, of "Daddy Long-legs" fame, in "Dear Me," which derives its title from the quaint salutation she gives herself. (Only, of course, she does not say disparaging things about optimism).

There is here the seed of a clever and unusual play, but, somehow, it doesn't germinate properly. The slavey-heroine performs too many impossible miracles in the Amos Prentice Home for Artistic and Literary Failures by merely "talking success," as the efficiency expert would say. The inmates all become successful authors, playwrights, architects, and poets as a result of her philosophy. The slavey, herself, becomes a successful prima donna, and then forgets her own unselfishness motto by flinging aside the supposedly poor inmate of the home who befriended her.

Grace La Rue, who steps into comedy via "Dear Me," from the vaudeville stage, has been seen too long in stunning costumes and dashing red hats, to appear to full advantage as a drab kitchen maid. She is more in character in the last act, when she has a chance to dress well and to sing a bit, though her songs are not well selected, her forte being snappy, popular airs.

One must be very credulous to believe that Hale Hamilton really looks like an inmate of a home for old failures. He is too good-looking, young, suave, and capable in appearance. He doesn't pass up a single comedy trick as the son of the founder of the home for failures, who lives there incognito for investigation purposes.

Camilla Crume, as the harpy matron of the home; and Robert Fischer, the violinist, give excellent coloring to the two principal character rôles.

BOOTH. "THE GREEN GODDESS." Play in four acts by William Archer. Produced Jan. 18.

IN his book "Playmaking," a work dealing with the technical difficulties of the dramatist's craft, published some years ago, William Archer rashly declared that he could not write a play to save his life. The fact that he has now written a play, and a rather good one at that, once more illustrates the old truism that we don't know what we can do till we try.

To be sure, "The Green Goddess" is not exactly the kind of play one would expect as the mental offspring of so distinguished a critic—an acknowledged theatrical oracle who, for three decades or more, has pleaded for the highest theatrical standards, and consistently found fault with other dramatists for their commercial instincts and shortcomings. Mr. Archer's play has no literary quality whatever. It is commercial melodrama of the most conventional kind—but, no doubt, it will prove a better money maker than the plays of Lord Dunsany, who has given us similar thrills in the same picturesque locale, but with far greater literary charm. While Mr. Archer's work strikes one as somewhat amateurish, it is certainly thrilling. The dialogue, if not distinguished, is smooth and the interest holds to the end.

The scene is laid in India, in a wild inaccessable region beyond the Himalayas, where the Raja of Rukh, a bitter foe of the English, holds absolute sway. While Major Crespin, of the Indian army, is flying over the Raja's country with his wife and a friend, Dr. Traherne, trouble develops in the engine and they are forced to descend, their aeroplane being a total wreck on the jagged rocks.

The Raja, accompanied by his fanatical followers, hurries to their assistance and invites them to his palace where he dines and wines them with all the courtesy and charm which only an Indian prince, educated at Oxford, knows how to employ. But the Raja has no love for his British guests. His two brothers, political agitators, have been condemned to die by the Indian government. He will invoke the Mosaic law, "An eye for an eye." Major Crespin is anxious to get back to civilization, but the Raja delays them, and it slowly dawns on the visitors that they are in deadly peril. The Raja admits he is powerless to avert the murderous fury of his fanatical high priests, but he tells Mrs. Crespin privately that he will save them on one condition—a condition that dishonors her. She indignantly rejects his insult, and the three Europeans prepare to meet their doom. There is only one way in which they can be saved—to send out word of their predicament. The palace, they discover, is in touch with the world by wireless, worked by a renegade Cockney, now the valet of the Raja. This man they have to kill in order to seize the instrument, and after more thrilling situations, rescue finally comes in the shape of a British Flying Corps.

The play is beautifully mounted and well acted. George Arliss is superb as the crafty, cultured, blood-thirsty Raja. Olive Wyndham is charming as Mrs. Crespin, and Herbert Waring gives a good representation of the British fighting man as Major Crespin. Particular merit attaches to the performance of Ivan F. Simpson as the valet.

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IRELAND

—*the Menace to World Peace*

Bristling with guns Ireland is an American Problem. Public opinion has made it. Logic has nothing to do with the situation. For seven hundred years the Irish question has been a family fight in the British empire. Today it is log-rolling in American politics. Tomorrow it may be bringing up smash our friendly relations with England. It's touch and go. It's time for understanding and clear thinking. Facing the reality the

METROPOLITAN

sends William Hard to Ireland

He goes there untrammelled, free to get the truth and the whole truth. No blue pencil will touch a line he writes. He will see Ireland through American eyes and incidentally through the experienced, wise eyes of America's foremost investigator and writer. In 1918 William Hard ripped aside the curtain of secrecy enveloping our Hayti adventure. Hard told the truth about the Steel Strike when the Red hobgoblin was pushed forward to frighten away our sanity. Hard toppled over the pretensions of our toy tyrants in Washington. Hard did this pioneer truth blazing in the pages of the Metropolitan. And now

HARD *will tell the truth about Ireland*

in the pages of the Metropolitan. He will tell how the British people deep down in their hearts react to Ireland's bid for a place in the sun. He will put the heart beat of Ireland's millions on paper. He will tell you how much of the brave talking of both sides is done for trading. He will tell you the truth, the whole truth, free of passion or propaganda. He will put the Irish case before a jury of over 100,000,000 Americans. Hard's first article will be published in the April Metropolitan. His other articles will follow in succeeding issues. These editions are sure to be sold out. Tell your newsdealer to hold a copy of the Metropolitan for you beginning with the April number (out March 15th) or if you prefer send

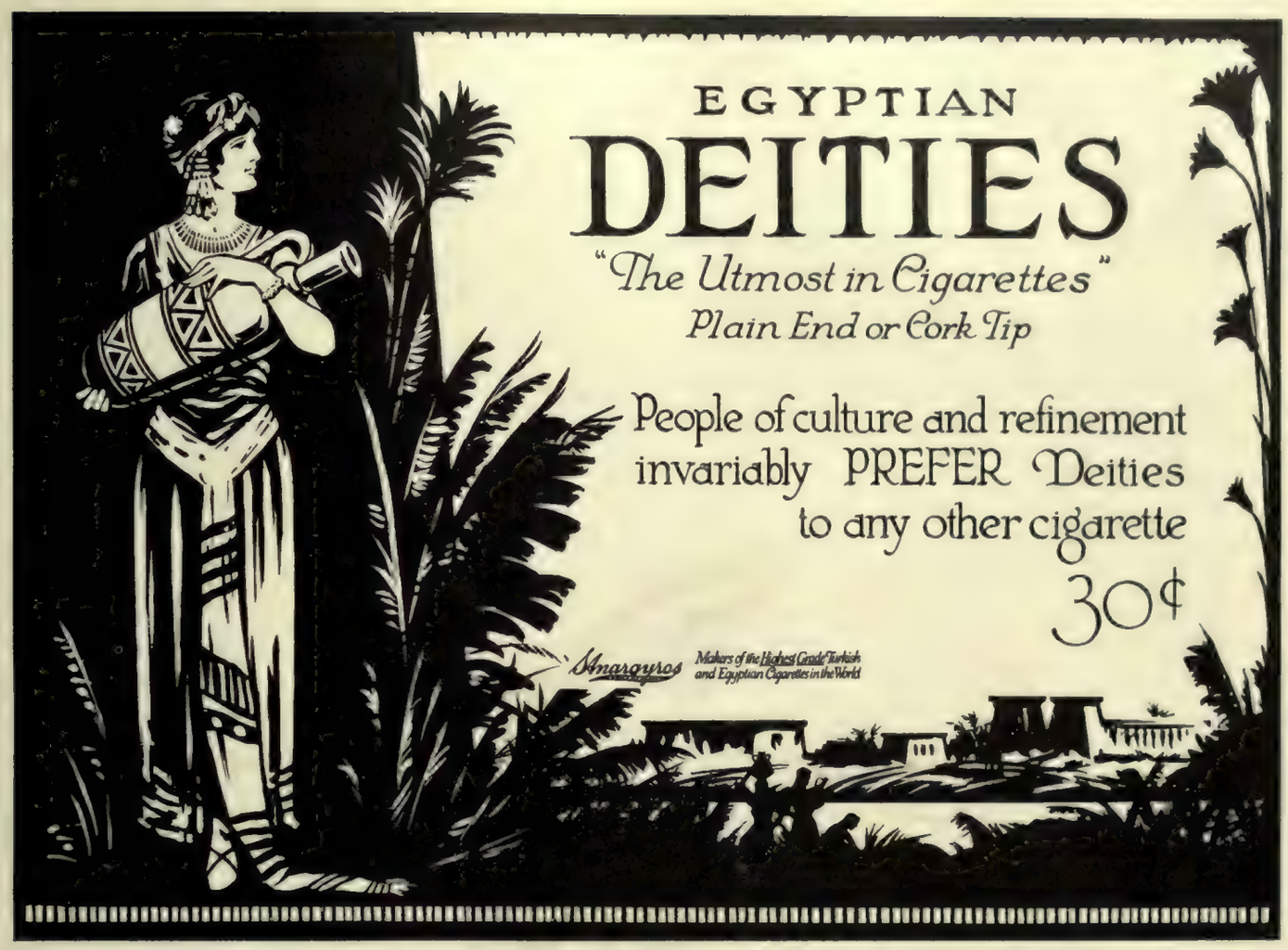
Only $2.00 with this announcement

and the Metropolitan will be mailed to you for all of 1921, beginning with the April issue. You save money and you will be certain of reading all Mr. Hard's articles on Ireland.

METROPOLITAN

432 Fourth Avenue, New York City

The Metropolitan is on Sale at 40,000 Newsstands on the 15th of the month



QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Prices of back numbers will be quoted by mail, on request. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored

PLEASE let me know if any number of your magazine contained pictures of the production of "Mrs. Bumpstead Leigh," with Mrs. Fiske, several years ago. If so, is it possible to obtain a copy of the number?—G. E. J., Wisconsin.

Pictures of scenes in this play were published in our issue of May, 1911. Copies may be obtained from this office—price 60 cents each.

WILL you please tell me the cast of "The Misleading Lady," which was produced in New York some years ago.—A. C., New York.

"The Misleading Lady," by Charles Goddard and Paul Dickey, was produced at the Fulton Theatre on November 25th, 1913, with the following cast: Jack Craigen, Lewis S. Stone; John W. Cannell, William H. Stone; Henry Tracey, Robert Cain; Sidney Parker, Albert Sackett; Stephen Weatherbee, John Cumberland; Keen Fitzpatrick, Everett Butterfield; Boney, Frank Sylvester; Tim McMahon, Albert Sackett; Bill Fagan, Henry Thompson; Babe Merrill, George Albott; Chesty Sanborn, Robert Graves, Jr.; Helen Steele, Inez Buck; Mrs. Cannell, Alice Wilson; Jane Wentworth, Gladys Wilson; Amy Foster, Jane Quinn; Grace Buchanan, Frances Savage.

WHERE and at what price can I obtain Sardou's play, "La Tosca," preferably in English? In what year did Bernhardt appear in this play in America?—W. H. T., Alabama.

The English edition of "La Tosca" is out of print. The French original can be had through Brentano's, New York. The plot of the play is told in full in "Sardou and His Plays," by Jerome A. Hart. The libretto of the opera, which follows the play rather closely, is published (in Italian and English) by Rullman, 111 Broadway, New York. Sarah Bernhardt appeared in "La Tosca," in New York on February 5, 1891, and toured the country in it during that year.

CAN you give me the name of any association which would help me to locate Viola Allen and Ann Murdock? Did Maude Adams appear in Barrie's new play on Christmas Eve, or did Ruth Chatterton take her place?—G. P., Massachusetts.

The Actors' Equity Association, 115 West 47th Street, will be glad to forward mail to the actresses you name. Ruth Chatterton appeared in the title rôle of Barrie's "Mary Rose."

HAVE you at any time published pictures of Walter Hampden as Hamlet, either full page or smaller? What is the price of the issues containing them?—R. U. B., Auburn, R. I.

A full-page portrait of Walter Hampden as Hamlet was published in the June, 1918, issue, and another good-sized portrait in July, 1919. Copies may be obtained at this office, forty cents each.

WHAT special reading would you recommend for a young man about to enter the player's career, and ambitious to climb to the top of the ladder?—E. A. S., Chicago, Ill.

Your question shows that you have at least the intelligence to understand that the embryo actor should cultivate his mind. The young actor and actress should neglect no opportunity to further his or her mental development. The players who have made the most lasting impression on their contemporaries were intellectual. Among the books every actor should read are: Schlegel's "Dramatic Literature," Clayton Hamilton's "Theory of the Theatre," George Henry Lewes' "On Actors and the Art of Acting," Diderot's "Paradox of the Comedian," Colly Cibber's "Apology," Fitzgerald's "Art of Acting," Talma's "Reflections on the Actor's Art," Coquelin's "Art of the Actor," Hornblow's "History of the Theatre in America," Lee's "Life of Shakespeare."

CAN you tell me something about the play "Davy Crockett," in which Frank Mayo once appeared?—R. T., New York.

"Davy Crockett," an "idyll of the backwoods" in four acts by Frank Murdoch, was first performed at the Rochester Theatre, in 1873, with Frank Mayo as the hero; produced later at Niblo's Garden, New York with Miss Rosa Rand as Eleanor Vaughan. The story is in essence, identical with that of "Young Lochinvar." "It is," says Laurence Hutton, "almost the best American play ever written." The play was later performed in England.

"One of the best theatrical novels I have ever read."—JANET BEECHER.

KALEEMA

by

MARION McCLELLAND

THIS is a novel of road-show life centering on the appealing love story of the gentle, gay and gallant young star, Kaleema, by an author who knows the one-night stand and the business of "Camille," "East Lynne" and all the rest as intimately as personal experience can make them known. The story is as inevitable as the asbestos curtain, as lovable and laughable as the bewitching Kaleema, herself.

KALEEMA, with her wild ways, her beauty, and the shadow of the mystery of her strange mother, was a creature of genuine love and courage. She was born into the life of the obscure road-show. She knew all of its cruelty and its absurdity, and she was typical of its dreams, its passions, and its stark reality. Perhaps, nowhere else is there less time or chance for sham or make-believe. It would be like trying to fool one's own family. This life is very far removed from the hackneyed stage story of Broadway with its old train of temptations, abused innocence, and successes. Many people live this hard and obscure life finely, but, if the chance comes, they want to forget it. Kaleema wanted to forget it. That makes it elusive. The rest of the world doesn't hear much about it. The first law in this life is to mind your own business. Here each man and each woman stands by his or her own strength. They are all compelling—they have to be to live. The outside world, which judges so much by appearances, never understands them. Here appearances count for nothing. Nowhere is the beauty of idealism more honored, and nowhere is the liberty of lawlessness and wickedness more secure.

SPEAKING of the writing of the story, Miss McClelland says: "I wrote 'Kaleema' as a play while I was on the stage, but I never meant it to be characterized as a stage story. Her struggle for something else was what appealed to me. Then the people in the play began haunting me with the inadequate way that play form could ever create them, and I became convinced that they were alive and real only in my head and heart and that I must get them alive on paper. So I went to Atlantic City, shut myself up in a hotel, and in three months enlarged, wrote, and type-wrote the story. Many of the people in 'Kaleema' I have known and many of them I have worked with. Kaleema, herself, is a mixture, but no character of fiction could be so fine as some of the obscure, hard-working actresses I have known. However, I saw her one day on a train, after I had her all written. She was with some vaudeville people and when she walked in it was like suddenly meeting an old friend. There she was, in all her grimy beauty. Stranger than that, I saw her twice afterward, in distant cities."

JANET BEECHER, leading woman in "Call the Doctor" this winter at the Empire, who knows the life of the road-show, has written the following letter to the publishers about "Kaleema":

"Thank you for giving me the privilege of reading 'Kaleema.' It is a book that grows more and more poignantly interesting as the story develops. The author has, through instinct or talent or both, struck the very keynote of a certain phase of theatrical life. She has the wisdom to mass the sordid details of its glamourless environment into a very effective background and yet subordinates this to the story itself and the development of Kaleema's character. The scenes of the novel are true to life and devoid of those twists and tricks of chance that so frequently destroy the normal balance between cause and effect. The later chapters are exceedingly effective, even powerful. They are chapters of sincere writing, inspired by the conviction of the author, and by an intimate knowledge of her subject. I consider 'Kaleema' to be one of the best theatrical novels I have read."

Frontispiece. Price $2.00.

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THE GENESIS OF DELMONICO'S

IS feefty cents too much?" Thus spoke Peter Delmonico, when he did his first catering to a crowd of young bloods at a prize fight in the Village Fire House during the early Eighteen Twenties. The scene from "Little Old New York" is just as it might be taken from an old sporting print. It is full of rich reminiscences of New York in the days when John Jacob Astor was thought to be a fool for his penchant for uptown real estate (Canal Street); Cornelius Vanderbilt's dream of a boat service between New York and Staten Island was ridiculed, and Peter Delmonico's little "eating house," which he ran in conjunction with his confectionery shop, was thought to have an evil influence on the community, because God-fearing men took their meals in their own homes and only the town's bloods dined out.

It is an interesting story of the growth of New York and it carries with it an interesting story of the growth of many family fortunes and the inception of many institutions. It is a peek behind the scenes and a no more interesting spectacle than watching the growth of an institution such as Delmonico's can be imagined.

These United States of ours had hardly gotten into their stride which was eventually to carry them to the estate of the world's greatest republic, when there came to this country from Faido, Switzerland, one John Delmonico, a sailor by profession, and one Peter Delmonico, who was versed in the confectioner's art. The elder had tired of the salt of the sea and decided to cast his lot with the softer sugar of his brother's trade. So they started Delmonico's at William Street. With the steady progress of all things that grow from sturdy seed, Delmonico's grew apace, until, today, they occupy the spacious building at Fifth Avenue.

Through the decades, the restaurant has been the rendezvous of New York's famous men. Such names as J. Pierpont Morgan, Charles Lanier, Cornelius Vanderbilt, W. C. Whitney, Col. John Jacob Astor, August Belmont, et al, are found throughout the records of what was now recognized as a New York institution. During the Civil War, the establishment, through lack of currency, was forced to issue its own money. It has created fashions in dining and catered to some of the greatest social functions of the age.

MONTE CARLO'S OPERA SEASON

The opera season at Monte Carlo this winter, under the able and energetic direction of Raoul Gunsbourg, is proving the most brilliant and fashionable of any since the Armistice. Having opened last month (February) under the patronage of the Prince of Monaco, it will continue all through March and April, performances being given on Tuesday and Saturday evenings and Thursday and Sunday matinées. The Wednesday evenings are devoted to Grand Concerts by artists of the Opera. From April 15th to May 9th there will be an extended season of Russian ballet.

The operas given include: "La Damnation de Faust," "Les Huguenots," "Le Barbier de Seville," "Aida," "Rigoletto," "Traviata," "Samson et Delila," "La Boheme," "Tosca," "Pagliacci."

Among the leading artists are: Mmes. Berina, Carena, Delalande, Mason, Valska, Amato, and Giirard; Mm. Auger, Delmas, MacCormack, Smirnoff, Dinh-Gilly, Renaud and Chalmin.

MATERNELLE FRANCAISE CONCERT

A brilliant Concert for the Ecole Maternelle Française (French Day Nursery) was given on Sunday evening, January 30th, at the Belasco Theatre.

A large audience had gathered to hear the artists who were Mlle. Yvonne Gall, of the Chicago Opera Company; Mme. Germaine Schnitzer, Mr. Sascha Jacobsen and Mr. Mario Chamlee, of the Metropolitan Opera House, and applauded them most enthusiastically.

The concensus of opinion was that the Concert was an artistic triumph and the ladies under whose auspices it was given are greatly encouraged with the financial results of their undertaking.

A CORRECTION

In our January, 1921, issue, on page 13, we published a picture entitled, "Frolic at the Falls." In the caption underneath we stated that the picture was posed by Sacha Piatov and Mme. Natalie, dancers at the New York Hippodrome. This caption was incorrect. The lady in the picture is not Mme. Natalie, but Mlle. Mascotte Moskovina, a dancer who has appeared with great success with Mr. Piatov in London and Paris. We regret this error, which was, of course, quite unintentional.

POOR SIR WALTER IS FORGOTTEN, DICKENS NEGLECTED, THACKERAY DISREGARDED, AND STEVENSON, MACAULAY, LAMB AND ALL THE REST BECOME DUST-LADEN WHEN—

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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.
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NEW YORK



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A fact: All during last season at the Metropolitan Opera House—whose every audience is typical of the best in New York society—the sales of Fatima exceeded those of any other cigarette.

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Formerly expensive, fancy-boxed cigarettes were "all the go" at places such as this. Today Fatima with its inexpensive paper package is everywhere the accepted standard of good taste.

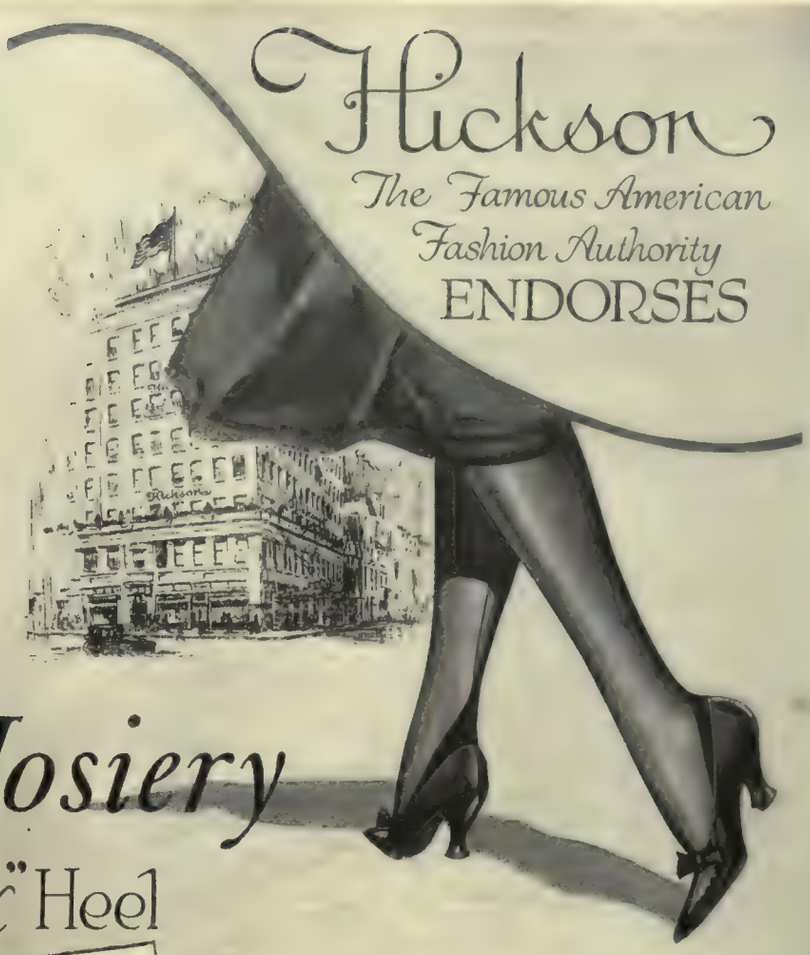
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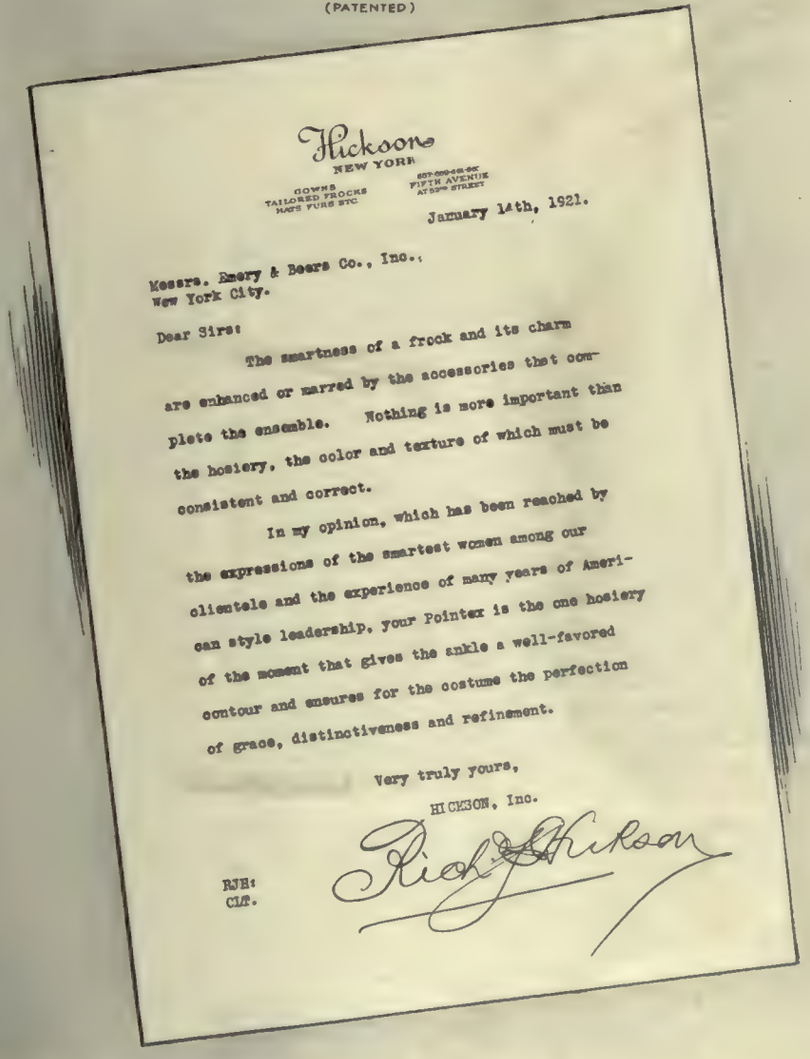


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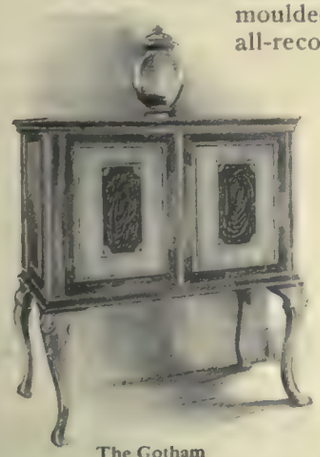
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Cover—ANITA STEWART—*Lou Mayer*

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1921

THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIII. No. 241. APRIL, 1921.



White

Laurette Taylor in "Peg o' My Heart"

The saucy, Irish-American heroine of this play, first produced eight years ago, and now revised at the Cort, has been impersonated by Miss Taylor more than twelve hundred times

G. B. S.—HIGH PRIEST OF MISANTHROPY

"I am a natural-born mountebank" says the satirist, and no one has yet contradicted him

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

TO many it may seem superfluous to advertise George Bernard Shaw by discussing him. Nor should I go out of my way to do so now, had he not threatened us with one more "play." For, though some years ago, he was a fad—perhaps, indeed a genuine influence—his recent efforts to confuse our minds have disenchanted his most ardent friends. His "Heartbreak House" has almost done for him. The Shavian cult is now on its last legs.

SHAW has, at all times, been a scribbling Sadist. He has loved to stab because he hurt his victims. He would acknowledge this, in private, to his intimates. Indeed, at least once, as I hear, he has done this. For twenty years he has hacked and slashed and chopped, unchecked and even encouraged, by the public. His weapon is the axe—not the rapier. Though he has many earmarks of the middle class, he has made that middle class his fool, his butt. Compared with Shaw, Wilde seems a Chesterfield, and Gilbert as another Crichton. Shaw's jibes oppress and dazzle one by their unrestraint. They are not strokes of satire, they are savage onslaughts. The middle class of England are, happily for them, not very sensitive. They cannot be, or they would have dropped Shaw long years ago.

His is the spirit that denies and sneers. His cruelties are not casual and inevitable, but deliberate. When he has dealt his blows he does not drop his axe with a suggestion of at least some touch of pity. No. He prefers to hack and hack and hack till he has laid his helpless subject's "innards" bare.

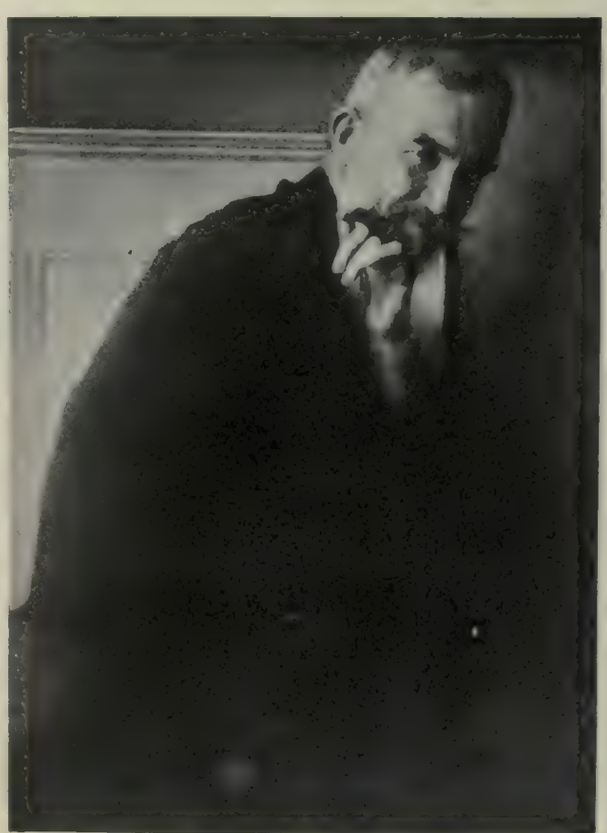
Withal, though, he is not nearly as effective as the gifted inventor of "The Pirates of Penzance" and "The Mikado." His hand is heavy. He has no constructive gifts. Both as a thinker and a writer of mock plays, he is destructive, but at no time a creator.

If we dig into his cheerless, grim philosophy, what do we find in it but Nietszche and old Ibsen, without the excuse of Nietszche's madness on the one hand or the sincerity of the Norwegian on the other?

HIS scintillations, in the long run, become tiresome; they have not even the allure of Broadway signs. His constant gibing at society and life, as a steady diet, cloys. He drags us all down to a prosaic level, refusing to admit that men or women can have noble aims and motives. Heaven knows, the very best of us are frail. Yet, here and there, some do aspire and pray.

He scoffs at courage, love, religion, faith; he spatters mud on motherhood and mothers. He laughs at fathers, jeers at family ties. But when we ask him how to rebuild the world, he grins and dodges.

To Shaw, all men and women are mere humbugs. His ideal of woman's honesty is Mrs. Warren. He makes ribald capital indifferently out of Shakespeare, Newton, Caesar, and, when it suits him, out of almost sacred characters. He has no mercy on our cherished hopes, our dear delusions, our most hallowed dreams.



E. J. Steichen

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

This is the man that built "Heartbreak House," in his favorite Mephistophelian rôle, the Spirit that Denies

As a citizen he is neither a good Englishman (as he should be, if only from gratitude for the indulgence England showed him during the late war), nor a good Irishman (though he was born and reared in Dublin). His socialism may be quite sincere. None need deny that he is a good vegetarian. But is the world one whit the better for his Fabianism? And has his bean-and-cabbage diet made him kind?

I have humility enough to confess regretfully that by no painstaking could I have written a single chapter of his prefaces, or one act of his worst so-called plays. But neither could I make a pair of shoes, nor vie for a moment with a fourth rate plumber.

AS an iconoclast, a destroyer, he has qualities. But has he built up any system to replace what he believes he has pulled down? Has he done anything to uplift, or help his fellowmen? Has he improved the world by his most brilliant jokes? When he has proved to his own absolute satisfaction that Gladstone was an ass and Shakespeare ignorant, does he console us by the oft-repeated hint that he, George Bernard Shaw, remains omniscient? To be sure, though, this is taking him too seriously. For he, himself, has told us that he is a mountebank.

Re-read his preface to "Three Plays for Puritans." It contains this passage:

"Again they tell me that So-and-So, who does not write prefaces, is no charlatan. Well, I am . . . I am a natural-born mountebank."

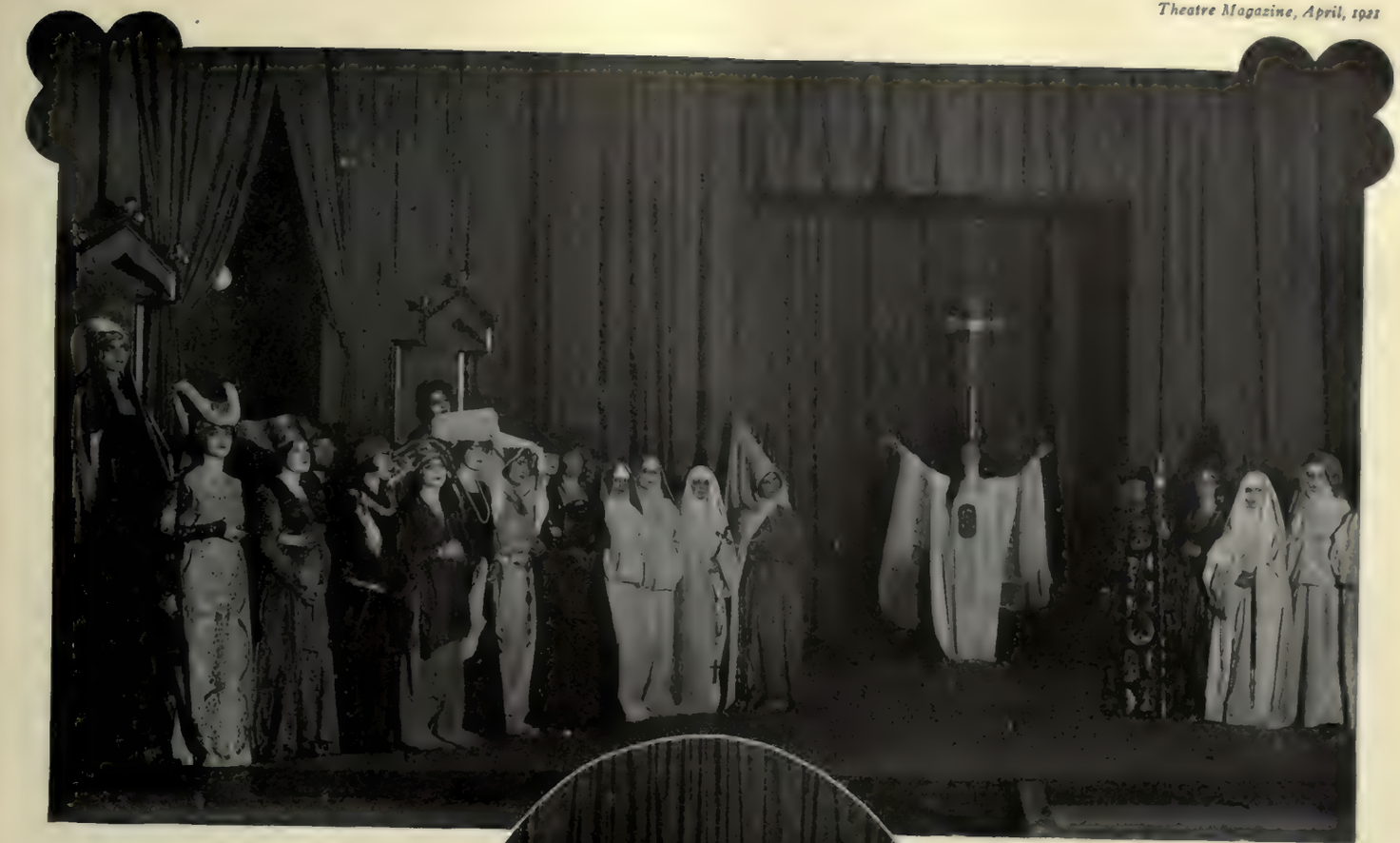
So many truthful words are said in jest. And G. B. S. does sometimes tell the truth. He might not, if he thought you would believe him. Yet, when he chooses, he *can* tell the truth about himself. Trusting, of course, to your too generous nature to acquit him of his self-charged flaws and sins.

"George Bernard didn't mean that, he was joking," says the simple-minded reader. Well, I for one, feel fairly sure he *did*.

BUT it is less of Shaw and his wisdom, Shaw and his cynicism, Shaw and his theories of life, I meant to write, than of his over-rated "plays." And as to these, I think as many think that, though he sometimes makes believe to laugh at them, he loves his own attempts at comedies and dramas. I remember how, one afternoon in Munich, he moaned to me about the wicked way in which some German company had dealt with his skit on Caesar and Cleopatra. He spoke with resentful earnestness of the cuts a German manager had made in that masterpiece. His sense of humor failed him at the pinch. It had failed him long before that (unless Mansfield wronged him) when, to his indignation, he had learned that his amusing "Arms and the Man" had been interpreted here, not as a straight drama, but as an ironic comedy. You may be confident that Shaw dislikes a joke aimed at himself as much as most do.

Hard hitting he can stand—perhaps enjoy. But no one must make jokes at his expense. Most Irishmen I have known could give and take. George Bernard is, however, far too sensitive—when he's the butt.

Had it been possible, he would have given his left hand, I do believe, to have written one real, human play. He came quite near his goal in four or five





"Guibour," a product of the Mediaeval Renaissance, is one of a collection of some forty Miracle Plays, all celebrating in some way the intervention of the Virgin Mary. The play depicts an episode in the life of a lady in Northern France, the action taking place in a public square, where are grouped the Church, the home, and the court of law, the three dominating institutions of that era. Guibour, who has led a blameless life, has her son-in-law murdered to protect herself from undeserved scandal. She confesses her crime and is condemned to be burned at the stake. But at the last moment the Virgin, touched by her repentance, intercedes in her favor. She is released, and acclaimed as a saint

FRENCH MIRACLE PLAY REVIVED BY YVETTE GUILBERT

bright instances, in "Arms and the Man," in "You Never Can Tell," in "Candida," in "Fanny's First Play" and especially, perhaps, in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." But in the best, as in the worst, of his achievements, he has always found himself confounded by—himself. The overweening, egotistical, dominant mountebank within him has demanded self-expression at some point, and undone him, not as a wit, but as a dramatist. He lacks one essential of all true playmakers, namely reticence. He can not bear the trammels of self-discipline. Sooner or later, in his would-be plays, he obtrudes himself in some disguise or other and babbles like a child just to "show off."

In "Man and Superman," a delightful opening act is followed up by an act which stops the action. In "Mrs. Warren's Profession," in the third act, he neglects the drama for a shameless disquisition on Shavian moralities and immoralities. Which brings to my mind the fact that, at the first performance of that work here years ago, I was asked by a reporter for my opinion of the "play." I answered (after glancing at the audience), that, "it seemed to be of purely professional interest." In "Fanny's First Play," an ingenious trifle, the obtrusion of G. B. S. (this time camouflaged as an enlightened Frenchman), ruined everything. The impossible levities of Lady Cicely, and the cheap fun poked at the American, Capt. Kearney, with the absurd *dénouement*, spoilt "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." Smart? Painfully smart, of course. But, oh, so cheap!

AGAIN in that over-rated "Caesar and Cleopatra," Shaw could not keep his hands off holy things. He cut his capers round the Flight into Egypt, and smirched our memories of a very reverent picture which had adorned a Paris Salon. Nor can one ever guess how much of "Caesar and Cleopatra" was written seriously and how much in the spirit of buffoonery. I doubt if Shaw, himself, knew what he meant by it, though he pretended to explain things in a preface. The waiter in "You Never Can Tell" is a remarkable characterization. But the young people in that near-play are inane. Again in "Androcles," which stirred up so much laughter, he ridiculed in turn the Christian martyrs who died bravely for their faith, and their Roman tyrants. If he had mocked the victims or their butchers only, we might have laughed, or grieved, consistently. But why should we be required to be, as Shaw was, on both sides of the same fence in one "play."

I DON'T know what Mr. Hornblow said of "Heartbreak House." And, if I differ from him, he must not be hurt. But this I know, that like the average man, I thought this latest work of Shaw well-nigh unbearable. Its plot, such as it is, seems largely borrowed from certain parts of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." The amorous wanderings of the leading characters may have been due to some more modern Ariel magic. The unmerciful chatter of the characters annoyed me, even more than the far-fetched lesson, which the author has rubbed in. Shaw's willful quips to me were much more heartbreaking than the lubricities and the languors of his puppets. Yet I feel grateful, in a way, to Shaw for boring us with "Heartbreak House." For it has done what many critics have not done—it has shown that Shaw has reached the limit of the endurable. Those who pretend to like his garrulous second act—and I have not yet met a dozen who have admitted such a manifest waste of patience—I can but pity. They may be "highbrows" and they may be charming people. But what they do not know of drama would fill volumes.

There are few things more distressing in a play than jests that miss their mark, and gibes that fail. And I heard many such, alas, in "Heartbreak House." The set purpose of that dreary comi-tragedy in itself is good. But to conceive is one thing, to achieve another. Shaw lacked the honest, stark, relentless clearness of a great ironist when he wrote it, as surely as the fervor of a reformer. You cannot cure a naughty world by clowning, lash decadent generations into activity and earnestness by paradoxical pleasantries and mockeries. Shaw must at last have grown conscious of these facts, when, in his last act, he dragged in that murderous Zeppelin. What all his cynical wit had not achieved, was accomplished, in a moment, by one bomb. Had they been human, and not only Shavian symbols, his puppets would have shaken off their long and inherited sloth of mind when the crash brought them face to face with war and death. But they were puppets. So they relapsed into their sloth—all but the Bottom of this weary Shavian "Dream," and an improbable burglar.

Well, Shaw found people here to produce his "play" and thousands pay to see his nonsense acted. I doubt, though, whether he will have such audiences when what, he says, will be his dramatic swan song comes this way. He has been fortunate. He has gulled us long. Beyond peradventure he is a great mountebank. But he has not yet turned out one real human play. He has taught us little good and much that harms. He, a rank bourgeois, has lampooned his caste. He has mimicked Ibsen, to his heart's content, and in so doing he has, no doubt, added to his bank account.

IN years to come we shall re-read his essays on Wagner, Ibsen and some other themes. But as a deviser of pretended plays, George Bernard Shaw will soon join the dead moons.

FOOTLIGHT FLASHES

WHEN a manager is casting his eye around in search of actors for a new production, would you not say that he has a cast in his eye?

* * *

Some stars are like some drivers: they hold the lines all the time and won't let any one else drive.

* * *

Feminine stars are not nearly as distant as Betelgeuse, but astronomers don't study them so closely.

* * *

The actor who fails to pass his first entrance examination often makes his exit *summum cum laude*.

* * *

When a star reaches the middle-age period, the last thing that he or she desires to do is to hold the mirror up to nature.

There are many stars who believe that the part is greater than the whole—but the playwright seldom agrees with them.

* * *

There is a great deal of shop talk among actors nowadays—but much of it is "closed shop" talk.

* * *

The spot where every actor hopes to light in time is—yes, you've guessed it—spotlight.

* * *

Don't hitch your patrol wagon to a star unless you want her to run away with it.

* * *

No actor is a hero in the eyes of his understudy—until he becomes ill.

* * *

The actor who "doubles" evidently figures that two rôles are better than none.

A "feeder" is one who nourishes another and gets no tidbits in return.

* * *

Actors are like billiard players: they must have their cues.

* * *

Acting in romantic plays is a game of kiss and make-up.

* * *

The light that lies in the actress' eyes is star-light.

* * *

Many a leading man plays a small part at home.

* * *

Some of the "fattest" parts are played by the leanest actors.

* * *

Don't talk—act!

EDWIN CARTY RANCK.

POPULARIZING THE REVIVAL

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"WAY DOWN EAST"

Anna driven out into the snow

Attired in a bathing costume, Anna would undoubtedly prove a more attractive figure and her subsequent plunge into the river would seem less out of character

The Squire should be placed in the hands of a competent Fifth Avenue tailor









"MACBETH"

The Sleep-walking Scene

(A Doctor, a Waiting-Gentlewoman and Lady Macbeth)

Lady M.: All the Perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand

This scene handled in the modern spirit might make the Shakespearian performance attractive to a large portion of the public hitherto exclusively devoted to the Bedroom farce

"LOHENGRIN"

The Farewell to the Swan

It is a wise Impresario who substitutes a Chicken for the traditional swan with which Lohengrin makes his initial appearance

A dash of modernity such as a becoming necktie worn over the Armor might prove interesting to the well dressed man about town





WHEN SHOULD THE ACTOR QUIT?

De Wolf Hopper declares it preposterous to set a time limit on the player's art

By CAROL BIRD

IT was an assignment which savored of mothballs. It had to do with the rather indelicate question:

"Should an actor retire from the stage at the age of seventy?"

The discussion started in Paris recently when the younger actors and actresses of the Comédie Française declared that seventy should be the age limit for members of their profession.

When the news of the young French actors' edict regarding elderly actors reached Broadway, it caused a riot.

"Get the opinion of one of our—well—older actors on the subject," ordered the Editor. It was a ticklish assignment. To handle the interview properly, one ought to be a diplomat, a fast runner and a neat liar. A diplomat to put the awkward question gracefully; a fast runner in order to make a safe escape in the event that diplomacy failed, and a liar to answer the counter-question sure to follow: "Why did you pick on me?"

We chose the genial De Wolf Hopper. Some might think this an unwise choice. Mr. Hopper is a giant in stature. But we felt that he would never strike a woman.

De Wolf Hopper in starring, with Francis Wilson, in "Erminie" at the Park Theatre. "Erminie" is a revival of the old-time famous comic opera success. In the cast are several actors who have reached—or nearly reached—the fatal age set by the French actors as the time for quilted slippers, rocking chairs and reminiscence. Among these are Francis Wilson, who is cast in the rôle of his original character — Cadeaux, the rascal; Jennie Weathersby, also in the original character she portrayed when "Erminie" first delighted Broadway—that of the Princess De Gramponeur; and, perhaps, De Wolf Hopper.

AFTER witnessing a performance of "Erminie" and listening to the airy badinage of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hopper in an amusing and original impromptu curtain speech, we felt less timorous about the fatal interview. For De Wolf Hopper and Francis Wilson teased each other mercilessly about their ages right before a big audience. Francis Wilson, assuming his best persiflage manner, informed DeWolf that he remembered watching him perform when he—Francis—was a mere child in pantalettes or pantaloons, we forget which. Hopper, sneering his best sneer, glanced down at the lace pantaloons Wilson was wearing, and remarked:

"And now you're watching me again in pantaloons, only this time you're in your second childhood." They exchanged a good many more rather cruel quips about sparse hair, wrinkles and the long, long ago. It bolstered us up considerably.

We found Mr. Hopper in his dressing-room making up for a matinée performance. He wore a smoking jacket, and over his knees was spread a large make-up towel. His legs were bare, and he wore house slippers.

"Courtesy demands that I arise and escort you to a seat," boomed Mr. Hopper in that voice of enchanting deep bass timbre, "but my present costume, or lack of it, would mean the exposure of too great an expanse of cuticle. So enter, be seated, and forgive me."

Mr. Hopper had not yet commenced his facial make-up. He pushed aside a jar of grease paint, took out a villainous looking small black pipe, lit it, and began to smoke. Thus fortified, we felt that he could stand a slight shock. Though the opening was not an auspicious one, we began:

DO you agree with the French actors that men and women of the stage should retire at the age of seventy?" And thus, right at the start, we fell down on the diplomacy qualification.

"Just why am I permitted to give an opinion on this subject?"

The inevitable counter-question had been hurled.

"Because you chance to be in a cast which features two of the older actors of our stage—Jennie Weathersby and Francis Wilson—and it seemed appropriate to discuss the question with you," lied we glibly and irrelevantly.

"But they are by no means seventy," said Mr. Hopper. "And neither am I," he added, glancing sharply in our direction. We decided to dispense with evasion and come out in the open. We did. After that everything went smoothly.

"I think the young French actors are presumptious to utter such an opinion," began Mr. Hopper. "It is the most absurd thing I ever heard of! What has age to do with art, and ability and great talent? Does any one dare approach a great runner of the day and say to him just before the race:

'Stop! You shall not be in the Marathon today. We learn that you are one week over thirty.'

"If talented actors and actresses were to retire at a certain age—seventy, for instance—they would be doing an injustice to themselves and to the public. If they still possess the power to draw a good house, the same old-time magic of winning applause, if their personality and magnetism still attracts friends and admirers, why should they refuse to longer entertain an audience merely because of their age?

PLEASE do not misunderstand me. I do not believe that all actors and actresses should remain upon the stage after seventy. I merely mean that those who still retain their mental alertness and their physical powers should stay in the running. Each individual actor should, himself, realize when his sun has set. He should not wait for some one to tell him that his day is over, and that the public is willing that he should go into the discard. That is the most tragic thing that can happen to a human being—to be reminded that he is too old for further usefulness.

"However, these cases are rare. Most men and women know when to retire and to retire gracefully. But most assuredly a certain age limit should not be set—it all depends on the individual and his state of health and of mind. There are thousands of men and women who have lived clean, sane, splendid lives, who have well-nourished minds and bodies, who are keen mentally, and in robust physical condition. Would it be fair to tell these men and women still in the prime of life to retire from work?

"I am not referring now merely to men and women of the stage. For if an age ultimatum is delivered at all, it is only fair to deliver it to men and women in all walks of life. Think of the men and women you know today who are living active lives, contributing greatly to the world's progress, who are seventy years of age, or mighty near it, some of them even older. Their eyes are bright, their muscles elastic, their nerves in fine trim, and they are rollicking through life enjoying every minute of it.

TO-DAY I can think of many members of my profession who have reached or are fast approaching the 'dangerous age.' While it would be rather daring of me to announce their ages, even if I knew them, which I do not, I feel at liberty to say that W. J. Ferguson, W. H. Thompson, and Mrs. Whiffen are nearing the seventy milestone, and yet see how popular and beloved they are!

"It would be impossible, practically, for these active old-young men and women of the stage to give up the work in which they have been engaged all their lives, and settle down into inactivity. They would stagnate. They would be flinging the gate wide open for Age to stalk in and mark them as his own."

Then Mr. Hopper, throwing discretion to the winds, bravely discussed the days when he played with Joseph Jefferson. One of the plays in which he figured with the master was "The Rivals."

"Take Jefferson, for instance. When I knew him he was pretty close to seventy. Yet, all that I know of stagecraft—technique, poise, lack of self-consciousness—I learned from him. If an actor of seventy, a master, rich with experience, can impart valuable knowledge to younger actors, knowledge which will tinge their whole careers, would it be wise or just or even sane to place him into obscurity because of his age?

"Ah, those (*Continued on page* 294)

MARTHA COURTNEY

Young English dancer who has literally grown up in the Pavlowa ballet. She entered Mme. Pavlowa's school at the tender age of ten and has been with her ever since. She is here shown in the quaint costume of one of the ladies in the ballet of "Amarilla"

Abbe



(Below)

ANNA LUDMILLA

This graceful young terpsichorean artist, whom some have styled "the American Pavlowa," danced her way from the West via the Chicago Opera Company. She is now an added attraction to "Tip Top" as the Fairy Caprice



Goldberg



Lewis Smith



Copyright, Moffett

MARGIT LERAAS

Adolf Bolm's première danseuse in a Russian Dance. Also remembered as the creator of the part of the Infanta in that delightful ballet, "The Birthday of the Infanta"

BEATRICE COLLENETTE

Charming dancer who shares with Mitzi the honors of "Lady Billy." A discovery of Col. Savage, who saw her practicing on the half-darkened stage at His Majesty's Theatre, London. She made her début in this country last year in "See-Saw"

INTERPRETERS OF THE POETRY OF MOTION



WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST presents! Incredible, but true, the editor of a chain of thirteen or more newspapers and a half dozen magazines is about to make his début as a Broadway producer. We know, of course, that he has been a lifelong patron of the dramatic art. The classical performances at Berkeley, California, owe much to the Hearst millions, and it is fairly well known that W. R., himself, has backed several of the Ziegfeld Follies. He is a devotee of the terpsichorean art and has, in person, danced on the New Amsterdam Roof at the Midnight Frolic. He has also been aggressively active in the screen field. His last photodrama to be released was "Buried Treasure" in which Marion Davies is the star. For his managerial début, Mr. Hearst has secured a play, that is strongly dramatic, by an author of wide reputation. It will be produced under the auspices of one of the numerous organizations which he operates.

* * *

HAVE you noticed in "Deburau" how perfect everyone is in their French? There's a reason. Belasco never does things by halves. All through the long and laborious rehearsals of the play, he paid a French professor a salary to do nothing else but stand around listening to the actors' pronunciation of the many French words. This Frenchman was on the stage the opening night, apparently only a super mingling with the stage crowds, and he has been there every performance since, for the "Wizard of Forty-fourth Street" doesn't intend to allow any of his people to fall down in their pronunciation, even if it isn't the *première*. In the first act, when a crowd of theatregoers are seen pouring into the Théâtre des Funambules, many of the supers are really French people, recruited among some of the small restaurants along Sixth Avenue.

* * *

HOW is Edgar Selwyn's play pronounced anyway? I've heard it pronounced a dozen ways," I heard a girl ask her "fellow" at Atlantic City. He answered with a pompous air: "It's My Rage." "Excuse me," said Miss Nash. She flitted from the table and into the Room of Books. Returning with her thumb between the covers of a book with pliable red leather back, she uttered the final word: "It's pronounced as though spelled 'Me rawge'."

* * *

FLORENCE Nash, in her large library of the Nash apartment on Upper Broadway, is writing a play. She says it is contrary to all the rules, which the managers recite for "what the public wants," but she is "having a gorgeous time writing it." Members of the Sixty Club and other aggregations of thespians fear Florence and her library. She has books that settle every question concerning earth or heaven. There seems to be grave danger of the sprightly little comedienne becoming a blue stocking.

* * *

IT has been the impression, earnestly fostered by the sparkling star herself, that Laurette Taylor would appear only in plays written by her husband, Hartley Manners. Her pronunciamento was coincidental with her première of "Peg o' My Heart" at the Cort. For eight years she has adhered to it with the cohesiveness of the paper to the wall. But for some reason which she has not chosen to communicate to the larger world she is now negotiating for a play by *another* author. The reason may not be found in Mr. Manners' inability to bring forth another "Peg o' My Heart." Certainly, he has not failed either in industry nor inclination to duplicate that success. It is more probable that Miss Taylor's vaulting ambition to abandon comedy, in which she is inimitable, for emotional work is the reason for the departure from the eight year beaten path of her resolve.

* * *

MURATORE'S triumphs at the Manhattan recall a dramatic incident in his career. The place was Boston. The opera was "Monna Vanna." With one of the strange turns of its wheel, fortune had flung the first Mme. Muratore, the soprano, Marguerite Bariza, almost literally at his head. She was playing Monna Vanna, the scantily draped heroine. What rendered the situation poignantly acute was the presence of the second and present Mme. Muratore, "the most famous living beauty," Lina Cavalieri, in the stage box. Mme. Bariza, a beautiful woman and of exquisite refinement, withdrew from the company after that appearance. "It was odd," she wrote in her steamer letters. "The first time we had met since our separation was on the stage for rehearsals of 'Monna Vanna.' Muratore's demeanor was entirely according to the etiquette for divorced pairs. He was distantly courteous and emphatically impersonal. But it seemed better that I should not go to Chicago with the company."

* * *

RECENT admissions to the Actors' Fund Home have renewed the old discussion of "Why so many actors die poor." Margaret Anglin, rushing to the defense of her craft, says warmly: "Actors are not extravagant. They only seem so. The truth is that they have so little time to shop that they are forced to pay the highest prices. Other women can go about town and visit all the stores before buying a gown. The actress, with twenty minutes in which to order a frock, has to take the one that most appeals to her in her limited survey. And when the shopkeeper sees her step out of her car or taxi cab the prices take a miraculous shoot upward."

* * *

DESPITE Miss Anglin's earnestness, statistical minds heap proofs that, whatever the cause, players are wont to leave small estates. The smallest known estate left by an actress for settlement by the Public Administrator was that of Mazie Hartford, an American actress, who left ten cents. Neva Harrison, left one dollar and Celia Ladipus a little more, $1.64. Following closely the example of these American artists, Soldene Powell, an English player, who long served the stage in this country as actor and manager, left two dollars and three children. Frederick Tyler, an Englishman, shot and killed himself when his funds had diminished to $4.69.

* * *

YOUR manners over here were never good," said a visiting English dramatist the other day. "But I think they are at their worst in your theatrical district. I couldn't have believed conditions were so bad if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes—and especially heard it with my own ears. Some of your theatre managers are without the least culture or refinement, and yet you permit them to be your leaders in what should be one of the most carefully nurtured of the arts. The language one hears in the average theatrical office on Broadway is simply awful, and the familiarity and terms of endearment employed when addressing the opposite sex is positively nauseating. In England it is entirely different. There we try to be ladies and gentlemen. It is bad form to be anything else. Having a play produced in London is a charming experience, a delightful tea party. Here it is a nightmare. Why, then, do so many English actors come over here, you ask? The dramatist smiled. "My dear old chap, do you suppose they would put up with what they must here, if they could possibly get on in London? Most of the English actors here find it impossible to get a footing at home. That's how high our standard is. You used to have as high a standard in America before your theatre was so grossly commercialized."



Photo by Maurice Goldberg

DEISHA

This young dancer courts two Muses. Having achieved distinction in Adolf Bolm's "Ballet Intime" she turned to sculpture and has already exhibited some very creditable work. There is a fundamental unity in the plastic arts, she believes, and a knowledge of sculpture is a valuable part of the equipment of any Terpsichorean artist

(Below)

Sally is, perhaps, nicest of all in this furry dress of white, which she wears for her Slavic dance. Is it surprising that New York spent in one week $38,985 to see her?



Photos by Campbell Studios



When Sally, masquerading as the notorious Mme. Nookerova, arrives at the fashionable party in this dazzling costume, even the gay flowers in Joseph Urban's garden fade into insignificance. This is rather hard on poor Mr. Urban, who received only $15,000 for his settings



This wistful little dishwasher who "would like to be famous" is already famous on many counts. She has completely smashed all box office records at the New Amsterdam Theatre, not excluding the Follies. But then, Marilynn Miller is a very bewitching person—even when she's washing dishes

A NEW STAR BREAKS OLD RECORDS



The temperamental Ben-Ami finds nothing more soothing after the emotional strain of "Samson and Delilah" than a quiet pipe



Alan Dinehart, now playing the lead in "The Mirage," is soon to be starred in a new play, "Edgar Allan Poe." He is shown here puffing at his favorite cigarette—an Egyptian Deity

Photos by Bachrach



Gavin Muir, who has made one of the hits of the season in "Enter Madame," dreaming of future stardom which he visions in clouds of his "Condex" cigarette



To rest his nerves after his strenuous performance in "Welcome Stranger," George Sidney enjoys nothing more than a Corona-Corona cigar

WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE STAGE IF TOBACCO IS PROHIBITED?

THE WHY OF THE CHORUS GIRL

Is the lady of the ensemble a "gold digger" or is she an "actress"?

By JAMES S. METCALFE

IS she a "lady of the ensemble" as she was ceremoniously described during the hectic days of the Equity strike? Or is she a "gold digger" as she is pictured in the Belasco-Claire comedy of that name? Or is she an "actress" as she describes herself usually when brought into unfortunate contact with the traffic police or the marriage-and-divorce reporters of the daily press?

No matter into which of these categories she may fall, it is not to be denied that collectively she is a very important, if not the most important, factor in enterprises which form a large percentage of the theatrical business today. There have been girl-and-music shows which have successfully cut out the chorus boys; there have been others where the principals were negligible quantities and yet others where the book and score did not largely matter, but so far as known, there has never been a successful comic opera, musical comedy or entertainment along those lines from which the merry-merry was omitted. In fact, there have been several instances of spoken comedies which had outlived their usefulness that were given new and prosperous careers by injecting into them a little singing and dancing as an excuse for the presence of the chorus-girl lure.

HER value was perhaps never better demonstrated than in the case of famous "Florodora." When that classic was first performed in this country it started out to be a very flat failure. It had its merits but they were not immediately discovered by a public at that time pretty well fed up on that kind of entertainment. Before it became necessary to announce the withdrawal of the piece, two or three scouts of the Wall Street contingent took favorable notice of the collective and component charm of the sextette. The news of their discovery quickly spread and what promised to be a total loss became an extremely valuable theatrical asset.

The importance of her as we know her is the growth of a comparatively few years. Messrs. Euripedes, Aeschylus, Sophocles and other charter members of the Greek Dramatists' Club, knew full well "the value of a kindly chorus," but it was a chorus of an entirely different type, or types, from the chorus which decorates our modern Broadway classics. No one in all Greece cared whether its members were blondes or brunettes, tall or short, plump or slender. It was enough that they could wail and lament and generally increase the gloom of the tired business man of the period instead of adding to his pleasures as the chorus does in our own time.

Coming down the years we see her beginning to approach her present position with the establishment and growth of continental opera. With her male associates she became more and more necessary to both author and composer in developing the story and varying the character of the music. As a picturesque adjunct, the chorus was more valuable as a wearer of costumes, and, musically, as increasing the volume of sound than from attractiveness of person. If proof were needed of this, one has only to recall that respectable and marvellously ugly body of persons who, until years very recent indeed, held membership in the chorus of grand opera even at the Metropolitan.

IF ever there was a stage body calculated to repel rather than attract, it was this guild of operatic chorus folk noted here only as the immediate predecessors of our own ladies of the limousine and lobster. They held their places by a sort of unwritten prerogative which no impressario was brave enough to ignore. Their jobs were handed down from generation to generation after the manner of family heirlooms. In families blest with longevity it was not impossible to see daughter, mother and grandmother singing in the same chorus. Children were born with almost a pre-natal knowledge of the scores and chorus business of the operatic classics. This made for reliability and good team work, but did not create any stirring interest in the personnel of the chorus on the part of the tenants of the omnibus box.

This lacking interest was supplied by the *corps de ballet*, established as a sort of parallel institution to opera. Here, of course, grace, symmetry and pulchritude were the essentials and, therefore, the ballet could not be organized and conducted along family lines. It is to be feared that strict discretion in private life was not regarded so highly as beauty and shapeliness of person, these attractions being relied upon to ingratiate for the operatic institution persons, particularly of the male sex, who could not be counted upon to be drawn solely by a predilection for the lyric drama. In fact, in some European countries it is relied upon as the bond to connect the art of opera with governmental subsidies for its support.

THE lighter forms of play and music combination sprang largely from the more serious form and modeled themselves to some extent on its methods and traditions. Being for popular consumption and relying on popular support, their promoters could neglect no detail of drawing power. With much smaller resources it was out of the question to maintain both chorus and ballet. Both were essential. To the ever-fertile managerial mind, often confronted with the problem of making both ends meet in a business way, the solution in this case came readily to mind. Why not make the ballet sing and the chorus dance, reducing the numbers and expense of the two attractions? Hence the increased importance of the doubled feature and the birth of the chorus girl as we know her.

The chorus girl has come decidedly into her own with the tremendous popularity and expansion of the light musical entertainment extending in range from comic operas that have become classics to the barn-storming burlesques and the elaborate *revues* which glitter from the boulevards of Paris and the music-halls of London to every metropolis, and many smaller cities of our continent. The music-show and the chorus girl have together grown in importance, each adding to the other in value as a lure to the patronage of the big paying public which seeks to be amused easily through appeals more to the eye and ear than through the mind.

It was a happy find for both light music and the chorus girl when they discovered their interdependence. And the cementing of the partnership has meant fortune for the impressarios and managers who have been successful in welding the union to popular liking. They may credit themselves with rare discoveries of sopranos, tenors and comedians to top their bills but not one of them, forced to full confession, could deny that those discoveries would, at most times, be valueless without the added lure of the youth and beauty usually anonymous on the programme, but always very present to the consciousness of the audience and especially to its male constituent parts.

RIGHT here is a very delicate point in the discussion of the reason for the existence of the chorus girl. Regarded from the point of view of the women and of some men in the audience it is quite possible to regard only her artistic value to the entertainment of which she is only a part. To these spectators who eliminate the question of sex as a specific qualification, she seems to contribute an essential quality entirely aside from it. Even these patrons would be likely to neglect musical shows from which were lacking the peculiar charm given to them by the chorus girl. It is not possible to conceive of great popularity among any class of the public for a musical show which confined itself strictly to male choruses and choristers. By their attendance the most straight-laced and proper of those in the audience supply evidence that the chorus girl provides something in the way of lightness and variety which draws them where they would not be drawn without it. So it is not sex appeal in its baser form which alone gives her her importance.

Frankly though, this is a factor which cannot be eliminated in a truthful discussion of the subject. It is emphasized so strongly in newspaper and billboard advertising, in fiction and jokes, and even in such a play as "The Gold Diggers," (*Continued on page* 292)

PIERRE DE LANUX
French author, lecturer and war correspondent





MRS. PIERRE DE LANUX

ARTHUR COREY
In Oriental headdress and with his lithe body all gilded, this boy was one of the sensations of the Ball





(Left)
JEANETTE PRATT
Artist and maker of jewels, heading the "Jewels of India" feature

(Below)
MARGARET FITCH
Kenilworth, Ill., society girl and art dancer in the Javanese group

(Below)
MR. and MRS. McCLELLAND BARCLAY
Artists seen in the Javanese group and in the "Pageant of the East"





VIOLET HEMING
Selected as "Queen of Batik"



A Brilliant Spectacle of Color, Art and Jazz, the Batik Ball, given at the Congress Annex by the National Art Service League, proved a most successful affair, pretty girls and leaders of fashion vieing with each other in beauty and originality of costume

Photos Copyright by Moffett, Chicago

ORIENTAL SPLENDOR IN CHICAGO'S BATIK BALL



Photo by Bruguière

JULIA ARTHUR AS LADY MACBETH

Very successful in Shakespeare in her early stage days when she toured with Daniel Bandmann in such rôles as Juliet, Portia, Desdemona, Ophelia, this is the first time that Miss Arthur (seen recently in "The Eternal Magdalene") has essayed the rôle of the Thane's ambitious and unscrupulous consort

CHIEF PROTAGONISTS IN NEW INTERPRETATION



Photo by Bruguière

LIONEL BARRYMORE AS MACBETH

The Barrymores are carrying on the traditions of their family by still further incursions into Shakespeare. John Barrymore set the pace last year by his fine, if somewhat frail, Richard. Now it is his elder brother who courts fame as the interpreter of Shakespeare's great epic drama

OF SHAKESPEARE'S COMPELLING TRAGEDY "MACBETH"

THEY ALSO SERVE

Haughty stars find their maids indispensable as critics

By MARY F. WATKINS

RATHER alarmingly early on the morning after the opening performance, the Manager was called upon the telephone by the Star.

"Yes," she said, "That sofa in the second act will have to be changed. I'm discarding the black gown for a flame color, and so, of course, can't sit on a mauve sofa!"

"But why the change of costume, dear lady?" queries the harrassed man.

"Oh, Georgine saw the performance last night and condemned the black one, too sombre for the tempo of the scene."

"And who the devil is Georgine?"

"Georgine? Why, my maid, of course, my most valuable critic. I should not think of opposing her judgment!"

This little anecdote is not exaggerated, for in every theatre, opera house and moving picture studio in the land, there is always found this obscure little personage, the star's maid, playing a mute but important part in every production. She is a little goddess of the machine, ruling with tyranny that most unruly creature, the leading lady. She may be of any race, creed or color, but she must always excel beyond the utmost in her chosen profession, for she holds in the hollow of her capable palms the key to her mistress' prosperity, peace and pulchritude.

SHE is not hard to find in the maze of props and incongruities back stage, for we have only to look in the vicinity of that spot where the star makes her next exit. One usually sees a rather middle-aged woman with tired eyes, dressed in nondescript clothing, standing with a glass of water in one hand and a woolly shawl over her arm, anxiously listening to the voices on the stage, only withdrawing her attention from the scene long enough to upbraid with truculence a passing electrician who may jar her elbow, or to exchange a word of swift banter with the curtain man. Her badge of office is a little row of safety pins stuck conveniently on her chest for emergencies, and her royal perogative is the privilege of passing unquestioned through those inviolable behind-the-scenes precincts where no laity dare tread. Her kingdom is the dressing room, and her slave—hush, admit it with discretion!—is the star herself.

"Oh, Madame, not so much number three on the cheek bones for this scene—catches the high lights . . . ages you!"

"But Georgine, I know how to make up, do let me alone!"

"No, Madame, please allow me!" Georgine removes the offending Number three, and substitutes No. 2 in the indignant fingers.

The call-boy lives in terror of Georgine's tongue, even the doorkeeper is respectful. They recognize her as one of the profession, and above all, as a real artiste.

But great as are her moments of glory, gratifying as are her perquisites, her labors are heavy and exacting. She must be keyed to concert pitch most of the time, and yet must never show funk. Hers to save situations, to meet emergencies, to be a tower of strength, a rebuke to the foolish. She must discriminate between the desirable and undesirable of Madame's callers, she must put certain officious persons in their place without creating enemies for her mistress, she must avoid publicity in some channels and promote it in others.

She must play the dual rôle of watch-dog and guardian angel . . . and, above all, she must know her mistress' moods to such a nicety that by her own judgment alone she will keep from or reveal to her at the proper moment each situation and complication that is constantly arising in the average Thespian's life. She must mete out the precise shading of deference due the various degrees of personages peopling the Star's professional world, and must have names, addresses, occupations, at her tongue's end.

THEN she is the Lady's Maid *par excellence*, skilled at the coiffure, both human and wig, a manicure, a masseuse, a seamstress, sometimes even a housekeeper. She must be adept at the telephone, accurate with messages, a genius for polite lies. She must be able to repair a rent with magic needle in the passing of a precious moment, must create costumes with safety pins, and manipulate cosmetics with an artist's touch. For such service she is repaid by constant association with interesting people, by a certain amount of intimacy with her famous mistress, and with anywhere from seventy-five to two hundred cash per month.

She is rarely the type divulged in the movies, trig, be-ruffled, capped and beribboned. If she is, the chances are that she is a novice. She is more apt to be of comfortable figure and features, sometimes of amiable Hibernian extraction, oftener Swiss, and occasionally, frankly, "nigger mammy." If she is young, she is pert; if she is middle-aged, she is droll and caustic; and if she is neither, but that ageless, almost sexless, raw-boned automaton one met with oftener in a happier, by-gone day, she is a pearl of great price.

THERE are stars, soubrettes, oddities in their ranks, and certain outstanding figures. For example, there is Margaret Anglin's maid, who was Modjeska's, who remained jobless for years until she found an actress whom she considered worthy of her efforts. Then she adopted Miss Anglin, who was given no choice in the matter, but she remains one of the brightest plumes in that gifted lady's cap. She says she can hardly resist introducing the fat, domineering, beloved little servant to all her friends. There is Geraldine Farrar's maid, of whom the singer says:

"I could not sing without her, she is as great an artist in her profession as I am in mine—I respect her as such."

There are the three maids of Emmy Destinn, who, speaking no English, somehow manage to so foresee and provide for all the needs of their mistress to the extent that the unfortunate woman scarcely dares extract a handkerchief from her own bureau drawer. Vesta Tilly, most remarkable of all Music Hall "turns," beloved of the Tommies, had for years as maid, a woman of culture, education and means, who did the work because she loved the actress, loved the life, and never tired of the thrill and stress of the quick changes. She says that she had almost an equal share in all Miss Tilly's success, and Miss Tilly confirms it.

THEATRE THOUGHTS

Laurette was not "to the Manners born." She was to the Manners married.

Elsie Janis's favorite pet is a mocking-bird.

George Sidney has proved a very "Welcome Stranger."

When Frank Bacon first arrived in New York, to appear in "Lightnin'," he rented a room by the week. Making a hit, he rented the room by the month, and then by the year. After that he bought a house. Now he has planted acorns in the back-yard, intending to watch them grow.

Seeing Otis Skinner advertised in "At the Villa Rose," a Mexican inquired if the star impersonated Villa.

The successful co-operation of Belasco and Warfield suggests that one good David deserves another.

Charles B. Dillingham asked for bread, and the Lord gave him (Fred) Stone.

Al Jolson appears in "black face" in order to conceal his blushes at the riotous reception he always receives from the audience.

HAROLD SETON.



White

IRENE WILLIAMS IN "ERMINIE"

This singer, with a charm all her own, maintains the best traditions of the title rôle of the famous operetta. She is also well known as a concert singer. Last year she joined the American Singers, and was seen in a number of their revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan operas

(Below)

MADGE LESSING AS CAPTAIN DELAUNEY

A member of the original "Erminie" production, this talented woman has spent the intervening years winning laurels in London, Paris and Berlin. When asked by a French manager how quickly she could learn French, she answered, "In three months," and three months later was playing in Paris—in French. The New York stage is fortunate in having her back again



Edward Thayer Monroe

STARS THAT TWINKLE IN "ERMINIE" REVIVAL



Ira L. Hill

MARGOT KELLY

This vivacious little English girl, so happily remembered as Phrynette in "Pierrot the Prodigal," is once more flirting with her first love, pantomime. Her flaming tresses now adorn the head of Justine in "Deburau"

(Below)

HELEN SHIPMAN

Seen a short time in "Oh Boy," this western Irene is praised by critics as the best musical "find" of years



Edward Thayer Monroe

PATTIE HARROLD

"Irene" seems to be destined to be a prima donna maker. Only twenty years old, this personable artist stepped over night from the chorus into a title rôle



© Ray Huff



Alfred Cheney Johnston

CLAIRE NAGLE

When this comedienne (Mrs. Arthur Hammerstein in private life) married the producer after a romance of six weeks, she renounced the footlights forever. But ladies are privileged to change their minds, and she has now returned to the stage in the leading rôle of "Tickle Me"

IMPORTANT FACTORS IN RECENT HITS



ACT III

Watkins (Ivan F. Simpson) the renegade Cockney, now in the Raja's employ, is wireless operator as well as valet, and through his rascality the Europeans are able to send out the alarm which quickly brings succor



ACT IV

Feeling that their doom is sealed, and that the man she loves is going to torture and death at the hands of the fanatical high priests, Mrs. Crespin (Olive Wyndham) is ready to succumb to the Raja on his promise to save Dr. Traherne, when suddenly the droning roar of British planes is heard above the palace. Rescue is at hand



ACT I

The Raja of Rukh (George Arliss) has the culture of an Indian potentate educated at Oxford, but the instincts of a barbarian. He has sworn to avenge himself on the English, and the unexpected arrival of Maj. Crespin and party affords him an opportunity eagerly awaited

Photos by Abbe

THRILLS AND COLOR IN "THE GREEN GODDESS"

IS IT LUCK OR PLUCK?

How Mrs. Whiffen won the title Grand Old Woman of the American stage

By CATHERINE ROBERTSON

THE leading woman was suddenly taken ill," said the little lady sitting in the big chair, and her voice was positively shaking, not—I grieve to state—in sympathy with the suffering leading lady, but just with the thrilling quality of her tale. "She just sent word to the theatre at the last moment, and I, who was playing a tiny part—the Fairy Floribel—only eight lines—was asked if I could play it! I said 'yes,' and I went right on, and I *made good!* No, I wasn't the understudy; there wasn't any understudy; but I'd stood in the wings every night, watching and watching and watching—because, you see, the leading woman could really act, and I was only a beginner and I wanted to learn to act—oh, how passionately I wanted to learn to—*to* express truth and beauty. So, of course, I knew every word of her part—I'd heard it so often—and then the opportunity came—just like that! Oh, dear—oh, dear! How exciting it was!"

There was a lilt of joy in her voice, and a sparkle in her eyes as she told it—the story of how opportunity came to the actress-girl who had been she, fifty-five years ago; the actress-girl who in 1865, was little Miss Blanche Galton, and is now the most-beloved veteran actress of the American theatre, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen.

"I was a lucky girl!" Mrs. Whiffen added with a beaming smile; "oh, tremendously lucky!"

"Perhaps," I ventured, "because luck and ambition go hand in hand?"

DON'T be so sure of that!" said Mrs. Whiffen wisely, and very emphatically. "Of course, it all depends upon what you mean by ambition." Her tone grew confidential. "I've known ambitious men and women of the stage—or at least they said that they were ambitious—who were, at heart, what one might call—'artistic kleptomaniacs! Their fingers were always itching for the other fellow's part, or opportunity, or success. No luck has ever, to my knowledge, gone hand in hand with such ambition as theirs. How could it? The luck that was in their vicinity, was disregarded, and it passed on, for their greedy eyes were ever on the Fortunatus' cap of someone else—oh, what opportunities are missed by the 'artistic kleptomaniacs'! Such people need eyes in the back of their heads!" And she chuckled delightedly at the picture.

"It's a funny thing," she mused, "the strange ambition to be in the shoes of someone else, shoes that wouldn't fit at all, and would make the alien wearer very, very uncomfortable! It's all so foolish—just like Cinderella's ugly sisters, who cut off their silly toes so that they could squeeze their feet into the glass slipper. If they had had sense—and if the 'artistic kleptomaniacs' had sense—they'd have known, and know today that when the fairies make a slipper for Cinderella, only Cinderella is destined to wear it!

"But that's only one kind of ambition," she went on, "and there are so many, many different kinds. There is the ambition to be, if not in the other person's place, in a place even *more* imposing."

"In the centre of the stage," I suggested, "with the spot-light illuminating the one, and throwing the others into shadow?"

YES!" and she laughed, "and all the world—especially the actors and actresses of the world—gazing in awe, with dazzled eyes, upon one's name in electric lights, and reading press notices about pet poodles and limousines and country homes, and the once-unappreciative acquaintances declaring proudly: 'I knew her when—'!"

"And does luck always go hand in hand with such ambition?" I asked Mrs. Whiffen.

"In exceptional cases—perhaps," she answered, her voice a bit puzzled. "Or so they tell me. Personally, I've never known a big success to come to one who wanted success for it's own sake. I don't quite understand how it can ever be so—but they tell me—"

"They tell you, perhaps," I suggested, "of people who have fought for and attained stardom, *because they would be stars*, but, when you come to think it over, there are quite a few people, you know, who are carefully labelled and tagged 'star,' and then Mr. and Mrs. Public firmly remove the label by the simple process of removing their presence from the theatre where that 'star's' name blazes in electric lights, and betaking themselves to see real artists whom they, in love and admiration, have decorated with the star-label—yes?"

"Why, of course," said Mrs. Whiffen, quickly; "the star that drops out of sight must be the one whose only ambition was to be a star, not to—to—" She hesitated, and I was very still, for I felt that she was now on the point of telling me her definition of true ambition, the ambition that goes hand in hand with luck, on the road to success.

After a thoughtful pause, Mrs. Whiffen said slowly: "My experience in seventy-five years of living, in fifty-five years of acting, has taught me that success—which, in my profession I take to be the achievement of a dignified position as a worthy and loved artist—that success comes to those who have no particular ambition to be—to be as famous, or almost as famous, or more famous than the other fellow; to be on a pedestal, and rich, and envied, perhaps.

"No, indeed! Life has shown me that to the really big people, success has always come as a *surprise!* And when the first surprise is over why, they just forget all about being successes, and go on living as they have always lived, guided in every step by the ambition, not to *be*—but to *do*; to do the very finest, biggest work of which their hands and brains are capable. And their inspiration: the knowledge of a power to humbly express truth and beauty."

"So there we have it!" I said triumphantly; "the ambition with

(Continued on page 294)

PLAYS RECOMMENDED BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

You can't go wrong if you follow this list each month

"BAD MAN, THE": Satirical melodrama with comic relief. A hit.

"BAT, THE": A real thriller. You can't afford to miss it.

"DEBURAU": A fine play dealing with pathetic incidents in a mummer's life, admirably acted and presented with the wonderful detail that mark all Mr. Belasco's production.

"ENTER MADAME": Conventional comedy, serving to display the unusual gifts of Gilda Varesi.

"FIRST YEAR, THE": Delightful comedy of newly married life with that inimitable comedian Frank Craven and excellent cast.

"GOLD DIGGERS, THE": Clever comedy of chorus girl life.

"GREEN GODDESS, THE": Thrilling melodrama, with picturesque Indian background and excellent acting by George Arliss and company.

"GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES": Production of rare beauty. Don't miss it.

"HEARTBREAK HOUSE": Typical Shavian comedy—delightfully bizarre, extravagantly fantastic, splendidly entertaining.

"HONEYDEW": Pleasing musical comedy with Zimbalist score and lavishly staged.

"IRENE": Delightful musical comedy—one of the biggest hits in years.

"LIGHTNIN' ": Frank Bacon in a highly successful comedy characterization.

"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK": Charming comedy, introducing in a new rôle that delightful young actress, Genevieve Tobin.

"MARY": Typical Cohan musical comedy success—with pretty girls, excellent comedy and bewitching melodies.

"MARY ROSE": Barrie's latest play of the never-never kind. Strange, unusual, yet absorbingly interesting.

SALLY": Tuneful, decorative and delightfully entertaining musical comedy, introducing the exquisite little dancer, Marilynn Miller as a star.

"SAMSON AND DELILAH": Tense drama introducing Ben-Ami, a temperamental, forceful actor of the Jewish Art Theatre, who gives an impressive, interesting performance.

"SKIN GAME, THE": Stirring and interesting play of class conflict in England today.

"TAVERN, THE": Highly amusing melodramatic burlesque, with Arnold Daly and competent cast.

"THY NAME IS WOMAN": New variation of the eternal triangle—three vividly drawn types of husband, wife and lover.

"TICKLE ME": Musical comedy with elaborate stage investiture and the inimitable Frank Tinney.

"TIP TOP": Typical Fred Stone show with jazzy music, clever comedy and graceful dancing.

"WELCOME, STRANGER": Amusing comedy with the Jewish-American comedian George Sidney.

"WOMAN OF BRONZE, THE": Old-fashioned emotional drama, admirably acted by Margaret Anglin.

"ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC": Girl show *de luxe*. Good entertainment and lavishly spectacular.



SYLVIA NELIS
Leading woman in "The Beggar's Opera" in the costume of 18th Century England



JULIETTE DAY
Chinese princess in "The Yellow Jacket"

Photos by Bachrach



WINIFRED ANGLIN
Basque peasant girl in "Transplanting Jean"



MARIA ASCARRA
Castillian beauty, playing Miradel Carmen in "Spanish Love"



GLADYS HANSON
Arabian princess in "Mecca"

MAIDS OF MANY LANDS



GRACE GEORGE

Consistent with her ambition to establish a repertory theatre for the production of worthy plays, Miss George has resumed her activities as an actress-manager. Her first production was "The New Morality" by Harold Chapin, a young English dramatist, which will soon be followed by a comedy from the French of Paul Géraldy



Hixon Connelly

NORA BAYES

Even genealogy has ceased to be tedious in the expert hands of the popular and inimitable Nora Bayes. "Her Family Tree," a fantastic musical play, affords ample opportunity to display the actress's charm and talent



EMILY STEVENS

A new and unusual photograph of this always interesting actress. Having closed in "Foot Loose," Miss Stevens has been absent from the stage for some time recuperating from an illness. She will be seen again on Broadway before the close of the season in a new pay by a well known author

THREE DOMINANT WOMAN STARS



Hixon-Connelly

GRACE LA RUE

This dashing comedienne, who has endeared herself to that great army which fills our vaudeville houses, is now being starred on Broadway in "Dear Me," a comedy of sunshine and sentiment. As a dispenser of happiness to miserable humanity, she is a familiar enough figure, and this latest brand will appeal to those who like their amusement sugar coated

OLD FAVORITES

(Right)

THIS droll Irish comedian, so long associated with Jefferson, was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1831. In 1852 he was a member of Brougham's Lyceum, where he appeared for the first time in Irish characters. He and his wife, Malvina Pray, appeared together at Purdy's National Theatre, June 8, 1853, as the Irish Boy and Yankee Gal, and for many years continued to be billed jointly. His most pronounced hit was as Hon. Bardwell Slote in "The Mighty Dollar," in 1876



WILLIAM J. FLORENCE

(Below)

MARIE JANSEN

AMERICAN operetta singer, a great favorite with *habitués* of the Casino in the days of "Nadjy," "Erminie," and other successes, who made her début at the Park Theatre in 1881. After some success as the Countess in "Olivette" she joined the forces of Col. McCaull, appearing in "The Beggar Student," her first big hit. Rudolph Aronson then engaged her for the New York Casino, and on May 14, 1888, she appeared for the first time in the title role of "Nadjy." Later, she was leading woman for Francis Wilson.



MARY ANDERSON

FORTUNE'S favorite, "Our Mary," was born in California in 1859 and made her début when only sixteen in Louisville, Ky., as Juliet. Everywhere people went wild over her. "Her beauty," says a critic, "her graciousness, her intelligence, her refined manner and her unquestionable dramatic interest and ability contributed greatly to the honor and glory of the American stage while she adorned it." She was not a great actress in the sense that Cushman was, but of her great popularity there is no question. She retired from the stage in 1890



© Falk



E. L. DAVENPORT

THIS tragedian, one of the most popular of American players, was born in Boston in 1815 and made his début in 1836 in Massinger's "New Way to Pay Old Debts." In 1846 he played Romeo to the Juliet of Mrs. Mowatt and later became a Shakespearean star, his Hamlet ranking second only to Booth's. "His Bill Sykes," writes a critic, "was one of the most terrific exhibitions of savage blackguardism ever witnessed on the stage, while only Booth could excel him in the craft and finesse of Richelieu." He was last seen in New York in 1876

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

HENRY MILLER'S. "WAKE UP, JONATHAN." A comedy in three acts by Hatcher Hughes and Elmer L. Rice. Produced on January 17th, 1921, with this cast:

Jonathan Blake	Charles Dalton
Marion Blake	Mrs. Fiske
Helen Blake	Helen Holt
Junior Blake	Frank Hearn
Peggy Blake	Lois Bartlett
Chippy Blake	Nadia Gary
Bernard Randall	Donald Cameron
Douglas Brent	Fleming Ward
Adam West	Howard Lang
Jean Picard	Freddie Goodrow
Jennie	Edith Fitzgerald

THERE is no circle in which woman's influence is more potent than in the theatre. Managers must minister to their tastes or they stay away and, what is more, also keep away the masculine contingent. The women are said to be strong for "Wake Up Jonathan." Therefore, I predict success for Mrs. Fiske's new starring medium.

The theme of the play is that caveman processes are a joke and hold no terror for the feminine heart. This was originally set forth by Marionnettes in an introduction to the comedy by Hatcher Hughes and Elmer L. Rice, but it has been discontinued. Their own fable was sufficiently clear without the aid of this symbolical embellishment, which, however, was distinctly interesting and most dextrously and intelligently manipulated.

"Wake Up Jonathan," with much humor and satirical invention, shows what a really inferior and hopeless an individual is the successful man of affairs in the hands of a woman fine of purpose and with an abundance of humor. Jonathan Blake, making provision, meanwhile, for his family, goes out into the world untrammelled by the fettering chains of domesticity so that his full powers may find perfect expression in the accumulation of money. He becomes a magnate and returns home to demonstrate just how things should be done, according to his formulae, in his own household. That he fails ignominiously is, of course, inevitable, and the lesson is driven vividly home that women know a great deal more than some men give them credit for. This is all revealed in many amusing scenes and to the running accompaniment of bright scintillating dialogue.

As the wife who teaches her husband his proper place in the domestic economy, Mrs. Fiske is delightfully alert, vivacious, gentle, yet firm, snapping out her lines with a humorous zest that makes them particularly telling.

Charles Dalton is splendidly happy as the self-satisfied, pompous man of affairs. A capital characterization in every particular. As a foil, the man of feeling and sensibility, who measures neither life nor success by dollars, is gently portrayed by Howard Lang. A comprehensive and very necessary contingent of children are artistically in evidence.

SELWYN. "DIFF'RENT." Play in two acts by Eugene O'Neill. Produced January 31, 1921, with this cast:

Captain Caleb Williams	James Light
Emma Crosby	Mary Blair
Jack Crosby	Eugene Lincoln
Captain John Crosby	Alan MacAteer
Mrs. Crosby	Alice Rostetter
Harriet Williams	Elizabeth Brown
Alfred Rogers	Iden Thompson
Benny Rogers	Charles Ellis

THE second of the season's bills by the Provincetown Players followed its predecessor uptown to Broadway for a series of matinée performances. Like their first production, "The Emperor Jones," it is also a play by Eugene O'Neill.

The author announces it as a daring study of feminine sex psychology, and his exposition of the theme is somewhat curious. The central figure is a girl whose people are rough, bluff, swearing, seafaring men, and who is, herself, about to be married to the captain of a whaling vessel. She considers herself "diff'rent" from any of her family and also from her lover's sister, having ideals that none of them understand. She has idealized the man she is about to marry and thinks him likewise "diff'rent;" but when on the eve of the wedding she learns from a joking story told by her brother that her ideal is shattered and he is a man much like his fellow-men, she declares her love for him is killed, refuses to marry him, and sends him about his business.

Between this first act and the second act there is an interval of thirty years; and the girl, now a dried-up, faded old maid, trying to conceal her state by paint, powder, dyed hair and girlish clothes, is entertaining an autumnal passion for the nephew of her old-time flame, an absolutely worthless and degraded returned soldier. He fools her to the top of his bent; and she who ruined her life by giving quick credence to a silly story told thirty years ago, now refuses to believe a single word against this debauched youngster until he incautiously "spills the beans," to use his own phrase, and all is over. Learning at the same moment that her first lover has hung himself in his barn, she starts, as the final curtain falls, for her own barn.

It is not a pleasant play, and there are some queer twists of psychology in it. But it is interesting, and was interestingly, though at times, amateurishly, played. Mary Blair gave a seriously studied and in the main, consistent portrayal of the character of Emma Crosby. The Capt. Williams of James Light was a sincere piece of work. But the best playing in the entire cast was done by Charles Ellis, who was to the life the degenerate, heartless, good-for-nothing soldier.

GREENWICH VILLAGE. "EYVIND OF THE HILLS." Tragedy in four acts by Johann Sigurjonsson, translated by Henninge Krohn Schanche. Produced February 1, with the following cast:

Halla	Margaret Wycherly
Kari	Arthur Hohl
Bjorn	Byron Beasly
Arnes	Edward G. Robinson
Gudfinna	Beatrice Moreland
A Shepherd Boy	Raymond Guiron
Arngrim A Leper	Lloyd Neal
A District Judge	Charles P. Bates
Tota	Elfin Finn
Jon	Edward Begley
Jon's Wife	Helene Russell

IT is a well established fact that the suicide rate of the Scandinavian race is higher than that of any other. Judging from the numerous

murders which occur in "Eyvind of the Hills," homicides in that part of the world run suicides a close second.

"Eyvind of the Hills," written by Johann Sigurjonsson, is a fine example of the dark workings of the Scandinavian mind. It is about as gloomy, and morbid, and depressing as any play could be. Its principal weak point lies in the fact that no effort is made to stress the feature that the bitter and soul-biting cold of the Iceland is enough to congeal the heart of any one forced to live there. If this point were brought out in a stronger way, more sympathy would be created for the heroine, who murders her two little children and commits a good many more crimes before she kills herself. As the play stands, Halla repels and shocks those who sit and watch her career of crime through twenty years or more of her life.

First of all, she leaves a clean and kindly community to become the mistress of a thief, with whom she flees to the hills, and lives with as an outcast. She murders her first born by putting it out in the snow; flings the other into a mountain stream; incites her husband to murder, later to suicide and then ends her own life. She is a first rate example of what a normal, well-balanced woman should not be.

Although the character of the heroine is not one to arouse sympathy, the play at times reaches great depths of tragic intensity. The last act, in particular, where the man and woman, starving in a wretched hut, realize that privation has killed their love, the one thing left them in life, is pitiful as well as harrowing.

Margaret Wycherly is forced to pour out copious supplies of emotion in the rôle of the woman who flees to the hills with the man of her choice. As she is an actress who has usually created favorable comment because of her repressed and natural way of delineating a character, she is not well cast. Arthur Hohl, as the outcast; Byron Beasly, as the villain bailiff who persecutes him; and Edward G. Robinson, give Miss Wycherly her principal support.

The play has decided literary value, and is, therefore, worth doing, but it is not a pleasant morsel for even the most hungry theatregoer.

GREENWICH VILLAGE. "NEAR SANTA BARBARA." Romantic drama in four acts, by Willard Mack. Produced February 1, 1921, with the following cast:

Sheriff "Tod" Wilson	Howard Truesdel
Phil Yeager	Joseph F. Sweeney
Mike McKenzie	Charles Abbe
Nocka	T. Tomamato
Ylario	Luis Alberni
Ysobel	Miss Zola Talma
Bud Jenks	Royal Stout
Mrs. Trainor	Clara Joel
Mr. Bill Trainor	Willard Mack

WHEN Mrs. Bill Trainor learned that her husband might be charged with murder she did not get very agitated. But when she stumbled across the horrible truth that her Mexican servant girl was the mistress of a male friend of the family, who had placed her in the Trainor ranch home, she went all to pieces. It was plain to be seen that the servant girls near Santa Barbara must have irreproachable characters. The fact that the Trainor's servant girl did not have one appeared to be the most important feature of "Near Santa Barbara," the melodrama by Willard Mack.

The title of this lurid little play is derived from the fact that the ranch owner and his wife, the principal characters, live near Santa Barbara. Very simple and easily understood! Why go to great pains to create a title which intrigues the interest when it is possible to dash off one in a hurry. There isn't much of a plot to Mr. Mack's new play. The ranchman, a character which Mr. Mack, himself, portrays, is a poor poker player, loses fourteen thousand dollars to a villain who doesn't appear so villainous on the stage, gets into an argument with him, and as the villain is leaving the house, he is shot by the sheriff. The ranchman's wife, in addition to standing by him, as all good wives should, doesn't do much else but get highly emotional over the moral shortcomings of her servant girl. Clara Joel is cast as the wife.

LITTLE THEATRE. "A WINTER'S TALE."

AN audience made up almost entirely of children, ranging from seven to twelve, were in front when Mrs. Constance Smedley Armfield, aided by her husband who designed the costumes, recently gave, as she termed it, a "synthetic" performance of "A Winter's Tale." The New York Kindergarten Association was to share in the proceeds.

It was a singular Shakespearean choice if it was known in advance that juveniles would be the principal patrons. Leontes' base and unfounded charges against his wife might be difficult to explain, nor is its humor particularly appealing to juvenile intellects. Antolycus is a subtle study in mendacious and predatory psychology. Bottom would have been easier understood.

The condensed version presented was a reverent one, and the main story told in a progressively clear fashion. It is quite useless to refer in detail to the performers. They knew their lines and meant well. That is about all there is to be said, save that the old Shepherd shone with effulgence.

PRINCESS. Ruth Draper in original character sketches.

IT is not possible to compare Miss Draper with anyone else, for she is incomparable.

Without any of the adventitious aids of scenery, costumes or lighting effects, she manages, through sheer force of personality, a mobile countenance, a quick wit, a keen perception and sense both of humor and pathos, and with many deft touches, to impress on the memory of each of her auditors a whole gallery of finely etched character portraits. With apparently no effect she is able to stir the imagination to a vivid realization of the principal portrait in each of the little dramas she presents and at the same time to bring out more or less distinctly, as occasion requires, the lesser characters with whom she peoples her stage.

In her first recital here (January 27), since her return from great success in London, her program swung from gay to grave and back again, and included the voluble and volatile French dressmaker; three generations of Russian Jews, finely differentiated portraits which preserved at the same time the family resemblance; a typical New York society girl who calmly forgets all her other engagements when *the* man comes along; the old Irish woman who relates the story of her son's share in the war; the vivid portrait of Nancy, the girl who served "ham and—, sinkers and cawfee," in the lunch room of a railway station on the western plains; the English woman showing her garden to a friend and her frantic efforts to make it seem at its best when it was not; and the final emotion-gripping picture of the French mother, babe in arms, seeking vainly her man among



Eleanor Griffith singing her Dutch song, *"The Little Love Mill,"* in the Ziegfeld Frolic



Paris, 1793. Place de la Revolution. Miss Loftus as the unhappy (now decapitated) Queen of France. New tableau arranged by Ben Ali Haggin

Photos by White

TABLEAUX GAY AND GRIM IN THE NEW ZIEGFELD FROLIC

the war-bedraggled members of his returning regiment.

There is in all Miss Draper's work such a preponderatingly human appeal as would make it understood and enjoyed by much larger audiences than the exclusive few that can be seated in a theatre like the Princess. It is a pity that this appeal cannot reach all who would respond to it.

CENTURY. "In the Night Watch." Play in three acts by Michael Morton, adapted from "La Veille d'Armes," by Farrere and Nepoty. Produced on January 29th, 1921 with this cast:

Lieutenant Brambourg	Cyril Scott
Alice Perlet	Margaret Dale
Eugenie de Corlaix	Jeanne Eagels
Commander Bulec	Paget Hunter
Commander Fargasson	Knox Orde
Lieutenant D'Artelle	Edmund Lowe
Captain de Corlaix	Robert Warwick
Chief Engineer Birodat	Robert Thorne
Surgeon Ribot	Harold de Becker
Dagorne	B. Huntingdon
Le Luc	Max Figman
Commander Mowbray	Maclyn Arbuckle
Captain de L'Estissac	John Webster
Rear Admiral deLutzen	Walter Walker
Admiral Challemont	Joseph Morrison
Admiral Loubat	Jefferson Murray

ON January 29, this long heralded French melodrama was finally shown to the American public, but even after its several postponements the production was far from ready, and whatever success the play might have met with here was seriously compromised on that account.

The play deals with the exploits of the French Navy, and the trouble which any pretty and flighty young woman can create aboard her husband's ship. The third act calls for a naval engagement. One sees the bridge of the warship at midnight, with the guns thundering, the signal lights flashing, the sailors charging up and down the companionways through the smoke. It was all very thrilling—what there was of it. Unfortunately, the managers, in their haste to pitchfork the thing on the stage, omitted some of the best scenes and committed other blunders that weighed heavily against success.

The programme read, "Act I, Scene 1, The French fleet mobilized on the eve of War in the harbor of Toulon." The curtain was raised, however, on Scene 2 without further explanation. Upon enquiry, the writer was told that the first scene, *not being quite ready*, was omitted.

In the bridge scene, Act III, the man-of-war, torn to pieces by torpedoes, was supposed to sink and disappear, but here again the machinery, *not being quite ready*, refused to work.

The French atmosphere of the piece was entirely lost to the *cognoscenti* by blundering stage management. For instance, the uniforms of the French officers were all wrong. The French navy cap is soft, falling on the visier, not the rigid kind of the English navy. The gold gallons on the sleeve are close to one another. The cross of the Legion of Honor is worn over the heart, not in the centre of the chest. Such mistakes are amazing on the part of producers of the prominence of the Shuberts, and they are errors that could easily have been avoided, for the Naval Attaché at the French Embassy would promptly have put the dot on the I. These details may appear to be of small importance, but they are of vast importance to the stage illusion. A group of French people behind me were laughing at these idiocies.

A large number of stars and prominent actors were associated in the cast. Think of seeing Robert Warwick, Maclyn Arbuckle, Max Figman, Cyril Scott, Edmund Lowe, Margaret Dale, Jeanne Eagels and many others in one play! The pity of it is that hardly one of them, with the possible exception of Miss Eagels, is given a chance to do anything worthy their merits.

CENTURY PROMENADE. "The Midnight Rounders of 1921." Extravaganza with music by Jean Schwartz. Lyrics by Alfred Bryant. Produced Feb. 5.

THE present production of the "Midnight Rounders" is a swift-moving, kaleidoscopic spectacle, not differing from any others of its species in any essential particular. There are lots of girls who appear and reappear in a series of richly varied costumes in which the quantity of the material is in inverse ratio to the quality; and these girls sing and dance in an aimless half-hearted fashion in keeping with the drivel of their songs.

There are several principals for these songs including Tot Qualters, a decided favorite, Olga Cook, Ethel Davis, Corinne Sales, Harold Murray and others: and there were some solo dancers, among whom the cleverest were La Petite Marguerite and her partner, John Guiran, in an exhibition of posturing and toe dancing; and Ada Forman in a picturesque oriental number.

Arthur Donnelly did some shadow pictures on a screen that were not half bad, and Joe Browning made some remarks about the show that were not half good.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "Ziegfeld Nine O'Clock Frolic." Produced Feb. 8.

FLO Ziegfeld, Jr., to the bar! You are accused of putting another success over on the roof of the New Amsterdam Theatre. Do you plead guilty or not guilty? Guilty, of course. What other answer could be expected? Unquestionably Ziegfeld hits the bull's eye again with his nine o'clock revue.

The gorgeous costumes of Andre Sherri, Lucile and Mme. Frances, the daintiness of the Love Mill, conceived and designed by César Giris, the captivating sporting scene at Saint Moritz and the scenery of Urban are a feast for the eye. As for the principals—headed by that always delightful comedian and singer, Anna Wheaton, Oscar Shaw, Jack Hanley, the cleverest juggler seen in New York, the dancing of the Fairbanks' Twins and the ensemble of pretty girls, form an entertainment that any country might envy.

Ben Ali Haggin is again represented with two gorgeous tableaux. The staging, under the direction of Ed. Royce, is letter perfect.

ELTINGE. "The White Villa." Drama in 3 acts, by Edith Ellis. Produced Feb. 14 with this cast:

Richard Lindtner	Edward Ellis
(Courtesy of Wagenhals and Kemper)	
Dr. Rothe	Edward Reese
Director Schlegel	Phillip Wood
Lillie Rothe	Dothea Fisher
Elsie Lindtner	Lucile Watson
(Courtesy of the Theatre Guild)	
Magna Wellman	Olive Oliver
Joergen Malthe	Frank Morgan
(Courtesy of Miss Nora Bayes)	
Jeanne	Doris Kenyon
Torp	Anita Rothe
Nils	John Clements

IT is a pity that "The White Villa" is presented only at special matinées, for it is the well constructed sort of play which should be given its chance. This dramatization, by Edith Ellis, of the Danish novel "The Dangerous Age," and presented by The Players Fellowship, has all the elements which go to make drama of real life. There is nothing

(*Continued on page* 298)



Moffett

MARY GARDEN IN A NEW ROLE

Tired of being only a single star in the operatic heavens—no matter how brilliant a luminary—this favorite artiste has taken the reins of management into her own hands and now controls the destinies of the Chicago Opera Company, in addition to continuing singing. Dealing with temperamental singers is a job that few men can handle successfully, but the prima donna does not balk at her difficult dual rôle. "I am an Anglo-Saxon," she says, "and we love, by gosh, nothing better than a fight!"



RUTH DRAPER

American monologist who has won international fame in her original character sketches—pathetic and humorous vignettes of life. On her return from a successful tour in England recently, this interpreter appeared at a series of matinées at the Princess Theatre



Bachrach

BUTLER DAVENPORT

Actor, producer and chief protagonist of the Bramhall Playhouse, which he, in person, helped to construct. The little theatre is to be enlarged, Mr. Davenport having acquired the adjoining property. One of the first productions in the more commodious house will be "The Cherry Orchard" by Chekov



Edward Thayer Monroe

CLARE KUMMER AND HER DAUGHTER

Here the author of countless Broadway successes is seen in a new guise—the proud mother of Marjorie, a charming replica of herself. The young girl is also attracted to the stage, but as an actress, not as author. She made her début recently as Lydia in her mother's amusing comedy, "Rollo's Wild Oat," and gave a performance that, for a beginner, was more than creditable.



GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

England's famous essayist, novelist, poet, who is making his first lecture tour of America. Chesterton is the only Englishman who ever succeeded in vanquishing Bernard Shaw. In a recent debate, G. B. S. was utterly routed by the rapid fire logic of his colleague, whose sparkling epigrams and whimsical paradoxes are the delight and despair of his audiences

HIGH LIGHTS IN THE ARTISTIC WORLD

THEATRE GUILD TWO YEARS AFTERWARDS

Success of this co-operative organization one of the theatrical surprises of recent years

By DUDLEY DIGGES

THERE is no more interesting organization of the theatre than the New York Theatre Guild. They have offered the theatre-going public novelties that have brought them artistic and financial success, and for the first time an organization which is not purely commercial in its standards, is a success from every angle. Mr. Digges has played in all but three of The Theatre Guild's productions, and he has been conspicuous in their greatest successes. He directed the production of Shaw's "Heartbreak House."—Editor.

IT is practically two years since the New York Theatre Guild offered its first production, "Bonds of Interest." Since then, this co-operative organization, patterned as it was upon the Guild idea that banded together the trade workers of mediæval England, has not only proved itself to be an artistic success, but so careful have been its productions, so great the co-operation of the theatre-going public, that it can also be written to the credit of the Guild that it is a financial success.

Strictly speaking, this article is not by a member of the Guild, although I was present on the stage at its first performance, and have played in every production save three, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "The Power of Darkness," and "The Faithful," which were presented during the tour of "John Ferguson." Incidentally, the honor of directing the production of Bernard Shaw's "Heartbreak House" was given to me. While not an actual member of the Guild, the organization has had my undivided attention since its inception, and it has been possible for me to regard its work with the greatest of seriousness, to admire and criticize, while still standing apart from the actual heart of the organization.

THE scope of the Theatre Guild was to create co-operation between the producers—in this case, the actors—and the capitalists—the men who manage the productions. In the case of the Guild, it was more or less of an adventure. The Guild has its board of managers, those responsible for the selection of the plays, the scenic qualities of the production, the choosing of who shall direct the plays, the casts, etc. The board of managers has the right to vote on all questions, and on them depends in a large measure the success or failure of the organization.

There has been a general impression that with one or two exceptions, stars of the theatre world playing special rôles, all of the players in the Guild's productions have been members of the Guild itself. This is not so. Each season there have been four or five players asked to spend the season with the Guild, and appear in each of the five or six productions to be made during the year. In other words, they were given contracts. So far this is strictly commercial. The novelty exists in the form of contract. The actual salary is small, guaranteeing them enough to live comfortably, but nothing more. In addition to the salary, there is a profit-sharing percentage, money divided among the players after the weekly expenses necessary to the running of the production, have been paid. This percentage means that there may be times when the player gets only his actual guaranteed salary, but there will be other occasions when a play is a great success, when the profits will be large.

Such an arrangement is truly co-operative. And it not only works out practically to the advantage of the player, but it lifts the spirit of the performance to a high standard. It must, for the player is always striving for perfection.

OF course, it is only by some such arrangement that such an experimental organization as The Theatre Guild could be carried on, plus, of course, the backing which has been offered by the public.

Carefully analyzing the reasons why The Theatre Guild can write Success next to its name after two years, one must first consider the quality of the plays presented, secondly, the players who have interpreted the rôles.

Of the plays the greatest success has been obtained by St. John Ervine's "John Ferguson," with "Jane Clegg," by the same author, and Shaw's "Heartbreak House," is at present breaking all records.

These, of course, have had the value of depicting contemporary life. They are fairly close to American audiences. All the plays, with the exception of the dramatization of William Dean Howell's, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," were from the pens of foreign authors. That, of all the productions, only one should be the work of a native dramatist, will be a matter of further comment.

The program outlined for each year has been varied, and while there have been three plays that have reached popular demand so that they have established "runs," the plan has been to present a new play every six or eight weeks. I do not think that it was generally expected that "Heartbreak House" would have a long run—it seemed to those who had read the text to be unfitted for the stage.

WHEN it was suggested that I direct the play, my first sensation was one of hesitancy. It was an honor, I thought, and an opportunity, but was I competent to do it? I took three days to summon up courage enough to undertake the production.

As a matter of fact, "Heartbreak House" was not a difficult job. It was surprisingly easy. What it required, primarily, was a first-class company of intelligent players, men and women who would take the trouble to define in their own minds what Mr. Shaw meant by his epigramatic passages. Of course, being a Shaw production, it could not be cut. The play was long, and it was evident from the very first that a great deal depended on the tempo at which it was played. A few rehearsals, and all the players understood this necessity.

As for the rest, a careful study of the preface plus the almost minute stage direction which Mr. Shaw gave to the printed copy, made the rehearsals very smooth. As a matter of fact, it would have been quite correct to have stated on the programme, "Play produced by the author." The critics, the public, have been kind enough to say that the performance is a success. I believe Mr. Shaw once said that his plays always are a great success when they are properly acted. When we were rehearsing, various friends of the Guild shook their heads and admitted that "Heartbreak House" might artistically mark a step forward, but that financially we could not interest the public at large, unless the play was greatly retouched. They were wrong.

It has been remarked in certain quarters that the Guild has built up a large measure of its success through the visiting players, players from the commercial theatre, who were not actually members of the Theatre Guild.

It is only natural that any small organization wishing to give sincere productions would have to go outside its own circle to find players suitable to interpret varying types. For instance, in "Heartbreak House," Effie Shannon, Elizabeth Risdon and Lucille Watson were felt to be essentials. All of these ladies have been part of the purely commercial theatre for years, yet were quick to accept our invitation.

IT is very much to the credit of the American player that he should be willing to become at least, in a measure, a part of any such organization as The Theatre Guild. The best players on the American stage have shown their interest, and offered their services, as was expected. As a whole, the theatre at large has been accused of gross commercialism, our actors and actresses are said to think first of the dollars represented in their contracts, secondly, of their art. Such is not the case. We are as earnestly endeavoring to do the better thing as any stage in the world, and that such an organization as The Theatre Guild is a success reflects credit on the actor as it reflects credit on the ladies and gentlemen who direct its affairs.

Going back to the subject of plays, no manager is more anxious to present a good American play than are the board of The Theatre Guild. In reply to the query as to why there have not been more American plays offered during the three seasons, it is possible to answer by calling attention to the plays that have been produced in the strictly commercial theatre. With the possible excep- (*Continued on page* 296)



Bruguière

The close of Tolstoi's tragedy, "THE POWER OF DARKNESS." Setting by Lee Simonson

Scene in Masefield's poetic drama, "THE FAITHFUL," beautifully mounted and costumed by Lee Simonson



Photocraft

Dramatic moment in St. John Ervine's play of English middle-class married life, "JANE CLEGG"



Bruguière



White

Striking situation in St. John Ervine's drama, "JOHN FERGUSON"



Bruguière

Dudley Digges in Pinski's comedy of Jewish life, "THE TREASURE"

SOME REASONS FOR THE SUCCESS OF THE THEATRE GUILD

IN THE SPOTLIGHT



Abbe

LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

who, as Grandma Bett, in Zona Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett," adds another notable portrait to her gallery of stage characterizations. Last season Miss Hale appeared as old Mrs. Atkins, a confirmed invalid, in Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon." In addition to her histrionic talents, Miss Hale is a writer of distinction

(Below)

TOM WALSH

whose performance of Updike, the detective in "Cornered," is the culmination of a long line of similar parts. He made his début in New York as Simon Legree in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the old Star Theatre and last season played the rôle of Laramie Jim in Augustus Thomas' "Palmy Days"



Edward Thayer Monroe



Baker Art Gallery

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

This promising young actor, who plays Chet, Florence Reed's brother, in "The Mirage," is a graduate of Prof. Baker's Harvard playwriting course and made his début as Tyltyl in Winthrop Ames' production of Mæterlinck's "The Betrothal." He will be best remembered as Peter in "Romance and Arabella" and as Sam Wilson in "The Country Cousin"



Photocraft

JAMES RENNIE

The romantic lover, *Pencho*, in "Spanish Love," is one of the outstanding hits of that picturesque melodrama. Mr. Rennie is a graduate of the Northampton Municipal Stock Company and made his New York début with Ruth Chatterton last season in "Moonlight and Honeysuckle." He recently married Dorothy Gish, the Griffith star

MOTION PICTURE SECTION



More and more the photoplay is assimilating different arts. Now come the Marion Morgan classic dancers who provide historic atmosphere in a new spectacular film, "Man, Woman and Marriage." They are here pictured in one of their most impressive scenes, "The Dance of the Amazons," which is both beautiful and striking, and lends distinction to the picture



FLORENCE VIDOR

This new star, soon to be seen on the screen, is the wife of the well-known director. She is now being filmed in "Magic Life," a picture promised for early release

NATURE AND ART BRING BEAUTY TO THE SCREEN

WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

MOVIE Fans, once more you can be happy! Charlie Chaplin has returned to us, after a long absence, with a comedy that outshines even his former hits. His new picture, "The Kid," certainly outdoes in humor and the special brand of Chaplin pathos, anything this popular film star has yet produced. There are almost as many tears as laughs in this new First National release—which proves the contention that Charlie is almost as good a tragedian as he is a comedian. Sharing honors with the star is little Jackie Coogan—an astonishing youngster who plays the title rôle in a manner demonstrating that he has a distinct personality of his own.

MOST of the situations are, naturally, of the sort that only Chaplin, himself, could do full justice to. Those scenes in which he proceeds to master the many intricacies of dressing and feeding, which "mothering" the kid involves, show the star at his best. It is the sort of thing that made him famous. But also in the sentimental passages he succeeds in holding us. The harrowing farewell, when hard-hearted officials take the youngster to the county orphanage, brings tears and throaty lumps.

"The Kid" may be counted a screen masterpiece. Full of novel features, the story wins by its very simplicity. The abandonment of the child by its parents, its adoption by Charlie, the ne'er-do-well, to whom he proves the one vivid thing in a drab, unhappy life, and the subsequent return of the mother, now a famous singer, who takes back not only the child but his guardian as well—all that is the stuff of which telling pictures are made.

BETTY COMPSON, an actress who specializes in emotional rôles, is appearing in "Prisoners of Love," a picture made by her own company. All the charm and depth of feeling which won this artiste well-deserved laurels in "The Miracle Man," are again felt in this latest screen appearance. She makes of the heroine a sympathetic, genuine woman who captures her audience from the very first scene. Many impressive situations sustain interest in this story of a girl who, in considering everybody except herself, gives her love to a man who has won her heart, but who proves unworthy of her trust. A quieter, truer passion follows the first disillusionment, and the man who has always loved her comes into his own much to the satisfaction of the audience who disagreed with the lovely Betty from the start on the subject of her first choice. Emory Johnson and Roy Stewart are convincing as the men who complete a triangle quite different from that which goes to make up the usual screen romance.

THE Cinderella theme has been the basis of innumerable screen productions, but this child's classic is always popular and lends itself admirably to pictorial representation. "Forbidden Fruit," the new Cecil de Mille production, while founded on that idea, holds other things as well to captivate an audience. So well did it succeed in fascinating New York that it was held for a two weeks' engagement at the Rivoli—which as every film fan knows is a distinct achievement in itself. In this picture, Agnes Ayres appears for the first time as a De Mille heroine—rather a far ways removed from the O. Henry rôles in which she first won favor—and her charm and beauty are seen to their best advantage. The production is lavishly portrayed—the scenes in the crystal palace being exceptionally worthy of praise. The story, dealing with the faithful little wife of a worthless husband who gets the first thrill of her life when she substitutes for a non-appearing guest at a fashionable dinner and wins the heart of the guest of honor, intrigues one's interest to the very last when Destiny steers the heroine's affairs to a climax as happy as Cinderella's own. Forrest Stanley is pleasing as the hero and Theodore Roberts and Kathlyn Williams, true artists to their finger tips, portray the host and his wife in their own inimitable way.

GEORGE ARLISS is the latest of the stars of the legitimate stage to be lured to the screen by the click of the camera. His conversion to the film finds him in a characterization which fits his rather Mephistophelian personality like the proverbial glove—that of the title rôle in "The Devil." The story is familiar to all. The incarnation of the Evil One, himself, as a well-known society man of Paris, who delights in toying with the hearts of his associates and in breaking as many of them as he can, is the basis of an absorbing, if not altogether convincing, picture. At times, the spectator is apt to become irritated at the seeming density of the characters who allow themselves to be caught so easily in the traps baited by the Devil's clever tongue, but the interest is well sustained. "The Devil" is a picture worth seeing.

ONE can always count on clever entertainment in a Constance Talmadge film, especially when the continuity has been written by Anita Loos and John Emerson, as in "Mamma's Affair," the picture which aroused favorable comment during its run at the Strand.

An amusing prologue laid in the garden of Eden and depicting Eve as the first woman to discover nerves as a means of getting what she wants, opens the story with an interest-compelling motive at the start. Mrs. Orrin, faithfully characterized by Effie Shannon, has inherited the use of nerves from her famous ancestress and uses it to the best advantage. Her daughter Eve is the real sufferer from Mamma's "nerves," as the young doctor called to attend Mamma soon discovers. Eve is being forced into a loveless marriage with the son of Mamma's dearest chum and only an attack of real nerves brought on by worry and Mamma's saccharine nagging saves her from an unhappy alliance. Through the outspoken doctor, Eve learns to know Mamma for the neurotic hypocrite that she is and uses the knowledge in so successfully managing Mamma through throwing hysterical fits of her own, that she has things to her own liking, even to the extent of throwing over the unloved fiancé for the doctor.

Constance Talmadge, seen in a rôle different from her usual ones, make a sympathetic heroine of Eve. Kenneth Harlan is satisfactory as the doctor.

PAYING the Piper," is one of those pictures that are apparently put out for the purpose of making the poor satisfied with their own station in life, and not envious of riches. "Our best society," as seen in this film, lead a hectic, pleasure-mad sort of existence which makes them seem more like the personnel of a musical comedy than honest-to-goodness human beings, but their escapades are amusing and despite the fact that there is a marked tendency to overdo things throughout the entire production, it holds interest. In this production, Dorothy Dickson makes her screen début as the petulant, spoiled heroine who is determined to have things her own way and is so charming in the role that willy nilly one has to forgive everything she does. George Fawcett, a clever and popular character actor; Rod La Rocque, Alma Tell, Reginald Denny and Robert Schable are included in what might be termed an all-star cast.



Abbe

NORMA TALMADGE IN
"THE PASSION FLOWER"

In the screen version of Benevente's volcanic drama of Spanish peasant life, Norma Talmadge plays the rôle of Acacia, the strange, silent girl whom her neighbors call "La Malquerida"—The Passion Flower



GEORGE ARLISS

"The Devil" loses none of its force in its transition to the screen with George Arliss, happily cast in the title rôle. Incidentally, this is the first appearance in the films of this expert in subtle malevolence

STAGE SUCCESSES LIVE AGAIN ON THE FILM



CHARLIE CHAPLIN
IN "THE KID"

In his latest film Charlie has hit upon a fundamental fact—that the source of true comedy lies very near the secret springs of tears. "The Kid" would be a sad picture—if it weren't so funny!



SCENE IN "FORBIDDEN FRUIT"

Cinderella's gown is about to drop from her godmother's wand, and she is to go to the ball after all. Her adventures there are a never ending source of delight to all ages, and serve as a peg upon which to hang the spectacular and lavish film in which Agnes Ayres is starred

NEW PICTURES THAT ARE BOTH GAY AND SAD

THE AMATEUR STAGE

By M. E. KEHOE



Above: A production of "Dancing Dolls" at the Beechwood Theatre, showing the interior of the tent of strolling players in France in the eighteenth century. The picture gives but a vague hint of the effective spots of color introduced by the fabrics hung about the tent. The scenery and costumes were designed by the Beechwood Players



THE Beechwood Theatre at Scarborough-on-Hudson, New York. One of the most beautiful and completely equipped private theatres in America, made possible through the generosity of Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip. The Beechwood Players Club, a community organization, purposes to establish in time what may justly be called a school of the theatre "wherein all of the arts which contribute to the complex art of dramatic expression may be studied through the medium of constructive recreation"



A fascinating scene from "Aria da Capo" with Miss Dauncey as Pierrot and Miss Odell as Columbine. The stage setting, costumes and properties were designed by the Beechwood Players and made in their own workshops. It is interesting to note that the effective arches were constructed of white beaver board set against a black velvet drop, which the introduction of the lamps effectively blotted out, throwing the background in complete shadow



Right: Mr. Paul Hunt and Mr. T. M. Cleland, as the Shepherds in "Aria da Capo"





Photographs by Harvard Crimson

Left: W. B. Leach, Jr., as Manus, the King of Sorcha, and Miss Dorothy Googins, Radcliffe, as the Princess Nuala, before the window of the old King's hall at Burren,—gazing out onto the ocean at the bottom of the yellow cliff, from which the Dragon comes to devour the Princess and is turned back by the valor of Manus. The sunlight streams through the silvery leaves and crimson buds of trailing vines and the purple hangings of the window onto the soft coloring of the costumes and interior.—Joseph Skinner as the Dall Glic—the Blind Wise Man; W. G. Leach, Jr., as Manus, King of Sorcha; W. V. M. Fawcett as the old King; Miss Dorothy Googins as the Princess Nuala, and Miss Mildred Ellis, as the Nurse, both of Radcliffe College. Manus, disguised as a cook, is showing the King a special preparation in a great brass mixing bowl, while the others look on with interest. The King is evidently thinking of what is in store for him—for he has meals every hour



Photograph—Flashlight by Notman, Cambridge

Set for "The Dragon," designed in Professor Baker's Workshop, showing a spacious hall in an ancient Irish castle through the great windows of which is seen a bit of the sea. Into the uneven stone masonry of the walls has gone a blending of blues, pinks and yellows—forming a complementary background to the whimsical action of the play. The costumes were designed to carry out the spirit of the play and to harmonize with the scene.

The Harvard Dramatic Club presents "The Dragon"

Community Dramatic Activities

By ETHEL ARMES

A LITTLE springtime play for children and young people which dresses up certain ordinary, everyday scientific facts of botany and entomology in moonbeams, flower petals and other fairy fabrics, and opens a pathway into the very heart of April, is "Garden Rivals," by Catherine F. Reighard.

The play has unusual possibilities for graceful and original dancing, sensitive expression and for variations of delicate and exquisite color planes and combinations. It can be adapted to any community and any locality, or school and may be an indoor or an out of door production.

It was recently presented in New York in the Rockefeller Garden by The National Plant, Flower and Fruit Guild, of which Mrs. John Wood Stewart is the founder and president. It has also been produced at New Canaan, Connecticut, by the junior members of the branch organization there.

The first act of this charming little play opens with an argument between young Brother and Sister who are planning a surprise for Mother's birthday. The "surprise" is to be a garden. Shall it be planted with flower seeds or vegetable seeds? The momentous question leads to—almost a passage at arms—the boy holding forth for vegetables, the girl for flowers—when bedtime halts the quarrel. Then, of course, Dream sweeps upon the scene. The boy becomes the King of Corn, the girl, the Queen of Hollyhocks.

Battle still rages. The queen, summoning her battallions of flowers, calls for reinforcement from all the "evil" birds and insects which kill vegetables. The vegetables retaliate in kind and bring against the flowers a veritable Macedonian phalanx of the insects which destroy them. Tragedy looms, when Mother Nature, who in the play is Mother herself, comes to the rescue, signals for red-breasted robin, for kindly little Lady-bug and all of the other birds and insects which help both flowers and vegetables—and shows how they may all live and thrive and work together and be happy ever afterwards! Mother's "surprise" is accordingly quite perfect and by the play's end the children have learned a few important truths—psychological as well as botanical—and have had a beautiful time besides.

The author of the play, Catherine F. Reighard, has had considerable experience in community dramatics. Originally from Ann Arbor, Michigan, a graduate of the University of Michigan, 1915, she was connected for a time with the Ellis Memorial work of Boston and with New York War Camp Community Service. At "Camp Hanoum," Thetford, Vt., the summer camp and school directed by Professor and Mrs. Charles H. Farnsworth of Columbia University, Miss Reighard, put on "Mid-summer Night's Dream," and at Waltham, Mass., she recently gave a presentation of the masque of Pandora.



Hansel and Gretel, tired of wandering and lost in the woods. From the production of Hansel and Gretel by the Children's Dramatic Class of Washington, D.C. Community Service

THE activity in amateur dramatics shown by various groups in Washington, D. C., is increasing from month to month. As each new play, pageant and ceremonial is produced, a fresh interest is created. Community co-operation, once thought to be impossible for our capital city with its ever shifting, ever changing population, has now become an assured fact. Under the leadership of Marie Moore Forrest, director of Community Service Dramatics of Washington, D. C., churches, schools, government buildings, business and social clubs and groups of men, women and children are all uniting this year as never before in the recreational activities of the dramatic field.

The children's play of "Hansel and Gretel," for which the children's dramatic class prepared all fall and early winter, was produced on Saturday mornings during February. Each performance played to a crowded house. A children's pantomime matinée given by Community Service at Keith's Theatre ran an entire week. The Washington Club, The Calvary Methodist Church, St. Paul's Lutheran Church, The Noel Settlement House and the largest Jewish Temple in the city—all have recently given community plays under Mrs. Forrest's direction. The ceremonial presented in March by the Hebrews of Washington was a series of dramatic episodes depicting the high lights in the history of the Jewish race. It was given right in the synogogue with the accompaniment of choirs celestial and earthly.

At the International Ball, which is held in Washington every year, in January, Mrs. Forrest put on a dramatic interlude depicting allegorically the nations of the world, emerging from clouds, led by Sunlight to the Throne of Happiness. Mrs. Forrest also arranged the great memorial service which took place on Susan B. Anthony's birthday, February 15th, when the busts of the pioneer suffragists were presented to the Capitol. Miss Hazel MacKaye assisted Washington Community Service in this significant ceremony in which seventy-five women's organizations, both national and local, took part. This was not a stage pageant but a beautiful and dramatic service of songs, costumes and flowers.

* * *

STRIKINGLY indicative of the growth of public interest in all forms of community dramatics, pageantry and singing, is the recent combined action of the largest film producers in America, Pathé News, International, Fox and Kinogram, to include these activites in their regular "News Weekly."

Considered as an integral part of Colonel Arthur Woods' "Good Citizenship" propaganda, amateur dramatic activities are held as important factors making for good citizenship along with playgrounds, social centers, games and athletics.

As all of these activities are promoted by Community Service, Incorporated, in conjunction with other associations, the Motion Picture companies concerned have requested this organization to supply the material, and to send them information regarding future events suitable for Motion Picture photography, the date, the time, place, etc., so that a photographer may be sent to each locality.

Mr. Howard S. Braucher, Executive Secretary of Community Service, Inc., has accordingly asked every community organizer in the United States to send work of proposed activities to national headquarters in time to make necessary arrangements with the Motion Picture companies.

A motion picture film made by Community Service under the direction of Miss Mabel Graswinckel is also now available for general use. This film shows all forms of community recreation activities which are now being developed through local groups. It is 1,000 feet in length, and may be run off in fifteen minutes. Miss Graswinckel, formerly of Chicago, is prominent in motion picture educational work. When connected with The Leggett-Gruen Corporation she specialized in the industrial division directed by Pathé News.

* * *

AT St. Paul, Minnesota, folk dancing is being taught in the St. Paul Association for the Blind by a group of young people who have been attending Miss Burchenal's Institute, and who volunteer their services.

* * *

SATURDAY morning entertainments in a theatre for children have been arranged for every week in Providence, R. I., by The Rhode Island Congress of Mothers' and Parent and Teacher Association. They are proving to be exceedingly popular.

* * *

A LIST of full evening plays suitable for High School use has been arranged by the Bureau of Educa- (*Continued on page 302*)



Miss Marguerite Doubleday as a Spanish dancer in "Forty Winks"



The Misses Dorothy Thompson, Martha Ottley, Genevieve Cawthra, Ada Heinze, Lillian Remsen, Dorothy Quinn and Allen Gray as they appeared in the musical fantasy, "Forty Winks," recently presented by the Alumnae of Spence School, New York, at the Hotel Plaza, for the benefit of the Society's home for babies



Miss Virginia De Haven, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William B. De Haven, who appeared as the Port of Galveston in "Ports of the World"



Mrs. John Warburton as Genoa and Miss Victoria Kellogg as Barcelona, in "The Ports of the World," presented by society debutants at the Century Theatre, New York, for the Actors' Fund of America



Miss Catherine Okie as Havana in "Ports of the World," a musical fantasy in which colorful representations of the ports of the world were depicted by society debutants

The Programme of Fashion

By Pauline Morgan

The stage is becoming more and more a potent influence in fashion. In Paris, new plays always mean the launching of new fashions, and now America has become keenly alert to the significance of this influence. Elsie Mackay as Marie Duplessis in "Deburau," reflects that new persuasive fashion—the full skirt and snug fitting bodice, made off-the-shoulder with flowing lace sleeves. This style is being copied, *sans* the hoops, by one of the smartest New York designers. The skirt is full, but not circular, and has already been introduced in Paris.



Ivory Chantilly lace evening gown, worn by Miss Mackay in "Deburau." Three flounces of lace make the skirt, with a tight basque of cream colored faille, finished with a bertha of lace



The three pointed cape worn by Miss Mackay in "Deburau" is of cerise chiffon velvet edged with gray rabbit, and lined with gray crepe

The new cape of summer must harmonize with the quaint styles now so much in vogue, and must be equally appropriate for the Directoire style, recently introduced, and which seems to be a certainty. One of the exclusive New York houses is making the "Deburau" cape in velvet or crepe de Chine, sometimes with a high choker collar of squirrel or chinchilla. The return of the lace and neck curls accompany these fetching fashions, along with drooping feathers and new poke hats.

Photos by Ira Hill Studio

Margaret Lawrence in "Transplanting Jean," beguiles with her frocks and her smile

Photos by Ira Hill Studio



White Georgette is beaded in crystal and gold—the paneled skirt in scallops, swinging away from the flesh colored chiffon underskirt. A coral wreath trims the white cloche hat, and rose colored parasol finishes the costume



Simply made of black chiffon velvet with the skirt scalloped at the lower edge, the accent of interest and style is in the rich gold and blue brocade girdle and floating sash ends falling to below the hem line. Again we note the potent influence of this style



It would no doubt surprise many well dressed women if they knew how many charming ideas embodied in fashions and accessories originated on the stage. The gowns in "Transplanting Jean" are all suitable for wear off the stage and are 100% American. We noticed that Miss Lawrence wears her skirt longer and that her shoes are chosen with exquisite taste; modified French sandals with a jeweled strap from toe to ankle for the more formal wear, and again the less conspicuous velvet and satin slipper with cut steel buckles

Long tight sleeves, a round neckline, and a shimmering zigzag design of crystal beads decorating the skirt! Extreme chic is manifested in a wired lace sash of two immense loops at the back with hanging streamers well below the hem of the skirt. The hat, a modified poke is topped with a brown pom pom

Lynn Fontanne returns to America in a winsome comedy "Dulcy"

Her wardrobe includes a Valesquez gown of silver lace





Models from Bergdorf Goodman's

F. E. Geisler



The new fashioned wraps borrow great charm from the old fashioned styles and are decidedly versatile in their ways. In contrast to the "Deburau" cape we have the "Dulcy" dolman—a cunning warm wrap that snugs tightly about one. Miss Fontanne introduces one in coffee brown duvetyn banded in natural Caracul—part of a three piece costume, but easily worn as a separate wrap



Soft gray crêpe de Chine makes a youthful little frock that slips over the head and is pulled in at the waistline with a soft sash at the back. Fringe—that ever smart and graceful decoration crosses the front of the skirt and cascades at the sides to the hem. The original touch lies in the fichu-shawl edged with fringe and handled in such manner by Miss Fontanne that it assumes the silhouette of various costumes in one

(Oval)

For sports wear, and as she appears in the first act, Miss Fontanne wears one of the newest one-piece frocks of wild rose "golflex" with an adjustable collar and apron panel. White wool embroidery done in unique pattern adds much "dash and go" to the outfit. The hat is one of the new soft felt affairs with a pom pom of ribbon high in front

Three silver lace flounces made bouffant with tiny hoops, a snug little bodice and a bewitching arrangement of sleeves and train arrives at an adorable evening frock. The long sleeves fit closely over the arm and hand like an old fashioned silk mit even to the thumb opening. To further charm us, a train of silver cloth and jade chiffon is finished with jade bracelets to slip over the arm



Through the

By
PAULINE MORGAN

"MARIE-GAZELLE" PARIS

Suddenly, Polaire is very chic in Paris—she has come into new prominence in this serious drama, where she has an opportunity to wear some very smart frocks, and which, by the way, are being copied by many women in private life. Polaire is noted as the ugliest woman in Paris, and is distinguished for her very small waistline—the smallest in Paris, they say! She has opened a tiny theatre called, "Théâtre Marjal," which is the rendez-vous for the extreme élite, and artists of Paris. Polaire wears her frocks quite short, and very bare as to bodice, with few jewels to relieve the individuality of her arms and neck. Her bracelets are most exotic, in wide bands of jade and gold, balanced with heavy Oriental beads of carved design.

Emerald green gauze is an illuminating idea for an afternoon or evening frock, and such a frock worn by Polaire is shown in the sketch with a shallow bodice draped sidewise, and skimpily gathered skirt with tunic. Wound about her thin waist, is the inevitable girdle sash, which is always versatile in effect. In this case the ribbon is black, heavily embroidered in silk flowers and gold fringe. The bouffant frock is ruby velvet as to bodice, with flounces of black tulle. Toe slippers, or strapped, the heels are always brilliant in color or jewels, but Polaire shows a preference for the brocade sandal with a jeweled strap about the ankle.



"L'HOMME A LA ROSE" PARIS

This comedy-drama as well as Monna Delza is the sensation of Paris! It is a Spanish play, all about handsome Don Juan, skilfully portrayed by André Brulé. Naturally, the costumes are Spanish, designed by Poiret, and they do declare in Paris, that the play was produced to further promote this graceful and picturesque style which seems to grow more tenacious in influence as the weeks flit by. And women love it, or this period would not constantly reveal new tricks of enhancing feminine charms. When Delza makes her first entrance, she is truly exquisite and amazingly costumed! She introduces the much heralded long cape with a hood—we didn't think it sounded attractive, but Delza has reversed our decision. It is shown in the sketch, done in black velvet, and lined throughout with rose velvet, resembling an old nun's cloak, and looking very austere and curious with its fullness growing more billowy as it reaches the floor. Gathered in full at the neck, a glorious hood, slightly stiffened, provides a new sort of *chapeau* draped with a lace veil.

The audience actually cheered when she removed this new fashioned *mantcau,* for a charming old portrait seemed to have stepped from its frame, gleaming in a wide-hooped skirt of silver cloth with ruchings of silver, and a mantilla of silver lace. With artistic acumen, Poiret adds a touch of black in the tulle fan, and triangular earrings of onyx and diamonds. Delza's bracelets are also of this jeweled combination with the addition of several strings of pearls wound about the arm. The audiences attending this play at the Théâtre de Paris, are very smart indeed, with dancing between acts in the foyer, to an American jazz band.

Opera Glass

"AT THE RITZ" PARIS

A fashionable promenade every day of beautiful women, scintillating with jewels and that fragrant exotic atmosphere of priceless furs and fabrics! The French woman perhaps, spends more money on furs than on any other article of wearing apparel. She has a dozen fur wraps or so, appearing each day in something entirely new—sometimes in a long wrappy *manteau* of chinchilla, or perhaps the voluminous folds of squirrel or sable protects her form, slimly clad in clinging silken fabrics. These frocks are worn over the uncorseted figure, or at least, the uncorseted effect is arrived at by means of a girdle of elastic or tricot. Irregular panels, and sashes and fringe—and oh, how the Parisenne does love fringe!—are features of the little frocks, with short sleeves, very short, and dozens of bracelets, and always many ropes and chains of pearls.

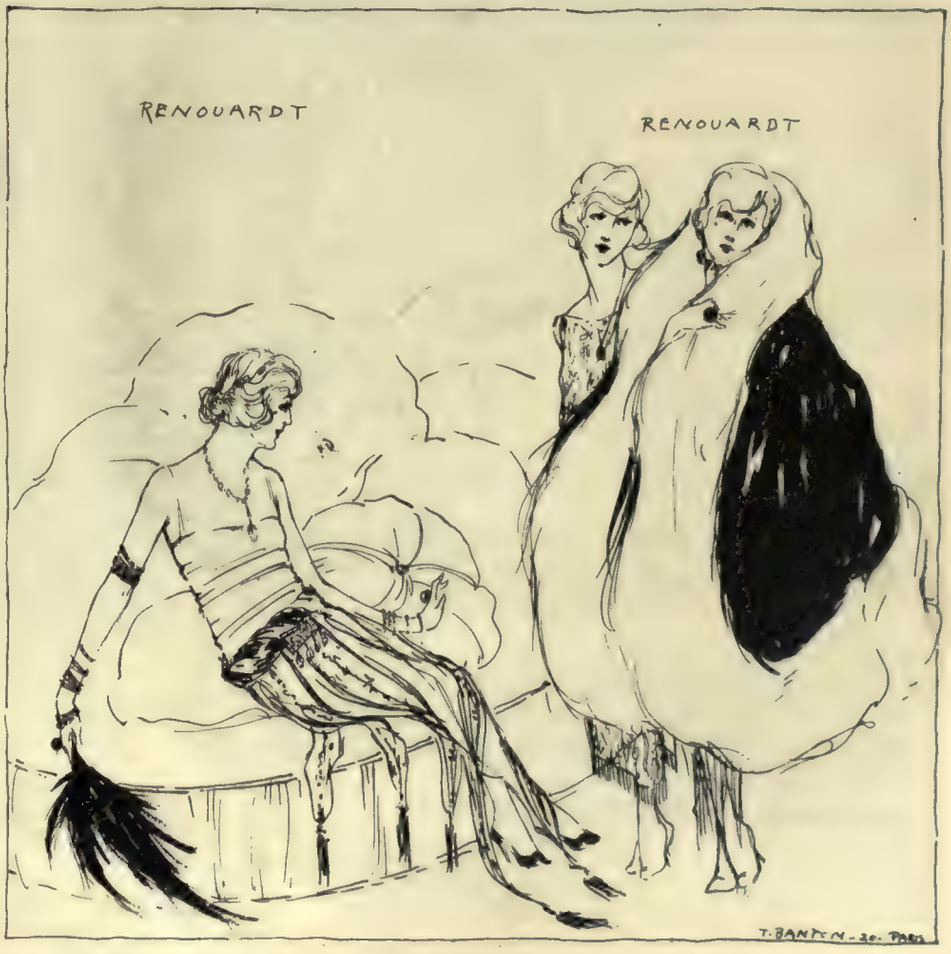
The chapeau of the hour is of felt—soft felt with drooping plume, or perhaps, a small turban trimmed smartly with lace veils cascading from smartly tied bows. When the hat trimming does not droop downward, it flares both up and down, or is merely a flower bed of petunias and violets. The cut-steel buckle is in high favor, too, worn with round-toed French shoes of fabric or suede. Light stockings are usually worn, perfectly plain and of the sheerest quality.



"L'ETERNEL MASCULIN" PARIS

All the notables flock to this smart little "*bonbonnière*" theatre in Paris, where the play is very naughty, but very chic! Jane Renouardt is the rage, and is noted for her gowns and jewels—especially for her jewels, of which she seems to have veritable trunks full. As a matter of fact, she never repeats the same jewels in two different acts, and is always costumed by Lanvin. She it was who launched Lanvin's hooped dress last year, and which other couturiers are now sponsoring with added attractive feature. In "L'Eternal Masculin," however, Renouardt is wearing the most clinging effects as to gowns, confining her exploitation of the bouffant and circular styles to wraps, which are of the most voluminous character.

One that causes excessive exclamations in the risque farce, is shown in the sketch, and is adorable for evening wear! It is a huge circular wrap of red velvet trimmed extravagantly in gray fox, and short enough to allow the slim skirted evening frock to hug the ankles with irregular shreds of lace and fringe. Contrary to the custom of the French woman at present of wearing stunning small hats with evening gowns, Renouardt chooses to arrange her coiffure in a cap-like effect, curved smoothly about the brow. In the seated figure, we show her wearing one of those slinky, clinging gowns made with a very long waist of folded mauve chiffon, with rose and mauve panels of metal brocade tasseled with jewels. Of course, narrow bands of jeweled bracelets circle the upper arm and wrist, with one huge emerald ring appearing to be a part of the dashing fan of Paradise feathers. Without these brilliant circlets, no real Parisienne would feel properly or smartly gowned.





Above:
In Mrs. Hamilton's bedroom the pièce de résistance is an early Italian four poster of carved walnut, caparisoned with a wonderful English chintz of black background patterned in soft shades of blue and green and rose. An old English wall safé, hangs with cord and tassels, beside the bed.

Below:
To carry out the Italian atmosphere in the bedroom there is an Italian dressing table and fine old Italian mirror with exquisitely carved frame, and early Italian chairs. The old hooked rug before the dressing table is especially interesting.





Below:
A close-up corner of the living room showing an old Dutch walnut cabinet that holds a very fine collection of willow pattern plates; an exquisitely beautiful Italian commode inlaid with ivory and an English wing chair. A portrait of Mrs. Hamilton's grandmother overlooks this charming corner.



Above:
A view of the large living room—a room in which one might live long and comfortably—whose walls tinted a pale green, form a charming background for gay chintzes and many exquisite artistic treasures; the Old Dutch cabinets filled with interesting pieces of Royal Dresden and Staffordshire; the Herculaneaum teapot in the center of the mantle, said to be very rare; and the jolly copper covered urn, once the property of Henry IV of France. The latter was part of the Wallace collection, and later became the property of the Hertford family, who gave it to Mr. Cosmo Hamilton.



The Home of Cosmo Hamilton, Playwright, and Mrs. Hamilton, Whose Combined Tastes Have Made It One of Unusual Charm and Distinction



Upper:
A corner of the dining room with pictures of Mrs. Hamilton's children, Joan and Richard, painted by Virginia Keep Clarke, above the Jacobean sideboard. There are beautiful examples of Jacobean chairs and an early Italian cupboard surmounted by a woodcarving of St. Anthony.

Left:
One glimpses from the living room—a Jacobean court dresser—the center of interest in the dining room that has been in Mr. Hamilton's family for many years—its racks lined with Mason Ironstone plates, and an unusual example of an early refectory table with bulbous legs. The table by the door bears a Florentine leather wedding chest, embossed in gold.



Cosmo Hamilton's workroom and his inspired desk! This came down to him through his father and grandfather, the latter having used it in St James' palace when equerry to Queen Victoria. A portrait of Mr. Hamilton's father hangs above the desk and cartoons of actors and authors by Mr. Hamilton, himself, line the bookshelves.



Another view of the living room, showing the further treasures of a six-sided 15th Century Italian table in walnut; an early Italian secretary in whose niche stands a stone image of the Madonna; and mounting guard above it, a very old oil painting of Lady Jane Grey.

Angelina and Easter Bonnets



ALICE SIMON

EASTER bonnets?" you ask me. "What do you mean 'Easter bonnets'? Is there any longer such a creature? We thought an Easter bonnet was as dead as a doornail."

It did seem so, didn't it? But it has come to life again, like so many other things in the fashion world. All due to the campaign for seasonal hats that the Retail Milliners' Association has been conducting.

For the first time in years we have not seen women rushing out into the January snowstorms with straw hats on their heads. At least not the smart women! Those who were going South, of course, picked out their straw hats early.

* * *

But the rest of us, who had to stay in town, kept to the hats we already had, if they were fresh enough. If not, we selected mid-season ones of satin or taffeta, to tide us over. Consequently, we are just beginning to buy our spring supply, which practically amounts to the return of the "little old" Easter bonnet of one's childhood. I can so well remember my first . . . .

But I won't bore you. What you're doubtless concerned with is not my first, but my last. There it is at the top of the page, on the extreme right. At least it's one of them . . . . Another, is the big hat at the bottom. The rest are Susan's. We made a team and went shopping together, an excellent arrangement, because we're so opposite in looks. What one wants the other doesn't. So there's no discord.

My little hat is exquisite! It's a "Cupid" hat. In dove grey, made of narrow grosgrain ribbon and straw braid. Nothing more. Except its own veil of grey, that went with it. That's like a "Cupid," to give you "finish" on everything. I picked it up from the hat table where it was lying at Bonwit Teller's, thinking it awfully smart in line, but expecting it to be heavy in weight. But, great surprise, it was light as a feather. I tried it on at once, and could hardly wait to get it home.

* * *

Susan also bought "Cupids," the black one shown underneath my grey, and a sport hat of rows of grosgrain . . . with what a "chic" to it! No, we didn't pick them out purposely. They just happened to be the right ones. Trust a "Cupid" to be right every time.

* * *

Then we thought we'd drop in at Bruck Weiss on 57th Street, to see what they had. And there I picked up the perfectly stunning big hat (see it left) of orange and blue Batavia cloth, with its outstanding band of embroidery. And Susan, the adorable toque (see it above), of pink velvet roses.



When you buy a hat test it for lightness, which means becomingness. Lightness is a characteristic of all "Cupid" hats, of which the above, in pale gray grosgrain ribbon and straw braid, is one

Another "Cupid" hat for the early Spring shares the lightness of its neighbor and is of black straw with a black satin ribbon twisted smartly about the brim and spiked with an ebony pin



Ribbon makes the ideal sport hat! This "Cupid" hat of pale blue Democracy grosgrain, with its silk tassel, is so cleverly fashioned that it is alluring from every angle



A very "special" little hat from Bruck Weiss, of small single-petaled velvet roses, with two striking horseshoe pins in onyx and brilliants for luck. It comes in a number of colors



Bruck Weiss shows a hat in Batavia cloth, half of the brim being French blue in color, and the other half du orange, with a silk-embroidered b in gay tones


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SUMMER FURS

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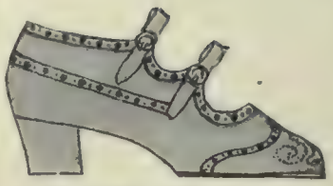
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AJC

Some Views--on Shoes

And a Word or Two About Stockings



The walking pump in patent leather with black or white or gray suede trimmings



Four strapped slipper shoe in patent leather or gray suede with elastic sides



Brocade sandal in black and gold, or the lighter evening shades



Patent leather with touch of white trimming. May be had in gray or brown



Custom-made shoe in gray or tan suede with fashionable reversible tongue, over elastic

THE decision as to whether the French or American shoe is smarter is still to be decided, but we are not so hectically concerned with the question as we were last season! There are many women who loyally uphold each style, in the sense that one may exercise as much individuality in the dressing of feet as they do in choosing the particular kind of silhouette that best becomes them, but those who have worn the French shoe for any length of time, maintain the comfort is so great that they cannot go back to the toothpick variety. With the common sense that characterizes the American woman, she has been almost unanimous in demanding a modification of the two styles, as there is no doubt but that a round toe is more comfortable than the spike model.

One does not wear a pointed mitten when buying such a hand-covering, and the curve of the fingers is not more pronounced than the curve of the toes. True, the question of high heels seems rather an inconsistency with the round toe, but the French-made heels are built with very little curve under the foot; they are thicker than the American-made French heel and are placed on the shoe so that the weight falls on the entire foot instead of pushing it onto the toes. Statistics show that French women have very little trouble with corns or other foot troubles, which does speak well for the shoes!

On this page are shown five new models made by a French house in either the extreme French toe or the modified vamp—they are extremely chic and remarkably comfortable. For walking, the two-strapped pump with military heel is to be featured--it is very practical without being one bit mannish, and may be purchased at once without waiting for "the made to order." This is the only house that carries a large number of French and modified shoes "in stock."

It is interesting to note that thin taupe stockings with black jewel-buckled slippers are worn with black evening gowns as well as with the daytime costume. The sheer stocking is the elegant fashion, with open work or embroidered clocks.

Models from Carcion, Manfré & Co.



Designed for women who appreciate the charm of well-gloved hands

VAN RAALTE

Silk Gloves

Double-tipped for double wear

Made by the Makers of Van Raalte Veils



Smart afternoon dress and cape

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NEW YORK

Paris Fashions and Exclusive Originations

SUITS ~ COATS ~ GOWNS
SWEATERS ~ BLOUSES ~ NOVELTIES



From the Fashion Maker

The Silhouette May Be Slender or Bouffant

Fashion makers differ radically as to the most correct silhouette, but in so doing they reflect the mental attitude of the best dressed women in Paris, London and New York. Short skirts and long Empire waists and long bodices, bouffant or chemise lines—they are all absolutely correct if they suit your individual style. Dress to suit your mood seems to express the American woman's idea of chic fashion. In introducing the Directoire, the fashion makers have given us something new. This charming style has blossomed over night as it were, and has spread its fascinating coterie of accessories before the expectant eyes of the feminine world. Already the Empire frock, featuring the long, straight-lined skirt with tiny short sleeves and rounding neckline, is the "pièce de résistance" of the summer wardrobe; especially as a fashion for indoor gowns. The extreme coat that accompanies the Directoire fashion is yet viewed with some indecision, as this part of the costume is borrowed from the mannish evening coat, with tails of exaggerated length, a tremendously high collar, and lapels very pointed and wide. Doubtless, some modification will be arrived at, for the 1795 fashions are too becoming to be passed by indifferently. The Empress Eugenie gown introduced by Lanvin, is an established vogue, and is seen frequently in Paris. They all have the off-the-shoulder décolletage, with tight bodices, full skirts and tight bouquets of hand-made flowers.

Ruth Chatterton wears a delightful little 1830 frock in "Mary Rose," which may be used as a smart model for taffeta of summer fabrics. There is the long-waisted bodice to below the hip, shirred broadwise and hooked up the front to the low, round neck, which is finished with a quaint frill. An old-fashioned sash ties low at the back from the under arm seam.

Small, untrimmed hats with veil treatment are in the height of fashion, the veil folding about the brim and half way up the crown, or tied at the sides or back in a cascading bow. And a delicious bit of fashion news is the transparent poke or one made of straw and silk—not the obvious poke of other seasons, but chiefly a poke because of the fashionable short back which characterizes the newest millinery. The trailing feather and drooping plumes make an added appeal this season, worn as they frequently are with the Cavalier-type of hat. Fruit will be used extensively as a crown or brim decoration.

The jeweled bandeau is being worn by many of the fashionable stage women, and its simplicity is very youthful and becoming. Norma Talmadge, Mae Murray, and Mary Nash have all sponsored the style varying it occasionally with the Cleopatra pennants, which is a vogue that has reached even to satin turbans.



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The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

WE had such an interesting talk recently with Madame Rosa Raisa of the Chicago Grand Opera Company—Madame Raisa, of whom a famous critic on one of the daily papers said: "She has one of the few great voices of our time . . . . and what a pleasure it is to look at a soprano who tips the scale at less than fifteen stone." The talk was on pearls, and was so full of suggestion we planned at once to record it for the benefit of Vanity Box Readers.

Madame Raisa considers pearls one of the greatest beautifiers. She places them in the same class with powders, with rouges, with lipsticks . . .

"And is it not wonderful to think," she told us, "that there is no woman in the world to whom pearls are not becoming. You could hardly say that of anything else. Some women need them of one size, others of another. Deep yellow or creamy pearls are suited to certain types of women; milkwhite pearls to others. You must choose for your general coloring. But to everyone, no matter what she looks like, pearls are enhancing.

"It is not too much to say that certain so-called society beauties that I have seen abroad owe part of their reputations to their strings of pearls. You know, yourself, how a photograph of a woman with noticeable pearls at once catches and holds the attention.

"Some women I know are superstitious. They say to me, 'Are you not afraid to wear pearls? Pearls are unlucky, they mean tears.' And I do not respond, but I think to myself, I wonder what you would do if I offered you a ten thousand dollar string. I think they would take a chance? Yes?

"No, I do not believe in the sorrow supposed to go hand in hand with pearls. So little do I believe in it, and so much do I adore the pearl, that when I made my début in America, in the opera, 'Christoforo Colombo'—one of the most important events, you must understand, in the singer's career—I have worn a whole headdress of nothing but pearls. Ah, it was so lovely . . . and *so* becoming! If I were a woman who had a little money to invest in beauty I should start a collection of pearls. I would gradually surround myself with them. I would have them about my neck, and in my ears. I would wind my arms with pearl bracelets.

"I am thinking now principally of the indestructible pearl . . . And is it not delightful that with the creation of these, this beauty is put within the reach of every woman. She does not have to be rich to claim a slice of it. I have my own real pearls, and I have also, like most women who own real strings, copies of them. I take these with me on concert tours, when I am living on trains and in hotels, and that makes me feel secure.

"Not that I should relish the idea of losing the copies . . . I have a wonderful string of indestructible pearls, not inexpensive by any means, to which I am much attached. The pearls are a rich creamy tint and especially lustrous and striking in the evening. They are called 'Coro' pearls, in case you care to know, and for myself, I consider them the very best to be found."

* * * * *

We saw Jeanne Eagels, who has just made such a hit in "The Nigh Watch," at Mme. Rubinstein's the other day, stocking up on the w. k Valaze Beauty Grains. She was carrying a novelty bag that might interes you. It had a little sliding compartment at the bottom specially made t hold one's powder and rouge and lipstick, and keep them collected togethe and tidy and handy. The bag has a special name which Miss Eagel told us.

(For shops where Coro pearls and the novelty bag carried by Miss Eagel can be purchased, write The Vanity Box, THEATRE MAGAZINE, *6 East 39t Street, New York).*



Fashioned for women who are particular about those few inches of silken loveliness that peep from beneath the skirt.

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Silk Hosiery

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Sheridan

FIFTH AVENUE AT 366

IN this superb afternoon gown of flame chiffon, aglitter with crystal beads to match, you may be confident that you are gowned with that rich distinction evidenced in the individualistic Sheridan modes.

Also styled in jade, grey with steel beads and other colors.

Write for Spring Style Book

GOWNS : WRAPS : FURS

THE WHY OF THE CHORUS GIRL

(Concluded from page 248)

that it would be an affectation or a display of hypocritical ignorance not to admit its existence. The purely aesthetic value of the beautiful and shapely chorus is not to be denied, but this would not carry far in the managerial mind if there were not other considerations. A chorus of ice maidens might suffice to artistic requirements, but a naughty twinkle of the eye is healthier for the box-office. The coquettish jade in the third row whose judiciously directed smiles cause amorous and imaginative youths to buy tickets for future performances is really more of an asset than the stately beauty, who nearer the light-trough, adds completeness to the stage picture A willingness to partake of the after-the-performance lobster with a generous patron of the arts is not frowned upon by the management if it does not involve too frequent lateness at rehearsal.

THE personal appeal may not always take so definite a form, but, even vague and unadmitted, it is there and accounts largely for the number and importance of the chorus girl. Every man, being descended from the ape, retains back in his cranium more or less of his animal progenitor. He is pleased, consciously or unconsciously, by appeals to his senses. He may not know it or define it to himself, the girl may not be completely aware of it, but he is there and she is there on account of it. He may have no musical sense and care nothing for the finished product of tenor or soprano, he may be devoid of humor and find no fun in the comedian, but in strange patience he sits through their efforts to the very end, if only the chorus makes its regular periodical entrance. And he may even come again, thus adding to the revenues of the enterprise, if the chorus has been wisely chosen. The reader has by now, doubtless, recognized him as our familiar friend, the tired business man to whom the girl-and-music industry owes so much of its prosperity.

TO weigh further this reason for the importance of the chorus girl would accomplish no good purpose. The investigation might be inaccurate and it might be saddening. It might show that the ambitious girl who selects that entrance to a stage career has started on the thorniest of paths and on one which leads away from, rather than to, her goal. Why does she select it? Because of its adventure, its romance, its possibilities matrimonially, its temptation to feminine vanity, its apparent gayety and freedom of life—all this accounts for the why of the chorus girl in her countless numbers The other aspects which she never sees in advance might cover down what seems an endless supply for an unlimited demand. She is here and why she is here is that we should sadly miss her if she did not check us with her opening chorus at the rise of the curtain, please our eyes and sometimes our ears through the performance and gladden our hearts look as she is grouped in the finale.

DO YOU REMEMBER—

WHEN Harold McGrath wrote, "The Adventures of Kathlyn," for Col. William Selig, and the literary world was astounded that he so demeaned himself?

When you saw Helen Gardner's "Cleopatra," and thought it—oh, so naughty, long before Theda had baraed it?

When Ethel Clayton made her screen début with Essanay under the direction of Thomas Ricketts in his famous one-reel, no-stop pictures: i. e., 1,000 feet of film without a change of scene or introduction of a sub-title?

When Florence Roberts starred in "Sapho," for Majestic?

When Mack Sennett played in "The Boys of Co. B.," in support of Arnold Daly?

When Myrtle Stedman was a prima donna of the Whitney Opera Company, and made frequent concert tours?

When Louise Glaum was doing comedy rôles under Al E. Christie for Nestor?

When Harry Myers directed "The Drug Terror," to inculcate the horrors of the habit?

When Alice Joyce started with Kalem in western releases, opposite George Melford?

When Hale's Tours of the World were considered the acme of realism because they rocked you in a car while they ran off a scenic?

When Francis X. Bushman concealed his manly features behind whiskers in character rôles for Essanay?

When Roy Stewart travelled about the country in "Florodora"?

HARLOWE R. HOY

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Attractive! Why, she was like a picture of radiant youth in springtime—fresh and dainty as a garden flower, and so charming one loved to look at her.

And her clothes became and graced her like the setting of a precious gem. Beholding her one realized what a wonderful personality there is to charming attire — how much individuality it imparts to the wearer, and how we form our estimates of character from clothes.

One should certainly seek to make oneself attractive by the wearing of beautiful apparel —for Fashion wields a mighty influence in molding all our destinies.

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are the embodiment of girlish grace and rare, exclusive attractiveness. Each model is an individual creation of exceptional daintiness and unique character.

Ask to see them in your favorite shop, or write directly to the makers for information where they may be obtained.

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WHEN SHOULD THE ACTOR QUIT?

(*Concluded from page 242*)

golden hours I spent with him when I worshipped at the shrine of his knowledge! How I gathered up those gems of wisdom, and stored them away and, like a miser, took them out and counted them and gazed upon them through the years. From him I learned to taboo buffoonery. I learned that poise, an easy, careless bearing, is one of the most valuable assets an actor can possess. How willing he was to impart to me all the wise and useful things he had learned, and to warn me against the pitfalls into which, perhaps, he himself had stumbled in his own youth!

"Life enriches all of us. It is only the petty, mean and foolish soul whom it leaves a pauper. The rushing years bring us experience, wisdom, well-stocked minds. Why then, in the years of abundance, should we creep into the dark corners? As for myself, I believe that when I reach seventy, I shall be willing to retire. I shall feel that after all the busy, difficult, crowded years I have earned a rest. However, one can never tell in advance how one will feel about such things. If the public still wants me at seventy, and I do not then feel in the mood for a rest, why I'll keep right on at work.

"I might bring up one more point in arguing against this ridiculous suggestion that a man retires at seventy. If men of seventy are hopelessly out of the running why is it that so many men at that age become fathers of healthy, buxom offspring? Every day you read of such cases in the newspapers. They are not unusual occurrences. If a man can re-create his kind at seventy and older, why tag him "unfit" and put him on the shelf? I tell you, it's too absurd to think about."

And Mr. Hopper, snorting angrily, whirled about in his chair, hitched his great, powerful frame forward, and scanned his face closely in his dressing-table mirror. Then, with a great gob of cold cream, he carefully obliterated a small network of lines which maliciously spread little fanlike figures about his eyes.

IS IT LUCK OR PLUCK?

(*Concluded from page 256*)

which luck walks hand in hand—the ambition to express worthily—now; not to *be* famous, some day?"

"Yes—although, to tell the truth, the word luck doesn't altogether express it, you know. It sounds as if a career were a gamble, and it's something more. It's luck and something more that walks hand in hand with the right kind of ambition." Then a beaming smile radiated her face. "I know what it is—it's *pluck*," she said. "And how often we call it luck, when we really mean—pluck!"

"Then you admit," I said, a bit severely, "that when the big opportunity came and you played the leading woman's part, back in eighteen sixty-five, you were not, perhaps, such a 'lucky girl' after all? Just a plucky girl?"

Mrs. Whiffen hesitated; it was plain to be seen that modesty warred with veracity. Veracity won; she laughed and admitted: "I had to summon up all the pluck I had—and all my ambition, for—" and her voice dropped to a whisper—"I was scared—scared stiff! But," and she nodded her head in a delightfully satisfied way, "but I *made good!*"

Made good?" Of course, she did, that plucky little actress of fifty-five years ago. And with the same true ambition and undaunted pluck, she has been "making good" ever since; is "making good" today at the age of seventy-five in Henry Miller's production, "Just Suppose."

And in this, as in every part that she has graced, dear Mrs. Whiffen expresses "truth and beauty."

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

With "When Chloris Sleeps" Mme. Galli-Curci issues the first record since her marriage to Mr. Homer Samuels, who composed the song. An odd original theme, rendered with faultless vocalization and a certain individual quaintness of utterance, is handled in musicianly fashion, beautifully rounded, artistically perfect.

"Colleen o' My Heart" is Werrenrath's offering this month. It has a lightness and colloquial character certain to make a wide appeal. The artist's intonation in this Victor Record is exceedingly clear and fine.

It is a good thing sometimes to remember that the "old folks" have played their part in making America. Miss Merle Alcock, with her beautiful, pure, sweet contralto voice, has made a great name for herself in such numbers as the March Victor Record, "I Have A Dream" and "I Cannot Sing the Old Songs." The quiet chords resemble the rich, faded hues in some gorgeous Indian shawl of old time.



Paris contributes this jaunty tricorne to the gayety of Spring

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THEATRE GUILD TWO YEARS AFTERWARDS

(Concluded from page 266)

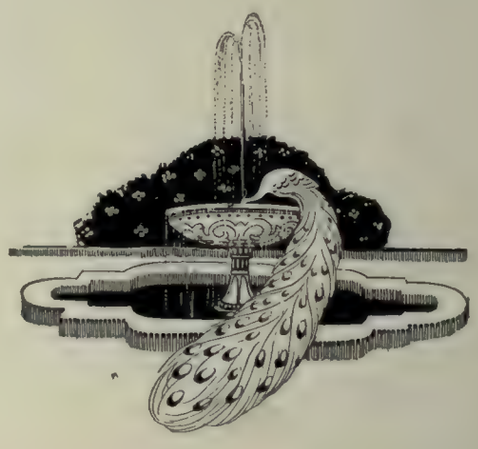
tion of two or three, could it be said they had merit enough to demand a hearing by a true, conscientious, artistic group of workers who were in search of an elevating note? It would be unfair to mention names, but if two or three of the plays now running had been brought to The Theatre Guild, they would certainly have been produced.

Whether the Theatre Guild could succeed outside New York raises several important and interesting questions. One is whether or not New York has not proved itself to be the most advanced center of dramatic culture, another is as to whether outside of New York, the Little Theatre movement, the niche filled by such organizations as the New York Theatre Guild, can be a real success.

WHEN "John Ferguson," after a phenomenal run, was ready for the road, it was predicted that certain cities would welcome the production as enthusiastically as had Broadway audiences. Such was not the case. Its road success was decidedly mediocre. Even Boston, with its literary pride, did not patronize "John Ferguson." Amazing as it may seem, it is an actual fact that the critics of one or two of Boston's best papers, were busying themselves writing on the art of the theatre as it existed in Spain and Italy, when an earnest endeavor, a real play, was starving on their own door-step. And, down the street, The Follies were selling out at every performance.

Such is the answer as to whether or not our true artistic center is New York.

AS for the inspiration of this Theatre Guild towards other guilds in other cities, the inspiration is certainly there. It requires an effort, financiering, and it may, in some localities, necessitate the educating of a public. Our interest in the theatre is growing, slowly, but with increasing momentum. In the cities, out in the prairie towns, men and women are reading, and thinking deeply. The imagination is quickened, and they are thinking of the play—not only as an evening's entertainment, but as something bigger, more elevating. Theatre guilds may help, may grow and interest not the few, but the many, and certainly they lend an uplifting note to the theatre world as a whole, an example that must make itself felt among players, and those responsible for the production of plays.



NEW BRUNSWICK RECORDS

Perhaps there are no two orchestral numbers so popular with audiences the world over as the two recorded by Vessella's Italian Band on Brunswick Records and released this month upon one disc as Record No. 25003.

SLAV MARCH, by the great Russian —Tschaikowsky, and DANSE MACABRE ("Dance of Death"), by the most eminent of all living French composers—Camille Saint-Saens—both of these works were originally written for orchestra but lend themselves sympathetically to adaptation for band instruments.

The Slavonic March is one pro longed series of impressive musica periods, leading up to a gran climax which consists of an over powering rendition of the ol Russian national hymn. The Danc of Death is a picture of the grew some festivities, legend tells us oc cur in cemeteries upon Hallowee at midnight. In both these number the full and vivid recording of mas and melodic effects stamps these records as of the "de luxe" class They should be on your "five-foot' music shelf.



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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 268)

counterfeit about it. The persons who live in it are real people—the kind you meet every day, and their problems are yours and mine, and they face them just as we would.

"The White Villa" will appeal principally to middle-aged people, especially women. The three women of dangerous age of the play all awaken rudely to the fact that they have lost the charm of youth, and men, whom all their lives they have allowed to play too important rôles in their lives, turn to younger, fairer women, for companionship. One of the women, married to a doctor, and the mother of several children, attempts to seek the fulfillment of her ideals through a young musician; another, a widow, unloved, elderly, and disillusioned, takes up chicken farming as a distraction; and the third, who might, at least, have found a thin bit of consolation in the company of a devoted husband, with whom she has lived for twenty years, divorces him and builds herself a white villa, in which she intends to live the life of a recluse, forsaking the company of men while she still has a bit of charm left.

She falls in love, however, with the young architect who designed the villa. He later turns to her young maid for love, and when the disheartened and lonely, middle-aged woman summons the husband she once abandoned, she finds she has sent for him too late. He, too, is in love with a young girl, and prepared to marry again.

Lucile Watson, charming and vibrant, sure of her touch, is thoroughly satisfying as the woman of forty, the central figure of the play. This is true of all of the members of the cast who support her.

APOLLO. "MACBETH." Tragedy by William Shakespeare. Presented Feb. 17th.

SHAKESPEARE is always, to me, such an absorbing subject that I am but little disposed to quarrel with any manager in the matter of his production. I am grateful for the earnest he displays in the cause of real art and am only too glad to give him the every help in my power. I like my Shakespeare with simple hangings and I like it when invested with all the gorgeousness that the most elaborate "props," scenery and costumes can convey. If a certain intelligence is at hand, neither barren simplicity nor superornateness can rob me of genuine pleasure.

But—and here I must take issue with Arthur Hopkins and Robert Edmond Jones—I cannot approve of a presentation of "Macbeth" in which the player's art and the spirit of the piece itself are subdued and subjected to a tergiversation that will fit in with a faddistic combination of futurist effects and imaginative conceptions so eccentrically bizarre as to be quite without the ken of human comprehension.

It is perfectly legitimate to present a masterpiece with all the imaginative novelty possible if it does not effect the spirit and intent of the work, but when the work is deliberately sacrificed and subjected to the whimsy requirements of an abnormal and artistically perverted setting, then methinks 'tis time to protest.

And it is all to be deplored for much time and money have been simply wasted. "Macbeth" gained nothing from Mr. Jones' aberrations. On the contrary, a big, bustling melodrama with a superlative psychological basis and a wealth of gorgeous poetry has been reduced to a generally ineffective Shakespearian recital. And herein, Mr. Hopkins must be called to account. It cannot be that the best of players engaged in its presentation were all at one time seized with a desire to project it without a spark of emphasis or a little of human enthusiasm. From Duncan's opening words to the final curtain fall, the key was minor, the movement static, the note doubly depressing, the whirl or sweep of imperative destiny utterly lacking.

Lionel Barrymore's Macbeth was outwardly a fine picture of the burly warrior caught in the stern mesh of punitive conscience. But the reading was monotonous. Miss Arthur's Lady Macbeth was read with fine elocutional distinction. The Porter a comic rendering of characteristic import by Frank Sylvester, shone forth like a good deed in a naughty world. The incidental music, by Robert Russell Bennett, it seemed to me, was the nearest note to truth shown in the whole production.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET "GUIBOUR." Miracle play in 3 acts produced Feb. 17 by Yvette Guilbert with the students of her school of the Theatre.

THOSE who were fortunate enough to be present on the occasion of this matinée performance of "Guibour," in which Yvette Guilbert presented students of her school of the Theatre, witnessed a presentation of this old miracle play from the French of the 14th century that was of a gripping quality which kept them in breathless suspense almost from start to finish.

Co-instant with the rise of the curtain the necessary atmosphere surrounded everyone, players and audience alike, and continued throughout the two hours' length of the play. There were almost no evidences of nervousness or amateurishness among the actors, and several

(Continued on page 304)



Poudres de COTY

Paris

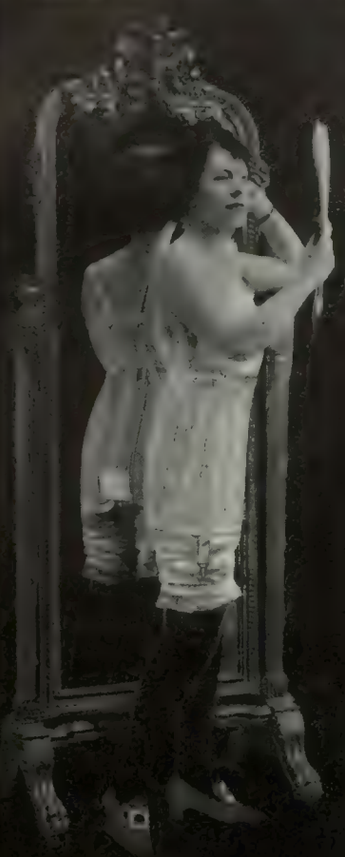


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Dramatics at Washington Square College

WASHINGTON Square College of New York University, with its 900 students housed on the top floors of the University building at Washington Square, offers an unusual opportunity for the development of college dramatics as a major activity. It is just little more than a year ago that a dramatic society was organized in the downtown institution; but during that short space of time this newly formed organization has completed a very active program, and bids fair to become the University's most popular society.

During the summer, a small stage was built in the class-room of Mr. Randolph Somerville, the coach of the Society; and the Dramatic Society has been instrumental in equipping it. A set of formal screens about nine feet in height are used for all performances in which a satisfactory background can be created by the use of lights on colored cloth, and stained paper. These screens are used when the Dramatic Society takes its plays "on the road" to the Lenox Little Theatre, or to the neighboring High School assemblies. From the profits of the spring production, D. S. has been able to provide a special set of lighting apparatus for the stage, including foots, baby-spots, side-standards, and bunches. The curtain was presented by one of the organization's staunch friends.

This year's program in dramatics got under way with a production of Dunsany's "Glittering Gate," made by S. Falk, who played the leading part, and with Mrs. Hazel's production of Bangs' "The Real Thing," both in the day assembly of Washington Square College. Meantime, rehearsals were going on under the direction of the Faculty Advisor for the December performance at the Lenox Little Theatre. There, on the 18th of December, were produced four one-act plays before a capacity house. This occasion marked a new departure in dramatics at New York University: a play by one of the students, Adolph Meyer, was produced; and the scenery and costumes for three of the four plays were designed and executed by another student in the department of Dramatic Art, Cecelia Rother.



Photo by Abbe

Julia Cohn who had a prominent part in "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil," presented at Washington Square College

The plays included in this bill were Dunsany's, "Fame and the Poet" Adolph Meyer's, "Ali Haja"; Parker's, "A Minuet"; and Stuart Walker's, "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil." Elsie Leslie Winter, for whom Louis S. Parker wrote "A Minuet," was present to witness its performance for the first time and Stuart Walker surprised and delighted the players by dropping in unexpectedly to see his play. Afterwards, he went backstage to commend the performers with no uncertain praise.

The members of the Executive Committee are developing plans with Mr. Somerville to organize a group of Allumni players to affiliate with the Washington Square College Players.





Betty Wales
Dresses



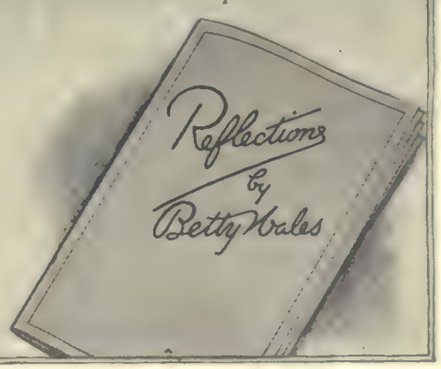
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"And not only the skin shows the effects of this poisoning—the hair becomes dry and brittle, the eyes are dull, and you lack animation and *life*.

"My doctor told me that what most women with poor complexions need is Nujol, which induces the good habit of regular, daily evacuations.

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"And one of the things you will like about Nujol is that it is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. It works without causing griping, or nausea, and does not interfere with the day's work or play.

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Humor of the Footlights

FIRST Playwright—"You don't mean to say you are dubious about your play?"

Second Playwright—"I certainly am. They liked it so well in Danbury, Conn., that I'm afraid it's over the head of Broadway."—*Life.*

Big Man in Audience (turning 'round)—"Can't you see anything?"

Little Man (pathetically)—"Can't see a streak of the stage."

Big Man (sarcastically)—"Why, then, I'll tell you what to do. You keep your eyes on me and laugh when I do."—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

Thespis—Are you going to cut out the theatre until the prices of tickets come down to normal?

Foyer—Why should I? A show is cheaper than it used to be now that there is no inducement to go out between the acts.—*Evening Sun.*

A stout woman always took two theatre seats for herself so as to be more comfortable. On one occasion the attendant said: "Excuse me, madame, but who is going to use your second ticket?"

"I am going to occupy both seats," replied the woman.

"Just as you like, madame, only they happen to be on opposite sides of the aisle."—*The Argonaut (San Francisco).*

Manager—What's the leading lady so mad about?

Leading Man—She only got eight bouquets over the footlights to-night.

Manager—Great Scott. Isn't that enough?

Leading Man—No. She paid for ten. —*Evening Sun.*

Ted—I hear that during one of the scenes in a new play, Gayboy turned his head aside and tears came to his eyes.

Ned—Yes; it was the drinking scene.—*Evening Sun.*

The matter of proper lighting for the final act of "The Green Goddess" came up the other day, and Mr. Ames and Mr. Arliss met by appointment at the Booth Theatre to make some experiments. While they were under way, William Archer, the playwright in the case, tried to reach Mr. Ames over the telephone at his office.

"Sorry," he was informed, "but Mr. Ames and Mr. Arliss are over at the theatre. They're relighting the last act."

Five minutes later, exhibiting every evidence of having hastily thrown himself together, Mr. Archer arrived, breathless and distraught, at the Booth Theatre.

"What's this I hear?" he gasped. "You're rewriting the last act? Why wasn't I consulted?"—*N. Y. Times.*

OLD JOHN ST. THEATRE CELEBRATION

THE Maiden Lane Historical Society, composed of representative members of the jewelers' craft, located in the vicinity of Maiden Lane, is about to erect a tablet of great interest to the theatrical world.

The memorial, in the form of an artistic bronze tablet designed by the Gorham Co., will commemorate the site and the history of the famous John Street Theatre which, from 1767 to 1798, was the leading playhouse of the city. During the Revolution, British Army officers, Major André among others, wrote plays and took part in their performance upon the John Street stage. On April 16, 1787, Royall Tyler's play, "The Contrast," the first comedy by a native author produced in America, was presented there. Also of local historic interest, is the fact that Washington frequently attended the performances and contemporaries say that he enjoyed them.

The dedication will take place the end of March or early in April. There will be a luncheon at the Bankers' Club in the Equitable Building, at which prominent men and women, active in theatrical affairs, will be guests and speakers. Albert Ulmann, historian of the Society, will deliver the dedication address.

COMMUNITY DRAMATICS

(*Concluded from page 275*)

tional Dramatics of Community Service (Inc.), 19 Madison Avenue, New York City.

This includes a number of plays listed as: "Broadway Successes," now released for amateurs and which have stood the test of amateur production. The names and addresses of the publishers; a brief characterization of each play, with a note of the actor or actress who has helped "to make it famous"; directions as to royalty and the price of each play—all this information is contained in the new Community Service list.

A dozen or more plays designated as "Old Favorites Worth Reviving," and a series of special "Costume Plays," such as "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Beau Brummel," "The Chinese Lantern," "Fanchon the Cricket," "David Garrick," and others, are also included in this list—which costs the nominal sum of ten cents to cover postage and mimeograph expenses.

* * *

TWO books representing a complete compilation of material for Lincoln's birthday are "Lincoln Celebrations," published by E. S. Werner & Co., 11 East 14th Street, New York City, price 60c., and "Werner's Readings and Recitations, Numbers 45 and 46," containing recitations, dialogues, songs, plays, drills, tableaux, and church service for Lincoln's day.

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One of the greatest beauty assets are lovely hands. How many women of our acquaintance can without embarrassment call out, in the biblical phrase, *"Behold my hands?"* The accompanying illustration rather inadequately portrays,—as print of necessity does,—the fascinating hands of Theresa Maxwell Conover, the Artiste, who contributed so largely to the success of "Honeydew" at the Casino Theatre, New York.

Not only are they classical in their structural beauty, but the texture of their skin is perfect, smooth, soft and white. Sculptors and painters delight in using them as models.

Though this satiny texture is a gift, it could not be preserved without care and attention.

For hands need care just as much as the face. They are an infallible index of age, and nature punishes neglect of them by scoring them with lines, coarsening their skin and shrivelling it.

You may have kept the face young, but if you have neglected your hands, they will give you away. And the same thing applies to the arms and shoulders—especially the shoulders.

Without any wish to be cynical, if only women could see their shoulders as those sitting behind them in the theatre must see them for hours at a stretch, many women would give up wearing evening dress. They are few and far between, those "white silken shoulders" of which a now dethroned empress used to dream. Frequently they have blotches and spots, the skin is coarse-grained, the pores are large, sometimes there is also an excessive growth of down.

Madame Helena Rubinstein, whose Valaze Beauty Treatments and Preparations have enjoyed international fame for the last quarter of a century, has perfected a special Beauty Treatment for the Hands, Arms, Neck and Shoulders, which may be had either at her establishments or under instruction used in one's own home.

This treatment softens and smooths the skin, rendering it white and silky; takes out the lines and restores and preserves youthful appearance.

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Valaze Reducing Jelly: Against superfluous fleshiness of hands, arms, shoulders, and double chin. $1.50 & $3.00.

Valaze Reducing Soap: For same purpose as the Reducing Jelly, but used for larger surfaces, such as hips, back as well as shoulders and arms. $1.25 a cake.

Valaze Massagette: An extremely useful invention for self-massage both for reducing purposes and skin beautifying. The Massagette improves the appearance of the skin, sets up greater activity in the tissues, produces freshness of color and prevents lines and relaxed muscles. $7.50 & $10.00. The larger size may be used also for body and abdominal massage. No electricity, no vibration.

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Concluded from page 298)

parts were played with an amount of poise and finish that many a professional might well envy.

The heaviest burden was on the shoulders of Marguerite Myers, who, in the title rôle, showed great dramatic ability and emotional powers of wide range. Others who did especially good work were Helen Walker as Guillaume; Inez Lowe as Marie; Ralph Faulkner as the Priest and Eugenia Buyko as Our Lady; while the smaller parts were generally well taken.

There was much music of the old ecclesiastical kind, which helped greatly in furnishing mood and color, and the organ was effectively played by Mr. Edmond Rickett. The *mise-enscène* with its draped curtains in a peculiar shade of blue, formed an effective background for the rich and vividly colored costumes of the people, and for the heavy golden robes of Our Lady, the Saints and the angels.

The sustained seriousness of the play was relieved, but not broken, by two or three moments of comedy, when phrases of the vernacular of today were put into the mouths of saints and sung to Gregorian strains.

Everywhere and throughout the whole performance was to be discerned the unerring artistic touch and direction of Madame Guilbert, its sponsor and producer, to whom utmost credit must be given.

CORT. "Peg O' My Heart." Comedy in three acts by J. Hartley Manners, produced on February 14th.

AFTER a play has attained the respectable old age (theatrically speaking), of many hundred performances, which is the proud record of "Peg o' My Heart," I, for one, don't see why its ancient bones should not be allowed to rest in peace. What possible excuse is there for dishing up this old play again, except the, perhaps, very good one that there was none other available for Miss Laurette Taylor's return to Broadway?

"Peg o' My Heart" seems a bit old style when contrasted with the sort of dramatic fare Broadway thrives on nowadays. It is a typical tailor- (not Laurette) made piece with all the faults of such one-horse vehicles, its material cut out of fustian, and all its characters seemingly with only one object and aim in life—to act as feeders for the star. Nothing exciting happens in the play, nothing could happen in the development of the action, so trite and obvious is the plot, and whatever interest we may at first take in this cute, little American orphan girl whose Irish sauce and wit triumph over her brow-beating English relatives, the reiterration of the same thing throughout three acts without any striking situations or the action getting anywhere in particular, ends by inducing weariness.

Laurette Taylor, of course, is charming as the heroine, which she plays with her usual humor and pathos. She is charming in everything she does, but I found her more charming in "One Night in Rome," the part of a grown woman suiting her better than that of a seventeen-year-old girl. I have always insisted that Miss Taylor has never yet been given her real opportunity. The parts she has been given to play have been beneath her real ability. She is capable of better, and the announcement that she is soon to appear in a new play by a new author arouses renewed hopes that the public expectations may be realized.

AMBASSADOR. "The Rose Girl." Musical play in 2 acts. Music by Anselm Goetzl. Book and lyrics by William Carey Duncan. Produced Feb. 11th.

THERE was a time when the opening of a new metropolitan playhouse was an event and columns in the papers were devoted to its architectural details. Now a new theatre is inaugurated with as little fuss as attends the addition of a new link in a chain of çafeterias.

The Ambassador in 49th Street west of Broadway is the latest to open its doors with the ubiquitous Shuberts as its managers. It is a commodious and agreeable house, handsome in its rich, solid simplicity.

It's a pity that the inaugural offering was not as happy as its surroundings. It seemed to me that "The Rose Girl" comes pretty near the limit of stupid mediocrity. When a musical production is commonplace in score, book and company it needs valiant aid to make it even possible. Anselm Goetzl—with the single exception of a waltz by Brahms to which Lopokova danced—composed the various numbers. They flowed along so smoothly that it was difficult to determine where they began or where they ended. Wm. Cary Duncan used a great many words to retail a story which was far from original in plot and sadly missing in pointed humor or wit. One of his lyrics, *That's a Picture of My Little Jersey Home*, with its topical significance, shone out with particular brilliancy. There were two handsome star settings and a chorus more than up to the usual requirements of youth and beauty. Then, too, Rose Rolando danced with an abandon that seemed almost delirious in comparison with the general tempo of affairs.

Fred Hillebrand proved himself a droll comedian and Marjorie Gateson by her vivacity helped along his efforts. Charles Purcell and Mabel Withee acted the leading rôles.



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"The Theatre's" Letter Box

The Editor invites correspondence from readers on any topics of general interest connected with the drama. Letters should be brief and written on one side of the paper only.

A WORD OF APPRECIATION

Dear Mr. Editor:

I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for the understanding and generous enthusiasm of your notice of my work in Brieux's play.

I sometimes get a bit hopeless over the thanklessness of troubling to "learn one's job." I was particularly so after the closing of this play, as the whole business was such wanton waste of good material. Your kind words have made me feel that the effort was worth while, after all.

Please accept my warmest appreciation.

Always sincerely,
BLANCHE YURKA.

New York.

TECHNIC OF THE DRAMA

To the Editor:

You would greatly assist the many aspirants to playwright's honors if you could arrange for a series of good articles on the technique and requirements of plays. The numerous books on technique and the courses in dramatics in colleges and other schools lay special stress on correct play construction and literary art, but I have as yet to find any really good book on technique which would be in keeping with cold dollar producing requirements of the present day.

"What's Wrong With Your Play," in your February issue, is an article of the type I refer to. It is truly inspirational and instructive to those who have really analytical minds, and who are willing to learn from those who have the destiny of plays in their hands.

Very truly,
R. J. POZDENA.

New York.

There are several books on Dramatic Technique that you will find useful: "Technique of the Drama," by William T. Price; "Playmaking," by William Archer; "The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principles," by William T. Price; Gustav Freitag's, "Die Technik des Dramas." of which you can get an English translation.—EDITOR.

A DELIGHTFUL COMPANION

To the Editor:

I have always taken the THEATRE MAGAZINE and have always found it a delightful companion. The more pictures, the better I like it. I have several friends who buy your magazine and they ask me to say the same thing for them.

Respectfully,
(Mrs.) W. H. Ross.

Jacksonville, Florida.

FRIENDS IN NEW MEXICO

To the Editor:

A few of the things we schoolgirls would like to have in future "THEATRES" include:

(1) Intimate pen portraits similar to the one by Alice Nielsen about Eleanora Duse. We like to have the actresses' own words;

(2) A theatre-party with "Angelina," or someone who discusses the little things as she does;

(3) Something about New York's principal theatres—their histories, descriptions inside and out, what each is most noted for, etc. Your Western readers would appreciate good pictures of the new theatres.

We always enjoy your sound criticisms of the plays.

Sincerely,
SOME OF YOUR FRIENDS.

University of New Mexico,
Albuquerque, N. M.

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

To the Editor:

I have been a subscriber to the THEATRE for two years and consequently feel that I am somewhat qualified to judge as to its merits and demerits. Frankly speaking, I subscribed to the magazine on account of the beautiful pictures. You should be highly complimented on the quality and artistic features of your illustrations. I enjoy your criticisms very much and hope that feature of your magazine will be continued. More constructive, critical articles on the drama, please!

Respectfully,
LEON P. CLARKE.

Rochester, N. Y.

WHY A LATE CURTAIN?

To the Editor:

Cannot something be done in the direction of persuading theatre managers to be more punctual in the matter of ringing up their curtains? It is most provoking, after having gulped down a hasty dinner, and taxied down to 42nd Street at breakneck speed, to be compelled to sit idly in the theatre merely because the manager has no conscience as regards time.

Performances scheduled to begin at 8.30 P. M. seldom, if ever, start until 8.45 P. M. The only exception to the rule is at the Belasco Theatre. There the curtain can be depended on to rise punctually. But the other houses—they are all incorrigible. The worst of it is its demoralizing effect. Sure, by past experience, that the play will begin late, ticket holders make no attempt to come at the advertised time, with the result that when, by accident, the curtain does rise on schedule, the punctual theatregoer is disturbed by late arrivals pushing past him. Still another annoyance is that, beginning late, the play is not over until late, and this is particularly hard on suburbanites who have either to miss their train or sacrifice part of the last act.

Can't something be done to make theatre managers understand that late curtains are one of the greatest annoyances theatre audiences have to contend with? We have abolished the big hat worn defiantly throughout the performance, but the late curtain is still with us.

Yours truly,
A SUFFERER.

Most of the managers, as you say, are incorrigible in this respect. Railroad managers, when they make a train schedule, strive to adhere to it, but theatre managers have not yet solved the problem. Perhaps they don't want to.—EDITOR.

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

OBITUARY

James G. Huneker Dead

JAMES Gibbons Huneker, the well-known critic, died on February 10, last, of pneumonia, in his sixty-first year.

Called the critic of the seven arts because he was equally competent when commenting on literature, drama, music, dancing, painting, sculpture and architecture, he was better known internationally than any other contemporary American writer. A native of Philadelphia, he was of Austro-Hungarian descent on his father's side, while his mother was a daughter of James Gibbons, the Irish poet, and a cousin of Cardinal Gibbons. He first read for law, and then went to Paris, where he studied the piano under Georges Mathias. Returning to New York, he became associated with Rafael Joseffy as teacher of piano at Mrs. Thurber's National Conservatory. It was about this period that he was attracted to literature as a profession, and he became music critic successively of the New York *Recorder*, the *Morning Advertiser*, the *Sun*, the *Times* and the *World*. He was also an occasional contributor to the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Meantime, he began writing the numerous books of literary criticism on which his reputation mainly rests. In quick succession came from his prolific pen, "Mezzotints in Modern Music," "Overtones," "Iconoclasts," "Egoists," "Chopin, the Man and His Music," "Melomaniacs," and "Visionaries." After the publication of "Egoists," in 1909, he followed with the "Promenades of an Impressionist, 1910; Liszt, 1911; "The Pathos of Distance," 1913; "Ivory Apes and Peacocks," 1915; "The New Cosmopolis," 1915; "Uniforms," 1917; "Bedouins," 1920. "Steeplejack," an autobiography, was also published last year. "Painted Veils," was his last work.

Somewhat of a recluse, preferring the quiet of his study to the noise of the thoughtless crowd, he was a man of charming individuality, and his death was regarded in literary and art circles almost in the light of a personal loss.

The funeral took place Sunday, February 13th, at the new Town Hall in 43rd Street.

BOOKS RECEIVED

STEEPLEJACK. By James Gibbons Huneker. Two volumes, illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

SOCIAL IDOLATRY. Comedy in three acts by Geo. W. Pacand. Ottawa: Geo. H. Popham, Ltd.

PRACTICAL HINTS ON PLAYWRITING. By Agnes Platt. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

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QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Prices of back numbers will be quoted by mail, on request. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored

HAS there ever been a dramatization of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress?" — E. Q., Wheeling, W. Va.

Yes. It was called "The Christian Pilgrim." Henrietta Crosman played the title rôle.

WILL you tell me a few of the outstanding facts in the life of John Drew? — T. B. F., Phoenix, Ariz.

Born in Philadelphia, November, 1853. First appearance, March 23, 1873, as Plumper in the farce, "Cool as a Cucumber." Attracted the attention of Augustin Daly and made his first appearance under his management in February, 1875. He played his first Shakespearian part in 1876 in support of Edwin Booth. It was Rosencrantz in "Hamlet." For twelve years leading man with the Daly stock company. His work was favorably received in London and Paris, during the visits of the Daly company to Europe in 1884, 1886, 1888 and 1890. Became a star in 1892, under the direction of Charles Frohman.

WHAT book would give me a good idea of the development and progress of scenic art, especially during the last two decades?

Read "The Theatre of Today," by Hiram K. Moderwell. Published by the John Lane Co. It covers the field very thoroughly.

HAVE you ever published a full page picture of Nijinsky, the Polish dancer, and what is the price of the copy containing it? Did you ever publish a photograph of Baklanoff?—R. L., Ocean City, N. J

We have never published a full page picture of Nijinsky, but three smaller pictures have appeared in our pages in August, 1909 (price of copy 70 cents), September, 1911 (price 60 cents), and in December, 1915 (price 45 cents). We published a photograph of George Baklanoff, as Mephistopheles, in our January, 1918 issue, the price of which is 40 cents.

KINDLY give me a short sketch of the life of Leo Ditrichstein. —J. S., Chicago, Ill.

Leo Ditrichstein, actor and author, was born in Austria. He is the son of Count Ditrichstein and the grandson of Joseph Von Etooes, a famous novelist. He made his first stage appearance in Berlin, coming to America a few years later. His first American appearance was in "Die Ehre" (in German) in 1890. Three years later he appeared for the first time in English, in "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows." His first hit on Broadway was as Zou-Zou in "Trilby." Other appearances were in "Hedda Gabler," "Are You a Mason?" "The Writing on the Wall," "Military Mad," "Sham Battles," "The Concert," "Such Is Life," "The Phantom Rival," "The Great Lover," "The King," "The Great Adventure," "The Purple Mask." He has written or collaborated in the writing of some thirty plays, including, "A Fool's Errand," "A Superfluous Husband," "The Head of the Family," "Before and After," "The Concert," and "The Million."

WILL you kindly give me some information about "The Black Crook?"—J. S. Cincinnati, Ohio.

"The Black Crook," a fairy opera written by Charles M. Barras, music by T. Baller, was produced at Niblo's Garden, New York, on September 12, 1866, and ran with phenomenal success for two years. It was revived a number of times after that date.

WHEN was Rose Coghlan born and when did she first appear on the stage?—E. B., St. Louis, Mo

The actress was born in England in 1852. She made her London début as Richard II in Sala's "Wat Tyler," at the Gaiety in 1869. Her American début was made at Wallack's Theatre, New York, on September 2, 1872.

HAS the character of Julius Caesar been treated by other dramatistis than Shakespeare and Shaw?—L. M. G., Dayton, O.

Yes. Julius Caesar is a prominent character in several English plays. He is the protagonist of "The Fals One," a play by Beaumont and Fletcher; "Caesar and Pompey," tragedy by George Chapman; "Caesa in Egypt," a tragedy by Colley Cibber; "The Roman Revenge," b Aaron Hill; "Julius Caesar," b Duke of Buckinghamshire (1722).

WHAT plays has Hall Caine written in addition to "The Christian?"—S. R. M., Detroit, Mich.

He wrote "The Bond Man" (1892) "The Manx Man" (1897); "Th Eternal City" (1902).

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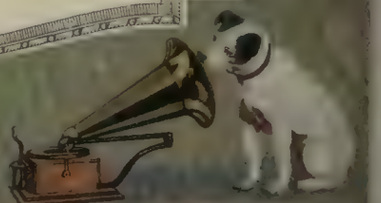
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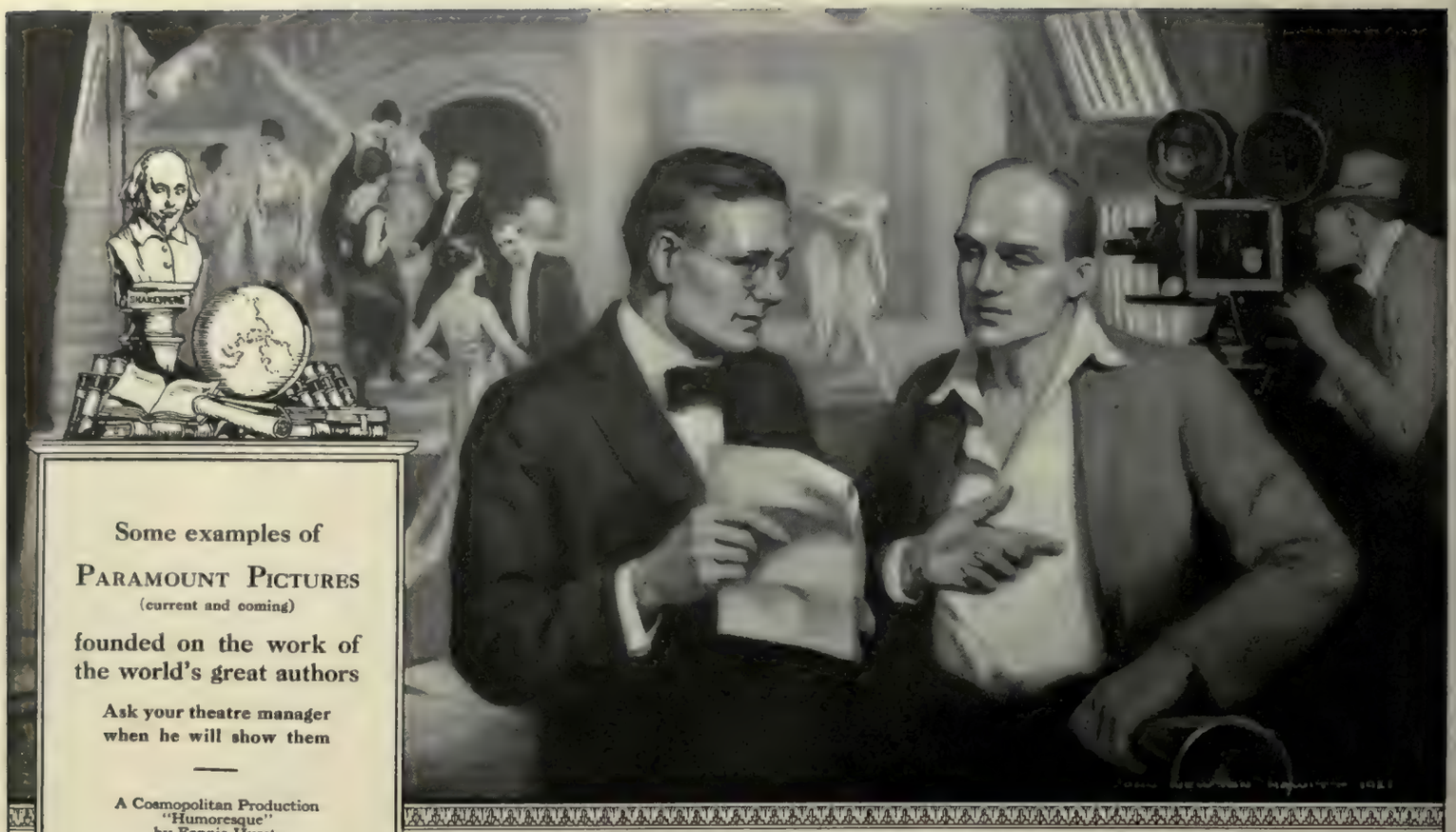
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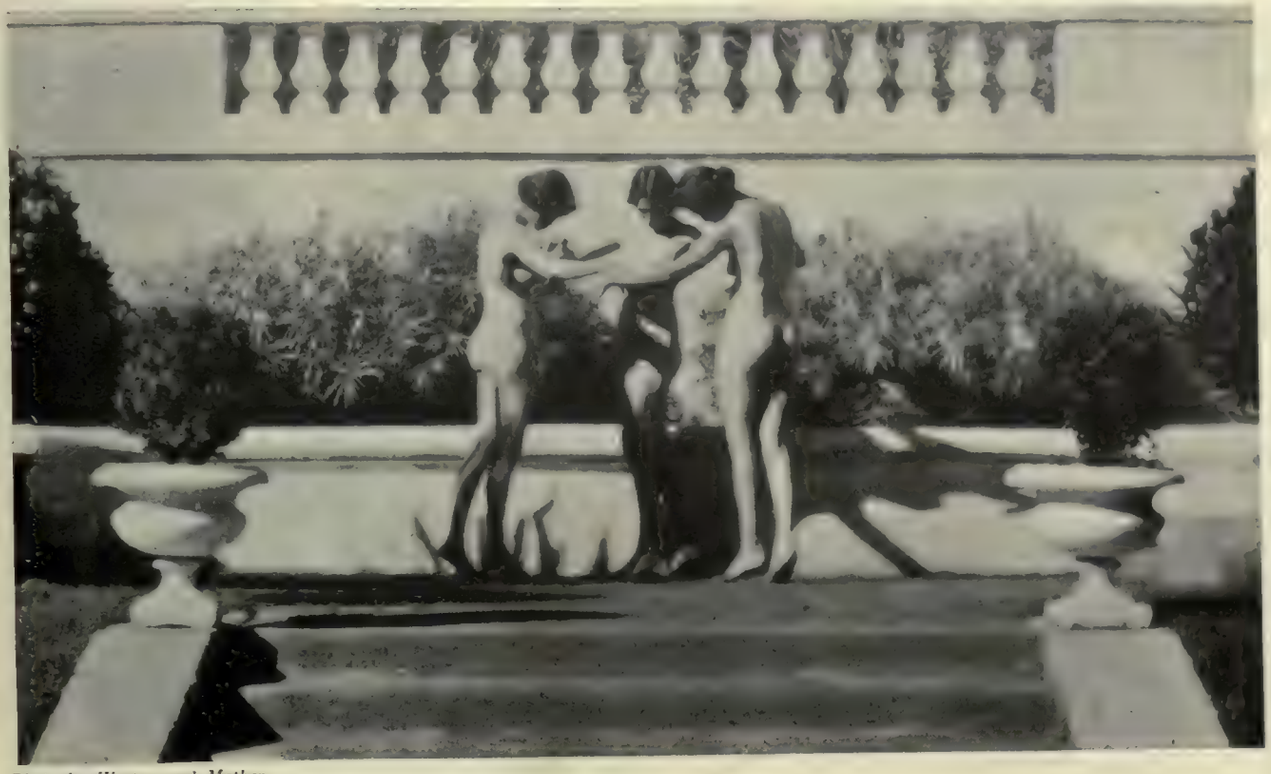


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THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIII. No. 242. MAY, 1921.



MARGARET ANGLIN AS JOAN OF ARC

This noted interpreter of the poetic drama fittingly celebrated Easter Sunday by appearing for the first time in New York in Emile Moreau's "The Trial of Joan of Arc."



I WAS walking the other day through Times Square with a well-known theatrical manager when we encountered a little old lady of the small-town schoolteacher type, with snow-white hair and gold-rimmed spectacles, a black silk dress and a black beaded bonnet. I was surprised to hear my friend address this person as "Flossie," furthermore inquiring if she was still with Gertie Glitter?

"Oh, dear no!" responded the little old lady, "I left her long ago, at the time of her marriage, and I have been with Bessie Bangle and Tessie Trinket since then! I'm with Peggy Plumage now!"

After wishing her "good luck," we proceeded on our way, and the theatrical manager informed me that the little old lady was Flossie Frivol, a comic opera prima donna of a former generation, who at a later period became a "character woman" in the legitimate. A time came when she was out of employment, and received an offer from an actress to serve as "chaperon," this experience leading to another and another along similar lines, with a New York show-girl. Such a very discreet looking "mother" or "aunt," it was found, lent an air of respectability.

* * *

ABE ERLANGER and Charlie Dillingham announce their joint presentation next season of an actress from Salt Lake City, Utah, for whom they prophesy a brilliant future. Her name is Maude Adams.

* * *

NEW YORK has plenty of theatres but not so many that there's no room for one more, so why shouldn't there be a Laurette Taylor Theatre? The new house is scheduled to open in New York within the year with J. Hartley Manners as producer and manager and Miss Taylor as star of the plays he will present. It is to be their own theatre and it means good bye to the road for Laurette whose chief ambition has always been never to leave Broadway. The play selected for the opening of the new house is a fantasy by Mr. Manners.

* * *

ONE of the most interesting announcements that Broadway has heard in a long time is that Miss Taylor, some time next season, will play the part of the Jewish mother in Fannie Hurst's first play, "Humoresque," based upon that writer's successful story. The story has already appeared in movie form, and now we are to see it in play form with an Irish comedienne playing a Yiddish part. Here will be a genuine test of Miss Taylor's versatility. Miss Hurst, who knows the Jewess as few writers know her, has already heard Miss Taylor read the part in manuscript and endorses her Yiddish accent. But Broadway is still from Missouri. To drop an Irish brogue and pick up a Yiddish accent has always been supposed to be one of the things that could not be done. But we shall see—and also hear!

* * *

PEOPLE who have only seen Ruth St. Denis on the stage, with the raven ringlets she wears for her East Indian, Algerian or Egyptian dances, are naturally somewhat surprised on encountering this performer in private life, to discover that her hair is entirely gray. Trixie Friganza, who has passed many years alternating between musical comedy and vaudeville, creates even greater astonishment, for she wears a black wig in the theatre, but her own snow-white hair is "bobbed" in the latest fashion. Many actresses—and not a few actors—believe that it is necessary for them to look as "young" as possible, so dye their hair brown, black or red. Eleanor Robson had brown hair until her final appearance in "The Dawn of a To-morrow," then, upon marrying August Belmont, became gray. Elsie de Wolfe passed many years on the stage, with jet-black tresses, but as soon as she turned to interior decoration, in which field she has prospered exceedingly, her hair became, and has remained, frankly gray.

* * *

MARILYNN Miller, star of "Sally," has to put lead in her shoes in order to keep her feet on the ground.

* * *

WHENEVER two or three actresses are gathered together, sooner or later they talk "shop"—and "shoppers." Other actresses are discussed, pro and con, and an observation of especial interest is that "So-and-so has had her face fixed!" It is really astounding how many women have taken the risk of undergoing this difficult and painful operation, but, sure enough, one after another has followed the fashion. The lady who is credited with having been the first to make the attempt is an actress who for many years was in comic operas, later turning to legitimate pieces, and finally starring in moving pictures. Even the closest "close-up" failed to reveal any telltale lines or wrinkles, but it finally became known that she had her double-chin "cut away," her cheeks "lifted," and the ends "sewn up" in front of her ears! Then the French actress Yorska, well known on Broadway, courageously underwent a painful operation to have her nose straightened. Then an American beauty, who added English honors to her American ones, took a chance! Then a little lady who was one of the actress-wives of a much-married actor! Then an actress who has had many successes in tragedy and comedy, having created rôles in two productions subsequently transformed into operas!

* * *

CHARLES Gilpin, the negro star of "The Emperor Jones," has proved a dark horse.

* * *

A GREAT deal has been written about the chorus girl, not so much about the chorus man. The handsome young gentlemen in evening clothes, who dance so exquisitely and cast such languishing glances at the show girls, are entitled to more consideration from the public than they receive. Some of them are almost human and they do look "just too cute for anything" when they dance. Let us bespeak your sympathy for these butterfly creatures whose brief existence seems to terminate with the close of the newest musical comedy. Many a manly heart beats beneath the bosom of their dress shirt. Perhaps some of them have large families to support. Others may be sending sisters and brothers to college. Who knows what problems of domesticity may perplex these cunning choristers? Many a wrinkle may lurk under the grease paint.

* * *

FLORENZ Ziegfeld, Jr., refers to the 1910's as "the tights period," and to the 1920's as "the bare-legged period." He is now thinking up a term for the 1930's.

* * *

A NEW one was sprung recently, when a respectable-looking man managed to get through the stage-door of a playhouse where a musical comedy was being presented. Once "back stage," he spoke to first one chorus girl and then another, showing them bottles of perfume, which he intimated had been "smuggled" into the country, so could, therefore, be offered at the ridiculously low price of two dollars each. The bottles were of artistic shape, and bore foreign labels. Furthermore, each was adorned with a bow of ribbon. Well, one by one, the girls crowded around, to examine the bottles, remove the stoppers, and smell the—perfume. As a result, eighteen bottles were immediately disposed of, the entire stock in the man's handbag. Everybody congratulated everybody else, hoping the mysterious peddler (public benefactor?) would return. A day or two later it was learned that Volstead's minions

had nabbed him, and many a lovely cheek grew moist in sympathy.

* * *

THE Hattons have written another comedy of a shop, in which Grace Valentine will appear as the chief feminine protaganist. The title, "Mme. Milo," rather suggests the sort of spiced humor that Broadway relishes nowadays. The authors characterize it as a "female Lombardi, Ltd." You will remember, if you know well your caviare, that Grace Valentine was the not reluctant model in the latter play, which was Leo Carillo's first starring vehicle. The piece will be launched sometime next fall under the aegis of the ubiquitous Shuberts.

* * *

THE theatrical profession is a much more elastic term than is generally realized by the average person, who may be accustomed to attending occasional performances at a "legitimate" theatre, with never a thought of what many of its patrons refer to as "vawderville." Therefore, the average person would be amazed and amused at dropping in at a certain all-night restaurant in the Times Square district, at about eleven o'clock, remaining until midnight, for the establishment is patronized almost exclusively by "vawderville" players, those who are "working," and those who are not. They talk loud and long, in a forcible jargon of their own. Remarks I have taken down in my notebook contain the following picturesqe phrases: "We knocked 'em cold! We was a riot! Eight coitain-calls! S'elp me, Gawd!" "We had the hardest place on the bill! Follyin' them there trained seals! Me and him is goin' to see our agent about it!" "Say, kid, believe me, you should have saw them guys when we done that new step! We drove 'em wild! they was foamin' at the mouth, runnin' around, bitin' each other!" From these verbatim reports, it may be judged that what "vawderville" performers, as a class, lack in grammar, they more than make up for—in self-esteem.

* * *

THAT new girl is a Venus, isn't she? Yes, Venus in transit; I just fired her.

* * *

THE changing of the name of the Cohan & Harris Theatre to the Sam H. Harris Theatre probably "had more in it than meets the eye," as Old Bill remarked in "The Better 'Ole." At least there has been a lot of conjecture about it in theatrical circles. The split between the partners was attributed to opposing points of view on the subject of the "Equity Shop," or "closed shop" principle advocated by the Actors' Equity Association. Mr. Harris, as a member of the Producing Managers' Association, is unalterably opposed to the closed shop, and Mr. Cohan, although he resigned from the Producing Managers' Association toward the close of the actors' strike, says that he, too, is against the closed shop, but nevertheless—well, nevertheless, there must have been other things that led to this abrupt change in the name of the Cohan & Harris Theatre after such a long partnership between the two managers. Mr. Cohan says that he wants to produce independently in the future; also that he and Mr. Harris will never, never be anything but bosom friends despite their split. But, then, Mr. Cohan also said during the actors' strike that he would never, never enter the Friars' Club again. He is now the Abbot of that popular organization! To quote his own words during the strike: "That's the sort of little guy I am."

* * *

IT'S "Doctor" Julia Marlowe, now, please, since the George Washington University conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon the most fascinating Shakespearian heroine of the American stage. In her doctor's cap and gown, "Dr." Julia is a fascinating figure and looks more like Portia than any lady of Belmont since Ellen Terry herself. By the way, Broadway declares that the Sotherns contemplate another farewell tour next season, with "The Merchant of Venice," added to their repertoire.



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DR. JULIA MARLOWE SOTHERN

* * *

INTERESTING recollections are conjured up by the appearance of Rose Coghlan in the cast of Belasco's production, "Deburau." For these two notable figures of the American theatre first met in San Francisco in 1879, where Belasco was stage-manager at the Baldwin Theatre. Having heard of the great success achieved in New York by Miss Coghlan, who had come from England to act at Wallack's Theatre in Thirteenth Street in 1872, Mr. Belasco induced the manager of the Baldwin to engage the actress for San Francisco at a salary of $500 a week, a large salary for the present time and an enormous one for those days. When the company assembled for the first rehearsal, and Mr. Belasco was presented to Miss Coghlan, the latter expressed indignation that she was to be "directed" by "that *boy!*"

* * *

A WELL-guarded secret which has just leaked out the dark room, is that Belasco's clever daughter, Reina Belasco Gest, has just completed and sold a scenario for a picture play which has a genuine Belasco snap and thrill for every foot of film. Mrs. Gest was born and brought up on the Pacific coast, and she has dashed across that wide, wide sea for inspiration and laid the scene of her story in old China. Mr. Belasco's young daughter sought no advice from her distinguished father, nor from her manager husband as to the means of marketing her *magnum opus*. She simply sent two copies of her scenario, simultaneously, to two different film producers, each of whom to her astonishment accepted it. Indeed, it was only when she found herself in this embarrassing position that she disclosed her guilty secret to her family.

* * *

FOLKS may keep on saying that Eva Tanguay is a "dead one" and that she is preparing to leave the stage, but that pepful person can retaliate by saying in her old defiant manner, "I don't care." And why should she, now she is under the Shubert banner and, according to reports, receiving as high as $3,500 per week? Eva is reported to have had a grand, little row with the Keith interests before she deserted their forces and went with the Shuberts, but there seems to be no regret on her part and no diminution of her exuberant vitality since she first sang *"I Don't Care,"* and startled the theatrical world by her ability to throw an epileptic fit and show no serious after-effects. Time was, not so long ago, when the theatrical wiseacres had their little bouquets and speeches all prepared for Eva's permanent departure from the spotlight, but Eva kicked up her heels, evaded their bouquets and speeches and suddenly flounced out upon the stage of a popular vaudeville theatre with a brand new batch of songs and an indomitable jazz spirit that must have discouraged her sympathizers from any more attempts to offer her consolation prizes. Eva is like the weather. One never can tell what she is going to do next.

* * *

ONLY a generation ago, "The Little Church Around the Corner" gained fame through the willingness of its pastor to read the funeral service over a dead actor, after the rector of a neighboring house of worship had declined because the deceased had been a player! And yet, today, so many prominent actors and actresses have become Christian Scientists that there is at least one in each company on Broadway. Such well known performers as Nora Bayes, Henrietta Crosman, Madge Kennedy, Effie Shannon, Emma Dunn, Katherine Grey, Mary Nash, Gilda Varesi, Ruth St. Denis, Milton Sills, Conrad Nagel, Sidney Blackmer, and Morgan Farley, ought to convince the most bigoted fanatics that play-actors are not instruments of the Evil One! For the individuals designated are enthusiastic Christian Scientists.

IGNOTUS

MARY STUART—QUEEN OF LOVE

Celebrated historical character the protagonist of Drinkwater's new tragedy

WITH the production here in New York of this play which deals with one episode in the life of the Queen of Scots, Mr. Drinkwater comes to us for the second time with a drama in which a celebrated historical character plays the chief part. The remembrance of the first play, with all its fine simplicity and impressiveness of writing, and the truly admirable, dignified manner of its presentation, is still fresh in the minds of all who were fortunate enough to see it; and that remembrance serves to whet the interest in this new product of the English poet's genius.

In employing historic backgrounds and figures for his dramas, Drinkwater has but followed in the footsteps of very many of the great dramatic writers. It is easy to recall how frequently Shakespeare turned to history; and one needs only to mention such writers as Goethe, Schiller, Victor Hugo, Tennyson and others who did the same thing. Search would undoubtedly reveal the fact that there are historical plays in almost every language that possesses a dramatic literature. And there are logical reasons for this. The commanding figures in history are such because they were out of the common run, because they were supermen and women. They were great rulers, great statesmen, great warriors, great lovers or great in some other unusual way; and it has always given the dramatist greater scope for his work to use these great attributes in the persons of their possessors. Not alone that, but the great public shows a much deeper and more abiding interest in the doings of heroes and heroines who have actually lived, loved, hated and died, than it does in the creatures of fiction who may enjoy a brief popularity but are soon forgotten.

THE third child and only daughter of James V, of Scotland, and Mary of Guise, Mary Stuart was born in December, 1542, and when a week old, she became, by the death of James, the queen, being crowned in the following year. Her first husband, whom she married before she was sixteen, was Francis II of France. Soon after this marriage, and on the death of Mary Tudor (Bloody Mary), she laid claim to the throne of England, as great-granddaughter of Henry VII, on the ground of Elizabeth's illegitimacy. Her husband died in 1560, and the following year, Mary landed in Scotland. Having failed in a scheme for a marriage with Don Carlos of Spain, she married, in 1565, Lord Darnley, her cousin german, and next heir after her to the English throne. She treated him with great kindness at first and considered granting him the crown matrimonial; but his stupidity, insolence and profligacy, together with his part in the murder of Riccio, caused an estrangement which ended in his own murder by Bothwell, it is said with Mary's consent. She married Bothwell three months later, and within another month she was seized, imprisoned, and compelled to abdicate in favor of her son, James VI. A year later she escaped, but was soon defeated and fled to England. Elizabeth confined her first in one castle, then in another. Finally,



© *Albin*

CLARE EAMES
as Mary, Queen of Scots

in October, 1586, she was tried on the charge of conspiring against Elizabeth's life, and was beheaded in February, 1587.

She was an ardent Catholic and she labored constantly to restore the faith in her Kingdom. As to her complicity in the death of Darnley, and as to the extent of her guilt in plotting against Elizabeth's life and throne, there are so many conflicting opinions and so much contradictory evidence that no accurate decision can be made. As Andrew Boyd, in the introductory scene of the play, says—"Have you ever reflected on the strangeness of that Edinburgh story—the confusion of it, growing and growing through the years? History never so entangled itself. All the witnesses lied, and nearly all who have considered it have been absorbed in confirming this word, refuting that."

Drinkwater's method of treating his subject is quite different from what it is in "Abraham Lincoln." There are, of course, similarities in the two plays that make them easily recognizable as the work of the same man. Although a poet, he has put them both into prose, but it is that rich simplicity of prose which holds the spell of poetry. The masterly technique of the stage is the same in both, and both are essentially faithful to history.

IN "Abraham Lincoln," while the main interest is centered in the portrayal of the man's character, still, in each of the six episodes which make up the play, the historic background is vivid; so vivid that one feels almost that he has been looking on at history in the making. It is, by the way, a masterly achievement that he has been able to do this without in the least detracting from the interest in Lincoln himself.

In "Mary Stuart," on the other hand, the background is indistinct, at times almost nebulous. It is Mary herself—not the later Mary, who moves, a stately figure, through the gloom of Schiller's fine tragedy—Mary, the super-woman in the full radiance of her beauty, Mary, the queen of love, who is the one potent and absorbing figure in this drama.

Darnley is still present, as is Riccio (in whose murder the play reaches its culmination), and Bothwell looms in the near future; but they are all simply pawns on the board. History, the history of the state, is only referred to in one short scene between Mary and an envoy of Elizabeth. The play concerns itself wholly with Mary's love-life. Note what Mary says, talking to her companion, Mary Beaton:

"Riccio, Darnley, Bothwell. You must not breathe a word to Bothwell, Beaton. That must not be known. But they make a poor, shabby company. Riccio sings, yes, ravishingly. And no more. Darnley cannot sing even, and he's my husband. Just a petulance — one cannot even be sorry for it. How he hates Riccio—I wish David were better worth hating. That would be something. And Bothwell wants to take me with a swagger.. It's a good swagger, but that's the end of it. I think he will take me yet, the odds against him are pitiful enough. But its a barren stock of lovers, Beaton. I, who could have made the greatest greater."

There is a strong scene between Mary and Bothwell, where he is urging his passion:

Bothwell: You want my love, burningly you want it.

Mary: I know—yes. But for an enterprise like that love must be durable. Yours would fail—it is not a fault in you, but it would.

Bothwell: Even so, what then has been lost?

Mary: A shadow merely—a hope, a little

**From "Mary Stuart." A Play by John Drinkwater. Copyright 1921, by Houghton, Mifflin Co.*



(*Left to right*) **Helen Westley, Dudley Digges, Erskine Sanford, Laura Hope Crewes.**

Mr. Marden (Dudley Digges) is horrified to learn that his wife's first husband, a shady character, is still living.



(*Left to right*) **Leonard Mudie, Laura Hope Crewes, Phyllis Povah**

The young lovers find in Mrs. Marden a staunch ally in their fight to overcome Mr. Marden's objection to their marriage.



Photos Schwarz **Phyllis Povah** **Leonard Mudie** **Laura Hope Crewes** **Erskine Sanford**

The blundering Mr. Pim having admitted his mistake, Mrs. Marden finds herself mistress of the situation, and she proceeds boldly to hang up the futurist curtains which, previously, had been an intolerable abomination in the eyes of her now thoroughly tamed husband

GUILD PLAYERS IN "MR. PIM PASSES BY"

hope, I do not know of what—but that of some fortunate moment, somehow it might come.

Bothwell: What?

Mary: The love that should save me.

Bothwell: But time goes. Danger is here now. And I love you now. Your love, your shadow—where is that?

Mary: I know: But in my heart is all I have left. Nothing, a poor nothing—but all. If I go with you, it is but one step further into the darkness, the last. Even the shadow would be lost. I am too wise in grief. I am wiser even than my blood. That's lamentable, isn't it? But I have come to that.

Bothwell: Woman, why do you waste yourself among crowns and pedlars? Who is Elizabeth—who Darnley? What is Scotland, a black country, barren, that it should consume this beauty? You were born to love, to mate strongly, to challenge passion—this passion, I tell you, this. They come to you and plead as peevish boys, or watch round corners—winds that cannot stir one tress of that hair. You are not aware of them, you are unmoved. But I am not as these—do you think I will wait and wait? I do not plead. You are in my arms—you are not queen, you are my subject. If you stay they will destroy your throne—if you stay you will destroy yourself. You have fires. Can you quench them? Mary, my beloved, I am stronger than you. Come, I bid it.

(*Mary stays a moment in his arms. Then she slowly releases herself.*)

Mary: It is magnificent. But I told you I am wiser than my blood.

Drinkwater has his own solution of many of the apparent contradictions and inconsistencies in Mary which have baffled and caused endless disputes among historians and other writers. His answers to many questions that have been asked regarding her will fail to be understood by many, and there are likely to be more men than women who will not understand—because Mary was a woman. But there will be both men and women who will agree that this meditative, poetic Englishman has with keen insight been enabled to penetrate to the core of the whole matter and found in Mary a heart whose great tragedy occurred long before it ceased beating in the prison of Fotheringay Castle; and that she in whose breast it throbbed was doomed to go through life without ever finding a responsive love as great, as masterful and as enduring as that of which she herself was capable. It is a great theme, containing the quintessence of tragedy, and it is greatly handled.

Drinkwater puts it thus, in words from Mary's own mouth, spoken to Riccio:

"Mary Stuart was a queen of love, but she had no subjects. She was love's servant, but she found no lord. That is all."

WALTER HOWE JONES

CANNED MUSIC

The haughty prima donna prepares to record her glorious voice but—

IT IS ten o'clock in the morning and the Prima Donna is due. Chaos reigns in the recording studio. On one side of a curtained partition an anxious little man is carefully inspecting and brushing the dust from wax disks. Two well-dressed men are standing beside the arm of an enormous horn protruding from the partition, anxiously consulting their watches, and absent-mindedly pricking their fingers to test the needles lying in neat boxes on a shelf behind them. A girl seated at a type-writer clicks away furiously. Out in front, seated on stools of various heights, tuning mongrel instruments which seem to have been bred from a violin and a tin horn, a dozen musicians intermittently practice a dozen different bars from seven different songs. Over in a corner, reading his notes suspended from the ceiling, sits the trombonist, making horrid noises.

Suddenly, the elevator comes up and halts. The iron doors rumble open. The Secretary emerges, bearing a music case in one hand, a tiny dog under her other arm. She stands quickly aside in order not to spoil the Prima Donna's entrance. The Great Lady wears chinchilla today, and a hat with plumes. There is not a romantic office boy in all the building whose dream need suffer when he sees her. Radiant with health, beauty, and professional well-being, the Prima Donna advances. The Manager walks and talks cordially at her side.

All the musicians scramble to their absurd roosts and tap their bows against their instruments in perfunctory greeting. The Prima Donna smiles graciously upon them, and gaily salutes the nervous gentlemen who cease pricking their fingers to welcome her. The music-boy tries to recover his fallen sheets unobserved, while the Secretary catches the Prima Donna's cloak as she flings it off with a magnificent, sweeping gesture.

The conductor appears and kisses the singer's finger-tips. A great silence falls as she approaches the horn and balances herself nicely on her toes, advancing and retreating before it in rythmical swaying.

The music begins. It gathers strength and volume and proceeds to a triumphal close. The Prima Donna raises a white-gloved hand . . .

"This is terrible," she says, "I can't hear anything. It sounds like a cat-fight!"

She catches sight of the trombonist alone on his perch in the corner.

"What is the matter with that man? Why doesn't he sit where he belongs?"

"He has to sit there," explains the manager sweetly, "Why, you see the drum isn't even in the room at all, we have to keep all the loud instruments at a distance."

The Prima Donna tries some phrases of her first record. She sways the wrong way in a dramatic moment when she forgets herself. The record is tried out and produces a horrid shriek. Madame clutches her throat, she sends a despairing glance towards Heaven, as if to say to the Almighty, "What would you?". Then to the Manager, with an icy smile, she suggests that the next time it would perhaps be better to have things ready before asking her to undergo this unnecessary fatigue . . or would it?

Only the Secretary smiles readily at the Prima Donna's rare sense of humor

"Now, let us all start over once more again!" says the Conductor, with admirable courage and geniality, washing his hands with imaginery soap. He mounts his throne. Madame clutches the support handles, the music begins.

The Manager smiles, the Conductor beams as he waves his baton, the Assistants finger the cigarettes in their vest-pockets. This promises well, things are going nicely! The lilt of the music swells and dies, the last beautiful note of the singer's voice is being spun out like a strand of silver gauze, and . . . . . then the Secretary *sneezes!*

There is a moment of black and scarlet, a tenseness of white faces and dead silence. Frightened eyes are fixed on the wretched girl with dread fascination. Unconsciously, all brace themselves for the explosion.

But replete as ever with charming surprises, the Prima Donna does not commit murder, on the contrary, she has her most intriguing smile ready for the emergency.

"My dear Miss Simpson, go home at once and to bed!" she says sweetly to the quivering Secretary, "What is a mere trifle like one of my records, if you are catching cold. We will, in fact, call off my work entirely for the day. The gods seem to be against me, Messieurs!" With a fascinating shrug, she turns towards the door, bowing graciously to the dumb-founded gentlemen of the orchestra.

"But madame, your other numbers, what of them?" almost screams the perturbed Manager.

"My dear man, I wouldn't go through this again for a crown of glory. They say you can do wonders, you modern wizards, so cut the sneeze out of the record!"

What can the man do? He bends over her hand in an excellent imitation of the Metropolitan's best manners. As suavely as possible, he smilingly accompanies the little cortège to the elevator.

"The sneeze shall be blurred, cut out, . . . never be noticed. . Superb voice today, Madame, superb! Your pianissimo. . Ah, nothing like it! Next week, then?"

But the elevator boy, scarcely sensible of his august passenger, slams the gates.

* * *

Some time later an harassed fat woman with many bundles and two small children in hand, stops at the phonograph department of a great store.

"Give me that new lullabye record of Madame Filigree's, the one with the lovely sob at the end. It's so sad and soothing. Makes one feel peaceful and rested, now don't it, just to hear it!" MARY F. WATKINS

THE EVOLUTION OF AN IDEA

DRAWN BY
MALCOLM LA PRADE

This is how the author conceived the climax of the third act of his masterpiece, "THE STROKE OF FATE"





But the wise Play-doctor knew well that such a drab and harrowing creation would never do.

He dressed it up to the minute, and here we see the third act climax in terms of Society comedy.



But the Producer knows what the public wants.

He injected some real Pep into the scene, and this is how it opened on Broadway.

A DRESSING ROOM CHAT WITH "PEG"

Laurette Taylor talks frankly on matters that perplex most stars

By CAROL BIRD

CABBAGES and kings and a number of things!

That's what they talk about backstage, and in the dressing rooms. Between acts, before performances, and after they're over. It's quite true that the interest of many of those in the profession is confined to affairs within the charmed circle. But, on the other hand, there are plenty of men and women in the profession who have what might be called "national" or "international minds." They are well up on all current events. They know everything that is going on in the world of reality, outside their own sphere of make-believe. It may be a war in the Sandwich Isles, or the recipe for an excellent shrimp salad—they know considerable about both.

Laurette Taylor is one star of the profession who is interested in matters outside the particular bright orbit in which she shines. In a potpourri conversation in her dressing room at the Cort Theatre, after a matinée performance recently, every known subject under the sun came in for discussion. Somehow a dressing room isn't conducive to a sustained conversation. It's very atmosphere scrambles a chat. The general disorder of the place, the numerous interruptions, the hurry and flurry of those dressing or undressing for the stage or the street, does not make for continuity of conversation. But a gossipy, intimate, hurried talk on all sorts of topics imaginable is refreshing. It is like reading light fiction after a long debauch of classic literature. It is frothy, and effervescent and entertaining. What more can one ask of Conversation?

ATTIRED in the shabby, little black serge suit in which she makes her entrance at the aristocratic Chichester home in the revival of "Peg o' My Heart," Laurette Taylor, in her dressing room, Saturday, had just begun to compare New York to Babylon when the first interruption occurred. Michael, the scraggly, little Irish terrier who is Peg's bosom friend in the play, wriggled his way into the room via the half-closed door, and commenced to yelp in a distracting fashion. A maid snatched him up and carried him, protesting, from the scene.

Laurette Taylor removed the wide, floppy black straw hat, adorned with brilliant artificial flowers, which she wears in the first and last act, settled down comfortably in a big, wicker chair, and again picked up the subject of New York and Babylon.

"You know what I feared most in this revival of "Peg o' My Heart," in which I appeared for the first time about eight years ago? I was afraid of what the critics might say about the change the years intervening had accomplished. I dreaded to think that they might compare my appearance today as Peg, to the way I looked eight years ago—and do it unfavorably. I told Hartley (J. Hartley Manners, the playwright, author of "Peg o' My Heart," and husband of Laurette) that I wouldn't mind anything else they might say if only they kept away from the dangerous subject of age. I said I wouldn't mind very much what they said about my acting—does one ever put the same enthusiasm into a revival?—if they just refrained from commenting on a changed Peg in personal appearance. But my fears were unnecessary. They never trod the hateful ground.

I'LL be perfectly frank. I have the same Bugaboo that all actresses have. Age. Or the first approach of it. Of course, I'm not near the dangerous mark, but it's always in the offing. When any one tries to reassure me, and to discount Age as an important factor in the career of an actress, pointing to Bernhardt, Réjane and other famous French actresses who commanded the love and admiration of audiences years after the bloom of youth had gone, I shrug my shoulders.

"And I say: Yes, perhaps European audiences are kindly, but, remember, I am of New York. New York is different. New York is Babylon. Never have I known so Babylonian a city. New Yorkers will worship only at the shrine of Youth and Beauty. There are young, tiny, bewitching ingenues on the New York stage today, and they are idolized to a far greater extent than really great actresses, who are older and less entrancing in appearance. Why, I could name several pretty charming sprites appearing today who have scarcely any talent, but who possess youth, good looks, and the charm which usually accompanies youth and beauty. They breeze out on the stage like April zephers, and they bring joy and happiness with them. They are gay young elves, and New York loves them. Ah, an actress is not wise who does not properly estimate the importance of good looks in New York, and who does not do everything to retain them for as long a time as she can. It certainly unnerved me, and I decided that I would appear in motion pictures only in the future, and give up legitimate drama. After the first shock was over, naturally, I realized that it would be cowardice to pursue that course, and proceeded to forget the rowdies of that London theatre."

The second interruption came in the form of a young woman who wanted to sketch Miss Taylor.

PUT on that big, be-flowered hat, sit down, look wistfully to the left, droop your lids, hold that old traveling bag on your lap, and perch Michael on top of it," ordered the artist in succint tones, as she assembled bristol board, crayons, and erasers. She sighed in a relieved fashion when Miss Taylor quietly took the pose, and held it.

"I've been sketching babies, and they're so restless," explained the artist. "They get cracker crumbs and milk over everything."

"Have no fear," smiled Peg, "I never eat crackers and I loathe milk. As I was saying, I do hate the thought of getting old. Now ——"

"How can you say that!" interrupted the artist, intending to be tactful. "Why, I marveled at the youthful manner in which you skidded across the carpet in that scene where you jubilantly converted the Chichester rug into a skating rink."

"Yes, I still can skid," replied Miss Taylor, drily. "I'm not exactly rheumatic yet."

The subject switched to leading men.

Said Miss Taylor:

"It's so difficult to find a really handsome man these days. And no one can deny that a leading man's looks can make or break a show. I don't wish to appear uncomplimentary to the men of my profession, but just now I can only think of one really handsome man on our stage today. He is Jack Barrymore. The irony of it is that this one rare specimen of manly beauty should be cast in rôles of cripples, or in some way be handicapped by a deformity.

"Of course, it's true that the matinée idol type of male actor has become obsolete. I don't know exactly what the reason is. Undoubtedly, it's due to the fact that the war and the forward march of women have taken girls from the home and placed them in business. Now they have something with which to occupy their minds. There are not so many idle, neurotic-erotic women around to tack up the photos of male actors in their boudoirs, and to write them lavender-tinted, violet-scented missives. They live in a more wholesome atmosphere. Nevertheless, this does not entirely do away with the importance of good looks as a requisite possession of a leading man.

THERE are so many more beautiful women on the stage than there are handsome men. But then, after all, it's a woman's business to bother about her looks and paint her face and juggle the make-up—not exactly a man's job, is it?"

Came under discussion the riot in a London theatre during Miss Taylor's appearance there in, "One Night in Rome," another of J. Hartley Manners' plays. To Miss Taylor this unfortunate occurrence is practically the one and only dark experience in her career.

"It was the most frightful thing that ever happened to me. When those gallery gods began to throw smell-bombs on the stage, pennies, and blacken the air with their horrible cries and curses, I thought that it could only be a nightmare. It was so unusual and so unexpected. At first they yelled that because of the arrangement of one of the sets they could not see the stage. I stepped out before the curtain after the first act, and told them that the set would be altered. It was. But they continued to hurl objects on the stage and to hoot and swear. Even to this day we have no idea what the trouble was.



Camera Study by Goldberg

Springtime

Carroll McComas, you're wasting your time! What need for a candle when there's a slim young moon in the sky? Or is it a signal for some prowling Romeo?



Bachrach



Bachrach

Armed with an old-fashioned candlestick, Clara Joel feels equal to any emergency—from the failure of electricity to an intruding burglar



Bachrach



Bachrach

Mrs. Coburn even sleeps in Chinese. With a candle to light the way, she is stealing off to sleep beneath a gorgeous coverlet over which golden dragons sprawl.

This youthful apparition, with the holy air of an Easter angel, is Helen Link who quite understands the importance of being earnest.

WHEN THE FUSE BLOWS OUT



Photo by Charlotte Fairchild

MRS. FISKE

When "Wake Up Jonathan" was being staged, one of the "props" required was a picture of the heroine at the time of her marriage to Jonathan, so this old portrait by Colin, seen over the mantel, and which once graced an Academy exhibition, was dug out of its place in the storeroom.

GREAT SINGING ACTORS

Operatic Impersonations not inferior nowadays to those of the legitimate drama

By JEROME HART

TO be completely successful the operatic artist must be a good actor as well as a fine singer. Nevertheless, some are prone to regard the histrionic side of their art as of less importance than the vocal. With many it is a case of *vox et preterea nihil*—a voice and nothing more. But these do not, as a rule, go very far.

Sometimes a great histrionic faculty is wedded to a splendid voice, and in such case the artist reaches the summit of his or her profession. Instances like these are sufficiently rare to be notable. And even when the voice *per se* is not of the first quality, but is judiciously and artistically employed, while the possessor is a fine actor, distinguished success is achieved.

The list of great singing actors, including those of past generations, is far from a large one, while living examples can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. Names which most readily occur are Victor Maurel, the famous French baritone, who has been generally acclaimed as the greatest singing actor of his generation, and who is happily still alive and well, in artistic retirement in New York: the brothers de Reszke, especially Jean, who also is still living; Maurice Renaud, Antonio Scotti, and the towering Russian, Chaliapine.

Today the greatest of living tenors, the beauty and power of whose voice has probably never been excelled, and rarely equalled, has also developed into an actor of surprising power and finish. We refer, of course, to Enrico Caruso, whose impersonations of Canio and Eleazar, the Jew, place him well within the category of notable singing actors. The latter impersonation is especially memorable, and demonstrates how remarkably Caruso has grown in artistic stature in recent times.

WOMEN who can be included in the same category are fewer still. There are the traditions of famous prime donne, including Adelina Patti, to whom the well-known impresario, Sir Augustus Harris, once said when she was acting in a play upon the stage of her private theatre at her Welsh castle, "I am just beginning to realize that if you had not been one of the world's greatest singers you could have been one of its greatest actresses." Patti's forte, of course, was comedy rather than tragedy, and her Rosina in "Il Barbiere," was dramatically, as well as vocally, delightful.

Milka Ternina proved herself a superb actress, as well as singer, in such rôles as Brunnhilde, Sieglinde, Isolde, Elsa, Leonore and Tosca; and Lilli Lehmann, who, like Ternina, belonged to the grand school of operatic artists, was equally famous as an actress, especially in the Wagnerian rôles. Olive Fremstadt comes well within the same category. Gemma Bellincioni, for years Italy's leading dramatic soprano, who also shone in lyric and coloratura parts, was a far greater actress than she was singer, and her impersonation of Violetta in "La Traviata," was as exquisitely pathetic as that of Bernhardt in the corresponding rôle of Camille.

THERESA Tietjens, of a preceding generation, was a tragedienne in the highest sense of the term, her Lucrezia Borgia and her Valentine in "Les Huguenots" being especially memorable. Going back still further, we have the word of that grand old man of music, Manuel Garcia, that Madame Pasta was distinguished not only on account of her ravishing voice, but also for the grandeur of her dramatic conceptions. He characterized her, in fact, as the greatest soprano of her time and a superb emotional actress.

One part does not make an actress, or singer even, but singularly enough, one part has made several singers renowned as actresses, and that is Carmen. There is the record of the creatrix, Galli-Marié, followed by Minnie Hauk, Calvé, who sang, as well as acted, the part superbly, and Pauline Lucca. The impersonation by the last named was said to be characterized by all the attributes of voluptuous allure, subtle power and dramatic intensity. Nor must other great Carmens be forgotten, including Bressler-Gianoli, Maria Gay and Zélie de Lussan, the last being reputed to have played the part nearly one thousand times.

Coming back to living singing-actors of eminence, Victor Maurel is still regarded as *facile princeps* by those whose memories take them back twenty or thirty years, and it is good to know that he is occupying part of his retirement by writing his memoirs and reflections upon his art, for they should make interesting and instructive reading. No one who saw him in the rôle can forget the infinite subtlety of his Iago in Verdi's "Otello," which was especially written with a view to him, as also was the same composer's "Falstaff," in the title rôle of which Maurel was richly and ripely humorous. His Valentin in "Faust" was so profoundly moving that Lilli Lehmann and others have borne testimony to the fact that the death scene left the performers, as well as the audience, overpowered by their emotions.

MAUREL was the original Tonio in "Pagliacci," and, as many say, the greatest, and it was he who suggested the famous prologue to the composer, and even indited some of the words. In every part that Maurel played he acted with exceptional power and finish, and contemporary critics said of him that, had he not commenced his career as a singer, he might well have become one of the greatest actors of his generation, especially in Shakespearean rôles.

Mention of Shakespeare compels reference to Tamagno's impersonation of the part of Otello in Verdi's opera. As we have said, one part does not make a great actor, but as Otello, the Italian tenor with the phenomenally vibrant voice thrilled his hearers not only with his tones but by his acting of the rôle, in which he had been coached by the eminent tragedian, Salvini. Another great Shakespearean impersonation in opera was Maurice Renaud's Hamlet, in Ambroise Thomas' work. Renaud was a most accomplished actor as well as singer, and one of the chief glories of the French operatic stage. Since Renaud, the part of Hamlet has been chiefly associated with Titta Ruffo, who in this and in other rôles has shown acting ability of unusual excellence.

The brothers de Reszke were both distinguished actors, as well as singers, of the first rank, particularly Jean, who is now residing in Nice. The latter, who commenced his career as a baritone, developed into one of the most graceful and romantic tenors in the records of grand opera, and acted with infinite tenderness and charm, notably in such parts as Romeo, Walter von Stolzing, and Lohengrin, his Knight of the Swan being memorable for its dignity and fervor. Lucien Muratore occupies, today, much the same position as Jean de Reszke on the operatic stage, and few tenors approach him as a romantic actor. The nearest is Edward Johnson, an American singing actor, who has scarcely been appraised at his true value in this country, although he is an idol of the Italian operatic stage.

CHALIAPINE is undoubtedly the greatest singing actor upon the stage at the present time. His impersonations are characterized by extraordinary power and subtlety. One must particularly mention his Mefistofele in Boito's opera of that name, recently so magnificently revived by Gatti-Casazza at the Metropolitan. When Chaliapine played the rôle at Milan he was enthusiastically acclaimed by an audience of the most critical character, who, in truth, had "gone to curse and remained to bless." Such was the impression he created that a bust of the great actor-singer was set up in the foyer of the Scala permanently to commemorate the event. His Boris and especially his Ivan the Terrible are absolutely terrifying in places, and it is impossible to convey the effect in words. Like some other great tragedians, his comedy is of a finished and subtle description; witness his performance of Don Quichotte in Massenet's opera.

To many, Scotti is known best by his now historic impersonation of Scarpia, in describing which the critics have rung the changes on the words "sinister," "malevolent," and "malignant." Finished in detail and impressive in general effect as that impersonation by the popular Metropolitan baritone undoubtedly is, it is surpassed by his Chinaman in "L'Oracolo." (*Continued on page* 372)



Mishkin

GERALDINE FARRAR
as Mme. Butterfly

(Right)
LUCIEN MURATORE
as Romeo



© Aime Dupont

LILLI LEHMANN
as Isolde



© Victor Georg



Mishkin

ANTONIO SCOTTI
as Wing Fang in "L'Oracolo"



CHALIAPINE
as Don Quichotte



© Mishkin

MAURICE RENAUD
as Mephistopheles

GREAT ACTORS OF OPERA

HELEN WESTLEY

Remarkable versatility is this actress' forte. In "Mr. Pim Passes By," she plays with authority the part of an overbearing member of the British aristocracy. Quite a different portrait in her varied gallery was that of Nurse Guinness in "Heartbreak House," pictured here



Photocraft

(Below)

MAY VOKES

For years an immense favorite in vaudeville where she has specialized in comic servant rôles, this clever comedienne's gift of humor now serves to give welcome relief to the thrilling and sometimes gruesome situations in "The Bat"



Photocraft



Photocraft

MARY WORTH

The girl who gives such a realistic impersonation of the Mexican peon girl, Ouichita, in "The Broken Wing," was not born in Mexico, as one might think from the local color she brings to the part, but in New York. She is to have a big rôle in the new play Paul Dickey is writing.



Photocraft

BERYL MERCER

As the gin-drinking, card-playing beneficiary of the supposed dead Tommy in "Three Live Ghosts," this actress contributes to the stage another of those fine character studies for which she is noted.

RECENT HITS IN CHARACTER BITS



Nickolas Muray

ROSE ROLANDO

Young American dancer of great individuality who enlivens "The Rose Girl" with her startling Samoan folk dance.



© Moffett

SERGE OUKRAINSKY

ANDREAS PAVLEY



Ray Huff



Ira D. Schwatz

LYDIA LOPOKOVA IN "THE BALLET OF THE PERFUMES"

After several years' absence abroad, this dainty little Russian dancer has returned to America and appears in "The Rose Girl." Her delicate art is revealed in "The Ballet of the Perfumes," designed by Michel Fokine. She is seen reclining center.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY IN TERPSICHOREAN REVELS

"THE ROAD" RISES IN REVOLT

Local stock companies whose productions are often superior to so-called Broadway hits

No. 1. MINNEAPOLIS

FOR a long time there has been dissatisfaction in that part of the country we are pleased to call "the provinces," with the attractions sent out from New York. Shabby settings, inferior casts are so universal that the glamour of Broadway prestige has begun to wear, so that today, the legend, "six months' run in New York," means nothing. In self-protection, the cities have organized stock companies of their own, making productions which are often far superior to those sent out from here. Today, these stock companies have entered an era of prosperity unsurpassed in the history of our stage. It is our purpose to take up these local stock organizations, one after the other, describing their work and personnel for the readers of this magazine, for it is more than probable that the leading man or woman in St. Louis or Des Moines, today, will be a star tomorrow. We begin our series with the city of Minneapolis. The next in the series will be Boston.—EDITOR.

MINNEAPOLIS boasts at least one idealist as far as the theatre is concerned. He is A. G. Bainbridge, Jr., managing director of the stock company which holds forth in that corner of "the Provinces."

"Buzz," as he is nicknamed, has ideals and he has kept them against all manner of discouragement. Tradition is all against the self-respecting stock company. The inglorious past reveals a history when the stock theatre was the haven of a hoard of peanut-eating barbarians who assembled to revel in the slaughterhouse drama—with heroes nearly blown up with dynamite, heroines nearly mangled by on-rushing trains or nearly sliced in two by buzz-saws, in such gentle plays as, "In Old Kentucky," "The Angelus," and "Blue Jeans." The stock entertainments of fifteen years ago were curious affairs in which a player would go on, without having acquired one of his lines, to improvise long tirades winding up with the cue speech as a signal that someone else was to have an opportunity.

To convince the public and the *cognoscenti* that a stock company is capable of fine, sturdy performances has been the chief effort of "Buzz's" career. Occasionally the combination of circumstances has been too much even for the most determined idealist and the temptation to yield and cater to the hoard of peanut-eating barbarians has proved effectual. But these periods at which biographers must wink, are few enough so that they scarcely touch his record of handsome service to a community which would otherwise be left theatrically semi-barbarous.

IT is in the last two seasons that the Minneapolis stock company has most nearly realized the ideal. We have seen our local stock theatre as a community playhouse in which the whole public may gather together to enjoy the best that contemporary dramatic literature has produced. It is a system which combines the good features of the commercial stage with those of the "little theatre" movements. There are plays professionally composed, tried, proved and professionally presented; and yet there is in the public mind an intimate personal interest in the activities which can be felt only for a local institution. Attention caught by something which belongs particularly to us, it is put to work upon the finished products of literary America. And the evils of each system are similarly missing—the tendency of the commercial theatre to make capital of the sensational and the merely novel, and, on the other hand, the tendency of the "little theatre" to specialize in mawkish, feeble, thin-blooded, neurosthenic, conclusionless philosophizing. The best of farce, the best of comedy, the best of melodrama are represented and ever and again a really fine literary play such as we would otherwise never see.

The precedent of the occasional appearance of the literary play was established last season when Masefield's "The Tragedy of Nan," was offered at a special matinée. With the company doing one play and rehearsing for another, the play was prepared during the "nothing to do till tomorrow" margin of time, and given with such finished skill that it is still a topic of conversation. It is not at all unlikely that local history will be reckoned from this event. Before an enormous audience, gathered to watch the experiment, the local players gave an inspired performance, beautiful as a whole picture and wholly satisfying in many details.

THE policy during the present year has been to maintain this standard. The degeneration of Our Premier House, where the traveling attractions establish themselves, has offered the Stock Theatre an unusual opportunity for valiant dramatic service. Our "season" is a curious affair. You might find it rather droll. But to those of us who have not become insensible through many disappointments it is a bit tragic.

But while a dolorous business has been in progress at Our Premier House, where a half dozen fine things have been lost in a mass of dramatic incompetence, an excellent assortment of theatre material has been on sale at Our Stock Company. It has gone something like this. At O. P. H.: Fiske O'Hara with a brand new green satin suit and a brand new comedy, full of dark-eyed colleens and sentimental lyrics and goodness and truth and love, and optimism and patriotism and jests, dating from the 1883 vaudeville season, entertainment for the generically Irish. At O. S. T.: that delicious comedy, "A very Good Young Man," admirably staged and excellently acted.

AT O. P. H.: a musical revue from which all the original comedians have retired and been replaced by energetic vaudevillians whose humor is a cheap imitation of the back-slapping method of the Comedia del arte, and whose chorus-ladies—obviously the grandmothers of the original "Florodora" sextette—put a strain upon credulity.

At O. S. T.: a civilized performance of "What Every Woman Knows.' And so it goes. A deplorable revival of "Twin Beds," with a plump Blanny, finds itself rivaling an ingenious performance of that delightful farce of some seasons ago, "Stop Thief." A depressing performance of "Buddies," with a "Babe" as well suited to the Roland Young rôle as Jack Dempsey would be to a John Barrymore part, is hard put to it to lure patronage away from a sincere, conscientious treatment of "The Little Minister." A road production of "Civilian Clothes," with its brilliant flashes dimmed by shameless incompetence otherwise, ceases to be a demonstration of the grace abounding among New York impresarios in sending us such attractions when compared, a short while after, with the thoroughly handling of the same pieces by the local players. Luana and "The Bird of Paradise," reappear still asking us to take them seriously and our chortle up the sleeve is the more pleasant for that the stock company has recently had its laugh at this sort of conventionalized melodrama with George Cohan's "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

The high point of the season was reached this year with a powerful performance of "John Ferguson" (given while Our Premier House had a movie off-week). Though there was only the customary week of preparation. The players showed an intellectual grasp of the difficult drama which might have seemed impossible. Each part was done with the necessary quiet force, the emotional scenes tempting no one into melodramatic tricks. Such a courageous departure from convention has more significance than that of a fine play, ably done. It means the introduction of the literary drama into a part where it has seldom ventured on the professional stage. It is the beginning of what may be a splendid career for the local theatre as an educational force.

DURING the season we are to have five of what were generally acclaimed as the ten best plays of 1919-1920. "Wedding Bells" and "Jane Clegg" have already been with us, and "Clarence," "Mamma's Affair" and "Adam and Eva" are to come. "A Little Journey," was recently given an admirable performance. "The Ruined Lady," "Scrambled Wives" and "Five O'Clock," are among the futurities, while "Come Seven," "Marry the Poor Girl," of the present Broadway season, are promised and even "Rollo's Wild Oat."

Much of the credit for the general excellence of the stock productions is due Melville Burke, director. He bears not only a brain but also an infallible sense of mood. He has yet to mistake the spirit of a play.

To Marie Gale fall many of the important parts. The conven- (*Continued on page* 374)



JOHN H. DILSON
Juvenile



Youngberg

HELEN KEERS
Character Woman



Sussman

IVAN MILLER
Leading Man



White

MARIE GALE
Leading Woman



Gould and Marsden

ROBERT W. SMILEY
Comedian



Lee Boos

LUCILLE HUSTINGS
Ingenue



Baker Art Gallery

JOSEPH DE STEFANI
Second Man

MINNEAPOLIS STOCK PLAYERS TODAY: BROADWAY STARS TOMORROW

JOSEPHINE ADAIR

Two years ago this artiste was a leader of San Francisco's smart set, where her statuesque beauty and fine soprano voice were attractive features in amateur theatricals. After a brief apprenticeship in "Maytime," she came to New York in "Lady Billy."



Edward Thayer Monroe

ARLINE CHASE

Pretty, of course—otherwise, she could hardly have qualified as a Ziegfeld beauty. She's a dainty dancer as well, as all who have seen the Midnight Frolic have observed for themselves.



White

DORIS KENYON

Truly a theatrical sensation! This girl actually turned down a stellar rôle because she believed she could learn more in a smaller part in a more serious play. She has just returned to the legitimate stage in "The White Villa," after several years in the movies.



Nickolas Muray



Edward Thayer Monroe

JOAN McLEAN

This winsome young English ingenue in "The Skin Game," began her stage career in London music halls. Galsworthy saw her do a small part in "Such a Nice Young Man," and engaged her to play Jill. This is her first visit to America, and everyone hopes it will be a long one.

FAIR FOLLOWERS OF THESPIS



Nickolas Muray

ALICE BRADY

This busy actress whose rapid gravitations from stage to screen and back again always come as a surprise, has just closed her tour as the Syrian heroine of "Anna Ascends" and is gathering momentum for her next Broadway campaign. The headdresses worn by Miss Brady and Miss Mackay show the different styles of jewelled bands that have lately come into vogue

FRANCINE LARRIMORE

In "Nice People" this pretty and undeniably talented young comedienne runs true to form, giving another of those harum-scarum heiresses who cause so much trouble in the world, and so much amusement in the theatre



White



Nickolas Muray

ELSIE MACKAY

It's not the first time that Lionel Atwill's beautiful young wife, whose sympathetic portrait of Marie Duplessis in "Deburau" delights the eye and satisfies the imagination, has impersonated the unhappy Lady of the Camelias. She once donned the crinoline of the famous courtesan in an English production of the Dumas' play. She has also played with Tree in a number of his Shakespearean productions

BEAUTY AND TALENT IN STAGELAND

STAGE HAND ETHICS

The overalls deus ex machina behind the curtain

By GEORGE C. JENKS

THE curtain had just fallen on the first act, and the stage-manager, having nodded to the electrician to throw on the "house lights," barked "Strike!" On the instant a dozen unemotional men in overalls or shirtsleeves elbowed aside the immaculately-attired actors who had been on the scene at the climax, and scientifically pulled the "set" to pieces. It was a drawing-room in the home of a multimillionaire, with luxurious Louis Seize furniture, many brilliant tapestries, marble statues, rich rugs, pictures and other decorations carefully chosen by the producer to achieve a harmonious ensemble.

WHILE one lot of men carried off the walls of the apartment, another group, working independently, attacked the furnishings. One man walked off with a Venus de Milo under one arm and a jingling set of brass fire-irons in his other hand. Two of the room walls, pictures still hanging to them, had vanished, giving a dreary perspective of flats leaning against the brick wall at the back of the stage, and everywhere busy men scuttling about seemingly at random, but really in accordance with a perfectly-defined system.

Suddenly one of the wreckers, hustling across the stage with two gold-legged chairs and a cut-glass bowl of artificial roses in his arms, yells stridently: "Hey! you! Drop that! What d'yer think you're doin'? Put them curtains down!"

The man addressed is a pale young fellow, obviously full of enthusiasm, but also evidently new, for he looks in apologetic dismay at the scowling individual who has rebuked him, and throws the portières he has been carrying upon a sofa, as he answers: "I was going to ask where these go."

"Don't make no difference to you where they go," is the rejoinder. "You're a 'grip,' and you have no right to do the work of a 'clearer.' Haven't you ever worked in a theatre before? You ought to know that curtains hung over a pole the way them was are 'props', and a 'grip' can't touch 'em. Got your union card?"

"Of course I have," is the quick reply in a tone of injury. "Here it is. But I thought curtains were part of the flat and should be moved with it."

"Not unless they are fastened so they can't be taken off at every performance—with nails, or screws, or something. When they are loose, like these, they are 'props'. Remember that hereafter, young feller!"

The lines of demarcation between the duties of the various groups of stage-hands are sometimes so dim that controversies will occasionally arise. As a rule, however, the old-time stage carpenter, grip or property-man, knows exactly what his particular task is, and is scrupulously careful not to trespass upon the professional territory of his colleagues. For example, if the stage-manager orders that a special trap be cut in the stage, it is the carpenter who makes it. That is his exclusive work. Then, if the trap is to be carpeted, the property-man provides the bit of carpet, but the carpenter nails it on. This is not all. When the trap is "worked" in the performance, another set of hands, under the supervision of the property-man, perform that labor.

THERE are other delicate distinctions connected with the use of this trap. If it is partly masked in by rocks, trees or a "run," that masking is scenery and must be handled by scene-shifters, or "grips." But if the trap represents a well, with a chain and bucket brought up from the interior of a stone wall, then the chain and bucket are "props", and only the property-man or his assistants may touch them. On the other hand, the property-men must not presume to move the stone wall an inch either way; that privilege belongs to either the carpenter or a grip. Going a little further, it is likely that grass-mats, simulating greensward, will be arranged around the base of the stone well-curbing. Grass-mats belong strictly in the category of "props," and woe to the scene-shifter who dares to lay his profane hands upon them.

ALL this is stage-hand law. Of course, in some theatres—which means in most New York houses—the rules are strictly followed. Elsewhere, particularly on the road, the disposition is to get the work done rather than to split hairs as to who shall do it. The chief source of argument among stage-hands in out-of-town theatres, where a traveling company seldom plays longer than a week—if there is an argument—arises from jealousy of the visitors by the local attachés, with a corresponding determination on the part of the former to let the "house" men know "where they get off."

When striking "effects" are used in a play, such as the buzz-saw in "Blue Jeans"; a shipwreck; the smashing up of a railroad train, or the manipulation of an aeroplane, there are usually specially engaged men to do the work, although the property-man may be called on to lend a hand, since, strictly speaking, it is in his department. As he will say cynically, when you ask him just what is or is not a prop, "Everything is a prop except the box-office and the sidewalk in front of the theatre."

In vaudeville theatres there is a point of etiquette among stage-hands that seldom comes up in what are known as "legitimate" houses. That is in connection with the appearance of the stage-hand before the audience. In

(*Continued on page 370*)

PLAYS RECOMMENDED BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

You can't go wrong if you follow this list each month

"BAD MAN, THE": Satirical melodrama with comic relief. A hit.

"BAT, THE": A real thriller. You can't afford to miss it.

"DEBURAU": A fine play dealing with pathetic incidents in a mummer's life, admirably acted and presented with the wonderful detail that mark all Mr. Belasco's production.

"FIRST YEAR, THE": Delightful comedy of newly married life with that inimitable comedian Frank Craven and excellent cast.

"GOLD DIGGERS, THE": Clever comedy of chorus girl life.

"GREEN GODDESS, THE": Thrilling melodrama, with picturesque Indian background and excellent acting by George Arliss and company.

"IRENE": Delightful musical comedy—one of the biggest hits in years.

"LADY BILLY": The inimitable Mitzi in a tuneful and mildly amusing musical comedy.

"LIGHTNIN' ": Frank Bacon in a highly successful comedy characterization.

"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK": Charming comedy, introducing in a new rôle that delightful young actress, Genevieve Tobin.

"MARY": Typical Cohan musical comedy success—with pretty girls, excellent comedy and bewitching melodies.

"MARY ROSE": Barrie's latest play of the never-never kind. Strange, unusual, yet absorbingly interesting.

"MR. PIM PASSES BY": Tenuous, but entertaining and brightly written English comedy, admirably acted by Laura Hope Crewes and other members of the Theatre Guild.

"SALLY": Tuneful, decorative and delightfully entertaining musical comedy, introducing the exquisite little dancer, Marilynn Miller as a star.

"SAMSON AND DELILAH": Tense drama introducing Ben-Ami, a temperamental, forceful actor of the Jewish Art Theatre, who gives an impressive, interesting performance.

"SKIN GAME, THE": Stirring and interesting play of class conflict in England today.

"TAVERN, THE": Highly amusing melodramatic burlesque, with Arnold Daly and competent cast.

"TIP TOP": Typical Fred Stone show with jazzy music, clever comedy and graceful dancing.

"WELCOME, STRANGER": Amusing comedy with the Jewish-American comedian George Sidney.

"WOMAN OF BRONZE, THE": Old-fashioned emotional drama, admirably acted by Margaret Anglin.

"ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC": Girl show *de luxe*. Good entertainment and lavishly spectacular.



Atwell

CHARLES MARSHALL

The robust tenor of the Chicago opera, the volume of whose voice in "Otello" has been a nine days' wonder.

(Below)

MARIO CHAMLEE

In spite of his decidedly Gallic name, this tenor was not born on the Seine, but in Los Angeles, and has received all his training in this country. He has sung in the Scotti Opera Company, and at the Metropolitan his voice of beautiful lyric quality has been heard in the tenor rôles of "Tosca" and "Rigoletto."



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JEANNE GORDON

Young American contralto who has been hailed as the greatest interpreter of Brangaene in "Tristan," since Olive Fremstad's contralto days.



Arnold Genthe

ERIKA MORINI

This young Austrian violinist—she is not yet seventeen—came to America entirely unheralded, and at her first concert electrified the New York critics with her virtuosity.



© Mishkin

CORA CHASE

At her début as Gilda in "Rigoletto", this American girl made even the satiated critics sit up and take notice.

NEW FAVORITES IN OPERA AND CONCERT

(Oval)

NITA NALDI

Young Italian, whose striking beauty has enhanced the Century Midnight Whirl and a number of Winter Garden Revues. Ambitious for dramatic laurels she first attempted straight comedy in "The Bonehead." Her work in "Opportunity," Owen Davis' Wall Street play, established her definitely on the legitimate stage



(Below)

BLANCHE GERVAIS

This young actress had a short and successful career in musical shows as one of the principals in the 1919 Hitchy Koo company. But she is ambitious to conquer other fields and those who know say she will go far



EDNA HIBBARD

After singing leading rôles in two musical comedy hits, "Rock-a-bye Baby" and "Tumble In," Miss Hibbard decided that straight comedy was what she wanted, after all. She is now playing the gushy ingenue in "The Bad Man"



Photos by Edward Thayer Monroe

AMBITION LURES BEAUTY FROM MUSICAL COMEDY STAGE

HOLBROOK BLINN

Always a spell binder—especially with the ladies—this popular actor is surpassing himself in "The Bad Man."



Bachrach



Bachrach

FRANK CRAVEN

The author of "The First Year," is a born comedian with a gift for writing comic plays—a modern Molière, in fact.

GRANT MITCHELL

In "The Champion" this comedian seems to have found a rôle that suits his personality as well as did "The Tailor-Made Man."



Bachrach



Bachrach

ROLAND YOUNG

The hero of a number of bed-room farces, this delightful light comedian has found "Rollo's Wild Oat" excellent fare.



C. Smith Gardner

JAMES CRANE

As Larry in "Opportunity," this actor put plenty of "punch" into his performance. He has also the distinction of being Alice Brady's husband.



Bachrach

ERNEST GLENDENNING

Always interesting, this actor is particularly pleasing in the romantic atmosphere which envelopes "Little Old New York."

WHO SAID THE MATINEE HERO WAS AN EXTINCT SPECIES?

OLD FAVORITES



HELENA MODJESKA

"No artist," says William Winter "more delicate and subtle than Helena Modjeska has appeared among the women of the stage." Born in Poland in 1840, this distinguished actress came to America in 1876 and settled in California. Having gained some acquaintance with the English language, she made her début in San Francisco as Adrienne Lecouvreur, the critics hailing her as an actress of the first rank. Later she became associated with Edwin Booth, appearing with him in Shakespearean repertoire.

GENEVIEVE WARD

This American Shakespearean actress, whose reputation was gained abroad, is chiefly remembered for her remarkable performance of Stephanie, the adventuress in "Forget-Me-Not," a part which she played both in Europe and America more than two thousand times. Born in New York City in 1838, she studied for the grand opera stage, but, her singing voice failing, she decided, like Cushman, to become an actress. In 1873 she began to act in England, appearing with great success in such rôles as Lady Macbeth, Lucrezia Borgia, and Queen Katharine. She came to America in 1878.





GENEVIEVE WARD
as Queen Katherine

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

The first native born actress of highest rank to appear on our stage, this famous tragedienne was born in Boston in 1816. She began her career as a vocalist, but having, through overwork, ruined her singing voice, she decided to turn her attention to acting, and made her début in New Orleans as Lady Macbeth with signal success. Engagements in New York and Boston followed, her performances making a deep impression everywhere. For twenty-five years she dominated the American stage, scoring triumphs in such characters as Meg Merrilies, Romeo, Emilia in "Othello"; Julia in "The Hunchback"; Nancy Sykes. Her last appearance was in Boston, May 15, 1875, as Lady Macbeth. She died the following year.



HARRY BECKETT IN "THE SHANGHRAUN"

This popular comedian, a great favorite at Wallack's, was born in England and came to this country in 1868, first appearing in New York in "To Oblige Benson." He soon established himself firmly in the affections of our audiences, acting all over the United States until Mr. Wallack engaged him for his stock company. His range of parts extending from burlesque to melodrama, he was especially successful as Tony Lumpkin, Bob Acres, Graves (in "Money") and Mark Meddle ("London Assurance"). He died in 1880.

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

GARRICK. "Mr. Pim Passes By." Comedy in three acts, by A. A. Milne. Produced Feb. 28th with this cast:

Anne	Peggy Harvey
Carraway Pim	Erskine Sanford
Dinah	Phyllis Povah
Brian Strange	Leonard Mudie
Olivia Marden	Laura Hope Crewes
George Marden, J. P.	Dudley Digges
Lady Marden, his aunt	Helen Westley

WE should be grateful to the Theatre Guild for, without their kindly and comprehensive efforts, we'd probably never see certain of the most interesting plays of the more advanced British and Continental playwrights. If it occasionally ventures into paths which may not seem entirely worth while, it should not be ours to complain.

This is preliminary to the discussion of their latest offering at the Garrick, "Mr. Pim Passes By." Mr. A. A. Milne's three act comedy is very thin stuff, but in the drawing of Mrs. Marden, the author has composed a character which, for its revelation of feminine psychology, comes mighty close to a perfect creation. In the hands of that admirable comedienne, Laura Hope Crewes, it is a vital, human exposition of a real woman endowed with splendid common sense, delicious humor and a perfect grasp of the ordinary requirements of human intercourse.

Mr. Pim drops in at the home of the Mardens. He is a vague, brain-tossed, amiable and irresponsible old gentleman. He mentions that on the ship from Australia he met a certain Tellworthy. Tellworthy was Mrs. Marden's first husband, a good-for-nothing fellow. Believing him dead, she had remarried. The conventional, straight-laced Marden is horrified at the probable publicity, etc. Of course, it turns out that Mr. Pim got things mixed, and that it was someone entirely different that he had reference to, but the crisis gives Mrs. Marden a lever for effective work. She straightens out the love affairs of a young couple and incidentally broadens the horizon of her narrow, but at heart really good, husband. Miss Crewes' work, as I have said, was well nigh perfect in the deft treatment of the details of the character. Dudley Digges, not physically suited to the rôle of Marden, the Buckinghamshire J. P., acted it, however, with resourceful effectiveness.

The incidental figure of a strenuously decided British spinster of sixty-five, was authoritatively personated by Helen Westley, and the gentle, doddering, old interloper, Mr. Pim, was neatly delineated by Erskine Sanford.

Mr. Milne's text has a nice medium of convincing verity and wholesome wit.

KLAW. "Nice People." Play in three acts by Rachel Crothers. Produced March 2 with this cast:

Hallie Livingston	Tallulah Bankhead
Eileen Baxter-Jones	Katherine Cornell
Trevor Leeds	Edwin Hensley
Teddy Gloucester	Francine Larrimore
Oliver Comstock	Guy Milham
Scottie Wilbur	Hugh Huntley
Margaret Rainsford	Merle Maddern
Hubert Gloucester	Frederick Perry
Billy Wade	Robert Ames
Mr. Heyfer	Frederick Maynard

IN "Nice People," Miss Crothers has written a strong and interesting play (weakened only by the too common conventionality of its dénouement). At times she barely escapes preaching, but she also reveals with startling clearness, things which are of common occurrence, not only in the circles of high society, but among the masses as well.

A girl, "Teddy" Gloucester, the motherless daughter of a very wealthy man who gives her everything she wants and lets her do just as she pleases, is going the pace with her friends, dancing, dining, smoking, drinking and swearing, and is an ultra-sophisticated young miss who, being no longer a baby, needs no chaperone. Her father, whose eyes are suddenly opened to the dangers that surround her course, without warning, forbids her going out late at night to "some place" which her escort knows of, to dine. In a fit of angry resentment the headstrong girl takes the bit between her teeth, bolts, and involves herself in a scandal of unusual dimensions. How she is extricated therefrom, how she learns to compare values and to recognize the things worth while—these form the rest of the play.

Francine Larrimore, who heads a fine cast, and who plays Teddy, has already gone far and is likely to go much farther. She can act, and act with such sincerity, that her numerous faults fade into insignificance beside something which one recognizes as the real thing.

Her voice is husky, unpleasant at times, and seemingly not under full control; but at the same time she does things with it which stir up strong emotions; and she is, in all things, forceful and convincing.

All the assisting parts are well played. Tallulah Bankhead deserves much praise for her Hallie Livingston, who, according to her friend, Eileen, is a "damn cat." Frederick Perry lends distinction to the indulgent father part; and Robert Ames is so admirable as Billy Wade as to make one wish there could be thousands of Billys all over the country. It is a thing to be thankful for, and a hope for the future, that his type is not extinct.

The play serves as the opening piece for the New Klaw Theatre, which has a most attractive and comfortable auditorium, with its colorings of soft gray, relieved by gold and blue, and its subdued but sufficient lighting.

BIJOU. "The Tyranny of Love." Play in three acts from the French of Georges de Porto-Riche by Henry Baron. Produced Feb. 28 with this cast:

Dr. George Edwards	Cyril Keightley
Mrs. Edwards	Estelle Winwood
Paul Cartier	Georges Flateau
Emily Johnston	Margaret Dale
Mrs. Gordon-Jones	Ethel Wilson
Susan	Pauline Polk

THIS play, which, in spite of its adaptation to an American (or New York) locale, remains essentially French in its situations and development, might better have been given some such name as, "The Leech." It is a poignantly interesting study of a man, absorbed in scientific work and research, whose mental vitality is sapped, and whose work is

hampered and brought to naught by his wife. She, of the clinging-vine variety, and madly in love with him, makes incessant demands on him for physical manifestations of his love, wants to sit and gaze soulfully at him while he is working, or to hang about his neck while reading his correspondence; and a hundred other silly and absurd things.

When he is driven to desperation by this continuous performance, she further goads him by taunts that he doesn't love her, until finally he flees the house in a frenzy, leaving her to be consoled by his painter friend, the convenient third angle of the triangle.

Being a conscientious man, and not having been able to free himself from her tentacles by flight, he returns after five days, to bow his head again under the yoke. And the play ends with a sudden and mystifying collapse.

The cast, a small one, is of unusual excellence, the chief honors going to Miss Winwood who plays the rôle of the wife for all, absolutely all, there is in it.

The rôle of the man, perhaps the more difficult of the two, is in the capable hands of Cyril Keightley; and the quarrel scene in which the play reaches its climax, is a fine piece of work for both. Georges Flateau does well in an unsympathetic part, and Margaret Dale is effective in the one appearance which she makes.

TIMES SQUARE. "CRADLE SONG." Play in two acts, from the Spanish of Sierra by J. G. Underhill. Produced Feb. 28 with this cast:

The Prioress	Louise Randolph
The Vicaress	Mary Hampton
The Mistress of Novices	Ethel Howard
Sister Joanna	Angela McCahill
Sister Mary of Jesus	Florence Miller
Sister Marcela	Mary Carroll
Sister Sagrario	Jeanne Powers
Sister Inés	Kate Morgan
Sister Tornera	Isabel Hill
Sister Anna	Sylvia Wiles
Sister Concepcion	Sara Dawson
Sister Asuncion	Adeline O'Conner
Teresa	Florence Flinn
Antonio	Harmon MacGregor
The Poet	Augustin Duncan

THE crayon of a de la Tour could scarcely have pastelled a gentler, lovelier picture than that which opens the performance of Martinez Sierra's "Cradle Song." The first five minutes of the production by Augustin Duncan amply justify the importation of this Castilian *nocturne*. The delicate, untroubled tenor of the story strikes a rare chord. Something more of drama, and we should find a great play.

The curtain rises on the sun-bathed cloisters of a Spanish convent, the nuns gathered around, chattering, as eternally feminine as they may still be. The gray, cloistered walls, bright and golden in the warm sunlight, and the striking group of white-garbed sisters, is a vision that ascends to poetry.

"The Cradle Song" is the favorite maternity theme draped with religious hangings. It assumes that the woman-heart craves motherhood (growing more and more dubious as a premise every day), and depicts the gentle human flutter of women who have abjured the world of mortal knowledge when a little baby is left among them to be nurtured and brought up. A masterly moment, pregnant with humanity and feeling closes the first act, as a nun, still remembering the happy hours spent outside the convent walls caring for little brothers and sisters, presses the little foundling to her breast, and yet joins in the cold, wordless Latin responses of the convent services going on near-by.

The second act—there are only two—shows the little foundling a grown-up girl of eighteen, about to leave the convent to be married. Here, the dramatist depends a bit too much on the interest of his audience in the theme. The same ideas might have been more happily and less monotonously conveyed in half the time taken. The child—this symbol of the sisters' womanliness—goes from them. Nothing is said; no pistols fired; no one dies of tuberculosis. Yet, withal, here is one of the most tragic endings in years.

Excellent work is done by Louise Randolph as the Prioress, and Ethel Howard as the Mistress of Prioresses.

CASINO. "BLUE EYES." Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Leon Gordon and Le Roy Clemens. Music by I. B. Kornblum. Produced Feb. 21, with this cast:

Mr. Goldberg	Ralph Robbins
Dawson Ripley	Andrew Tombes
Fifi	Dorothy Tierney
Steinberg	Philip White
Bobby Brent	Ray Raymond
Peter Van Dam	Lew Fields
Dorothhy Manners	Mollie King
Kitty Higgins	Delyle Alda
Mr. Manners	Carl Ekstrom
Mrs. Manners	Lotta Linthicum
Stranger	Leo Frankel
Doyle	Judson Langill
Gypsy Girl	Aline McGill

THERE is little but Lew Fields to recommend "Blue Eyes." In fact, even that excellent *mime* fails to put this latest musical offering of Morris Rose into the "don't-miss-this-one" class. Seldom has Mr. Fields had less material for his time-honored box of tricks.

Such box-office successes as "Irene" and "Sally," are having a further effect than the mere putting of shekels into the pockets of those responsible for them. A new and happier standard is being set on Broadway for the librettos, the staging and the people of musical shows. Unless the sheer magnificence of Ziggy's entertainments are employed to catch the gasps of what Sinclair Lewis has one of his Main Streeters call the "hwa-pollwa," the latter today demands a new order of humor and story and entertainer—not to mention music.

Mr. Rose with "Blue Eyes," has failed to take notice of the signs. It amazes me that in these days good money can be spent on the production of such weak material. A good star—and Lew Fields is one of the best—cannot be expected to make something out of nothing. It simply isn't done. Not any more.

PROVINCETOWN PLAYERS. "LOVE." Play in three acts, by Evelyn Scott. Produced Feb. 28, with this cast:

Claude Mayfield	Marlyn Brown
Mrs. Mayfield	Virginia Chauvenet
Carroll Lamont	Ida Rauh
Robert Mayfield	William Rainey
Katie	Bertha Kent

IT is difficult to determine whether a play is good or bad when it is badly presented. So it is with "Love," a three-act play by Evelyn Scott. The Provincetown Players, under the direction of George Cram Cook and James Light, used it as a vehicle for their fourth bill. The title is inept. The story reveals the unhappy existence of a notorious singer in the home of her mother-in-law, a prim, jealous, quarrelsome old virago. Goaded to desperation because her mother-in-law sews the seeds of suspicion in the mind of her husband, who watches more closely the comradely actions of his son, by a former marriage, with his present wife, she finally flings herself into the arms of the younger man, and begs for his love and protection.

Tired of the philandering of his wife, and the constant violent quarrels between his mother and the singer, the husband kills himself.



White

RAY RAYMOND AND MOLLIE KING IN "BLUE EYES" AT THE SHUBERT THEATRE

Lace and crinoline seem never to lose their appeal. In "Blue Eyes" the crinoline scene is one of the most attractive features of the play. *"When Gramercy Square Was Uptown"* is the title of the song which Mr. Raymond and Miss King—remembered as the charming prima donna in "Good Morning Judge"—are singing.



DORIS KEANE IN "ROMANCE"

After a long absence in England, this popular actress has returned to Broadway and is still captivating audiences with her characterization of the capricious prima donna in Edward Sheldon's romantic comedy. She is soon to appear in another play by the same author.

None of the acting is especially worthy of comment, but of the five members of the cast, William Rainey, in the rôle of the son, and Virginia Chauvenet, cast as the mother, do the best work—unsupported.

PUNCH AND JUDY. Four one-act plays by Clare Kummer.

THAT it is possible to have too much of a good thing, was fully realized at the matinée production at the Punch and Judy Theatre of four one-act plays by Clare Kummer. Four seemed one too many in this case, and a curtailment of one of the plays would have the effect of leaving the auditors (as at the end of a perfect meal) wishing for more instead of being surfeited!

This is especially true because one of these plays—"Chinese Love"—does not fit in with the others, but is, in its lack of spontaneity, like a forced and scentless bloom in a garden of wild flowers. It is decidedly not Miss Kummer at her best, whereas the other three are. Nothing more delightful of their kind could be imagined. This is true not only of the little plays themselves, but also of the superlatively skillful manner in which they were handled by the players. Of the three, "The Choir Rehearsal," is familiar. It could be improved by eliminating most of the singing—that is, Sallie Fisher's—and making it a comedy, pure and simple. Miss Fisher played it quite in the Kummer way, and was ably seconded by Stanley Howlett and the other three. Her attempts at singing would be better left unheard.

Of the other two, "Bridges," and "The Robbery," it is a toss-up which is the cleverer and more brilliant. Both are superbly played by Sidney Blackmer and Ruth Gillmore. Mr. Blackmer's delivery of his speeches is a joy to watch and listen to; for he says them in a sort of breathless, wondering way, as if he were surprised to have thought them. It is an achievement which many a player might emulate with beneficial result. It gave Miss Kummer's lines just the airy, evanescent quality they demand to make them perfectly delightful.

LEXINGTON. "SMOOTH AS SILK." Play in four acts by Willard Mack. Produced Feb. 27 with this cast:

Nellie Daley	Marie Chambers
"Boots"	Shirley Warde
"Snap" Graham	Royal Tracey
Mooney	John J. Sparks
"Big Frank" Powers	Howard Truesdell
Johnny Daley	Charles Halton
"Bloogs"	Royal Stout
Freeman Holding	Joseph Sweeney
"Taxi Jimmi"	Luis Alberni
Rosina	Zita Moulton
"Silk"	Willard Mack

WILLARD Mack must have broken some record when he produced his crook play, "Smooth As Silk," on Washington's birthday, only ten days or so after he began to write it. It's a wonder he didn't break a blood-vessel at some time during the period of strenuous effort to evolve something that would serve him when "Near Santa Barbara," went bump.

But his effort seems to have left him unscathed, and he swaggered and strutted through this latest creation to his own evident satisfaction, as well as that of the crowd's that sat in the seats to watch him. Several members of the company seemed to be still dazed with the whirl of rehearsals and other preparation and they played their parts in a sort of hypnotised fashion, always watching for hypnotizer Mack to control their actions and words.

Mr. Mack, himself, is quite equal to the occasion, however, and all went as merry as a marriage bell. There were the usual situations, the usual thrills and surprises, and the usual finish. No, not quite that last, for instead of the usual close-up of an ardent embrace, we see the arch crook tearing himself away from the sweet girl who loves him rather than draw her into the kind of life he leads.

APOLLO. "LOVE BIRDS." Musical comedy in 2 acts. Music by Sigmund Romberg. Book by Edgar Allan Woolf. Produced March 15 with this cast:

Violet Morely	Evelyn Cavanaugh
Hal Sterling	Barrett Greenwood
Jennie O'Hara	Elizabeth Murray
Mrs. Bronson Charteris	Grace Ellsworth
Allene Charteris	Elizabeth Hines
Bronson Charteris	James E. Sullivan
Mamie O'Grady	Marion Bent
Mr. Johnson	Vincent Lopez
Pat	Pat Rooney
Velouka	Emilie Lea
Warrington Knight	Tom Dingle
Fatima	Eva Davenport

MUSICAL comedy production has reached the zero mark in this offering at the Apollo. It is like all the others, only worse. There is not a single new thing in it excepting the scenery and the clothes, and there is a sinful waste of money, if not of material, in the sartorial display.

It is a lamentably weak attempt to transplant a lot of vaudevillians, some of them clever in their way, into musical comedy; and there are few if any of them who can stand the change from a twenty minute turn to a full evening's work.

In the present affair, which is called "Love Birds" and is as mushy as its name, they are handicapped by the book-makers and the music-maker who put the thing together. The story, what little there is of it, is stale; there is neither a clever line nor a good swinging lyric; and as for the music, there isn't a new note or phrase nor an interesting tune to be heard. The high-water mark of the jokes was about the man "who drew a picture of a hen and threw it in the waste basket and there it laid."

The Rooneys—Pat and Marion Bent—and Elizabeth Murray are no mean entertainers, and Eva Davenport has something besides avoirdupois to recommend her. Tom Dingle and Emilie Lea dance well. These, with several lesser people work hard and continuously throughout the evening. But when all is said and done, "Love Birds" is a very sad affair.

TOWN HALL. National Ballet.

AN inaugural program in the interest of the National American Ballet—the National Training School of America—of which Madame Desirée Lubovska is the founder, was given at the Town Hall on Friday, Feb. 25, under the patronage of a large number of prominent professional and society people. Its object was to interest the public in this movement to have in New York a ballet school similar to the one which produced the famous Ballet Russe; and judging from the enthusiastic applause which greeted the various numbers, this object was achieved.

Of course, Mme. Lubovska was the one star of the evening, her dancing throughout being delightful and full of contrasts of a most interesting kind. One thing about it which augurs well for the future of the school was that it revealed at all times the guidance of a wise intelligence, and was at no

(*Continued on page 370*)

James Light as Captain Williams, Mary Blair as Emma Crosby, and Eugene Lincoln as Jack Crosby in Eugene O'Neill's play, "Diff'rent", a daring study of feminine sex psychology at the Princess Theatre.

White



Pach Bros. Ian Maclaren John Burr Annie Hughes Deirdre Doyle John Roche

SCENE IN ACT III OF ARNOLD BENNETT'S COMEDY "THE GREAT ADVENTURE" AS REVIVED RECENTLY AT THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE.

PLAYS THAT TOUCH UPON PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS

THE ESSENCE OF DRAMA

A prominent dramatist insists that plays must be stories of real people

By CLARE KUMMER

Author of "A Successful Calamity," "Rollo's Wild Oat," etc.

THE play one writes is such an intimate matter that it is almost impossible to look at it with a critical mind. To ask a playwright to reveal the conception of his own play, is like asking why one's little boy squints, or why the first-born turns out so badly, or why the cook spoiled the dinner, to which you are invited. It is always an embarrassing moment when the playwright is quizzed about her plays.

Assuming that Life is a perpetual fairy-tale with magic moments and great mysteries unforseen, with surprises that are pleasant and unpleasant, plays that are written to represent Life may have something of the mystifying fairy inspiration. I am not at all satisfied, however, with the suggestion that most plays are fairy-tales. Some modern plays seem to entirely ignore the traditions of the fairy-tale, which should always include the moral.

Personally, I have no star-gazing illusion about what a play should be. In fact, I do not think popular plays are written by rote of theory. The improbable things in real life are more particularly related to actual human character. Then there are enough surprises in real life to satisfy the most imaginative aspirations. These are theories that guide most successful writers of stories and plays.

THE theatre has always been a work-shop to me, a sanctum, a quiet corner where one keeps one's intimate thoughts; the sort of place where one becomes introspective. Plays, if they are plays at all, are objective. They must tell a story of real people, saying and doing real things and the story must be a natural one, not forced into a mould, for theatrical effect.

To begin at the beginning, my own small part in the tremendous industry of writing for the theatre, began with an instinct for the work. I suppose there is such a thing as a feel for any art. My own beginning of this influence was due perhaps to the environment of my home, when I was a little girl. I had a brilliant and fascinating mother, whose social interests were wholly artistic. I shared eagerly, in my child life, all her artistic enjoyment. It was in our home that a very distinguished amateur dramatic club was organized in Brooklyn, and it was at the performances of this club, by the way, that Mr. William Gillette made his first appearances on any stage.

My first real approach to the theatre was when I was taken by friends to see Mr. Alf Hayman, because I had written a song called *Egypt*. In view of its ultimate popularity, the incident may be interesting Mr. Hayman asked me to read the lyrics to him. I did so, and he seemed very pleased with them. I had also written the music to the words, and wanted to play it for him. He received the suggestion with managerial scorn. "Oh! that's quite impossible," he said, "No one can write a lyric and the music equally well. Go and get some well-known musician to write the music for you, and come back to me with it," he said.

When we got into the street, my friend said, "We will go back to him, tell him that we have got somebody to write the music, and then you can play your own music to the words for him."

This I did, and the song was immediately put into a musical comedy in London, which was being produced by Charles Frohman.

THERE followed a long period in which I officiated as the unknown author of well-known bits in musical plays. I enjoyed it immensely. The moment I found myself inside a theatre, it seemed to stimulate my imagination to the point of doing something useful for the actors, and perhaps, the audience.

These are confessions of faith, to which, perhaps, I was predestined without any previous anticipation. It seems as though everything I have done in the theatre, has been conceived under impulse, rather than by deliberate intention. Occasionally, one reads something about how plays are written. Chiefly, I think they are written because writers are prolific. The writing industry is not so much a matter of work as it is a facility for ideas, a quick and keen observation, a gift to feel what others might say or do, under pressure.

My first play, "Annabelle," was suggested quite unexpectedly, though impelled by the need of many. There was no intention of writing a play called "Annabelle" that was definite, there was only the necessity of writing a play to get some money. The suggestion came to me remotely. We were motoring with some friends on Long Island one day. We passed the magnificent Gould mansion, and somebody remarked that the Goulds rarely lived there, but that notwithstanding, twenty servants occupied the mansion all the time, in luxurious ease.

THINKING of the great number of girls in New York who would be benefited by, merely the opportunity to live in so beautiful place, surrounded by lovely grounds and such exquisite views, I began to imagine the kind of girl to whom such an atmosphere would be a miracle. That was the beginning of "Annabelle." It was my first play, and it was so prolific and voluminous in its first draft, that it would have taken six hours to play it, in its original form. However, it was much easier to cut down a play than it is to add to it, although one sacrifices sometimes a few good ideas.

"Annabelle" is my best-beloved girl, and I have the same affection for her as one has for a first-born. She is typical of the modern girl, who encounters all romantic obstacles with a deep reserve, and who finds the morals of life in the steadfastness of her own soul. The world is full of girls of that sort today, girls who have ambitions that thrive upon the delicate reserve of their inner nature.

In my play, "A Successful Calamity," the theme was obviously a spiritual one. When I was writing it, I had Mr. William Gillette in the remote recesses of my mind. A little later, I read the play to Mr. Gillette, and then confided to him, for the first time, that I should like to have him play it. "A Successful Calamity" was a serious phase of life, told in the vein of comedy. While I am not inclined to the tragic mood, because the tragic things in real life are usually rather still difficult to find words in which to tell them, the spirit of tragedy was behind the play. It was the tragedy of the unfortunate rich, the badgered millionaire, who is wearied and worn by his social obligations.

IN "The Rescuing Angel," which Billie Burke played with such fine temperament, the theme apparently was not understood. Through some perversity of opinion, it depended upon that most valuable asset in the theatre, the handsome actor. They are sometimes hard to find, people gobble them up, as soon as they are born, under long-term contracts that cannot be broken.

My play, "Be Calm, Camilla," is a story of the romantic girl in moderate circumstances, which is nearly most of the girls in New York.

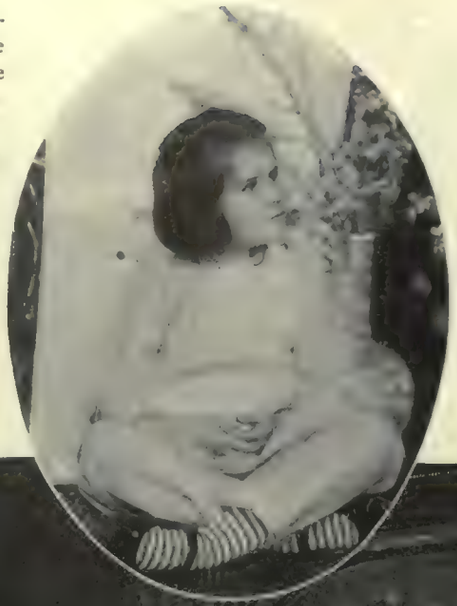
There is an impulse behind every play, an impulse for good. Real life is so full of inspiring events, that it is not difficult to find themes for plays, it is only difficult, perhaps, to be industrious enough to write them.

Outsiders often hear it said that playwrights study technique, but do they? In my own case, I have a good deal of respect for something called stagecraft. I am quite obstinate about the way in which my characters get on and off the stage. I will study and wait a long time till I am sure that an entrance is natural, and an exit necessary. We do not, in real life, pursue technique. We do not always enter a room and find exactly what we expected there. We do not rise from our chair, or sit down upon it, for stage effect. We do not leave a room, so as to give someone an opportunity to soliloquize.

Real life is full of surprises, it is the unexpected that is sure to come true. And, there is one other degree of stagecraft in the writing of plays, that I regard as most important, and that is, the curtain. In a fairy-story, you can end it anywhere, because the curtain of all fairy-stories is the moral. In plays that are transcripts of real life, it is not the moral that ends the episodes, it is the suspense as to what the moral ought to be, that brings down the curtain.

Musical comedy star of tomorrow? This little fairy, Renée Elizabeth Franklin, is the charming daughter of Irene Franklin

Ira L. Hill



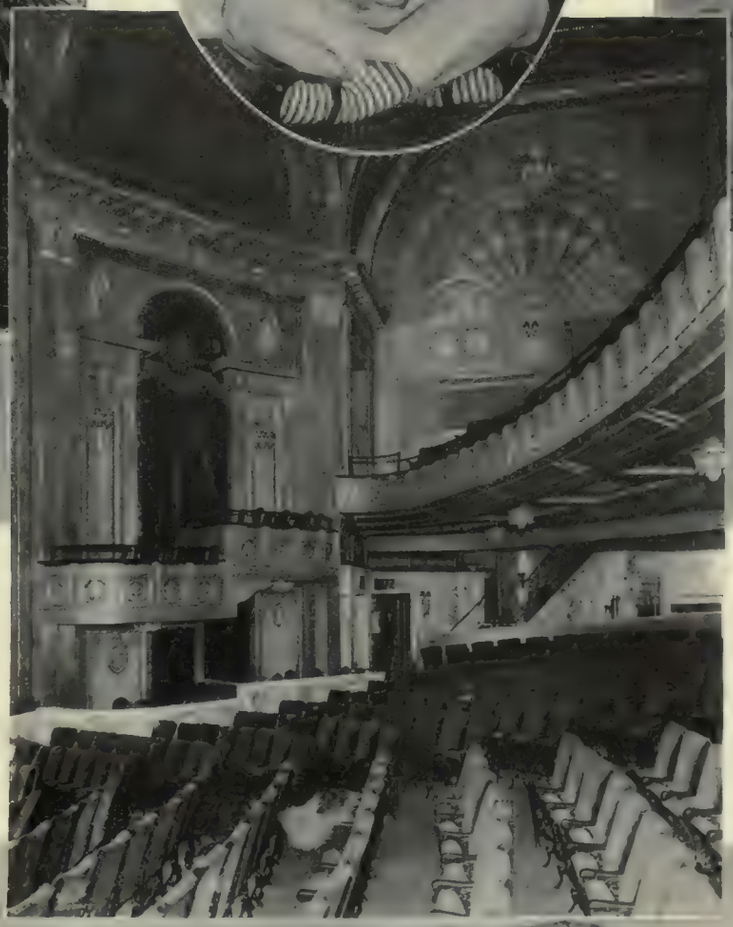
(Below)

Mme. Melba and Lord Arlington among the celebrities on the Riviera





Lady de Bath (Lily Langtry) basking in the sunshine of Monte Carlo



The Ambassador Theatre —one of the six new playhouses erected by the Shuberts at 49th Street, which opened its doors on February 11 last.

White



The Klaw Theatre —one of Manhattan's newest playhouses, in the Colonial style, with a cheerful red and white brick exterior. Opened March 2 last.

Eugene de Rosa, Architect

NEW THEATRES AND OLD FAVORITES

IN THE SPOTLIGHT



Ira D. Schwarz

ROBERT FISHER

who plays Joseph Renard, the gentle musician in "Dear Me," is a graduate of a German stock company in Cincinnati, which he joined upon coming to this country sixteen years ago. For the last ten years he has been playing on Broadway and last year appeared as Tio Eusebio with Nance O'Neil in "The Passion Flower"



White

RUTH GILLMORE

This charming young player, who inherits the histrionic talent of her father, Frank Gillmore, Executive Sec'y of the Actors' Equity, steps forth in the Clare Kummer comedies, "Bridges" and "The Robbery," as one of our most promising ingenues.



(*Oval*)

LUCILE WATSON

long identified with the plays of the late Clyde Fitch, recently reached the high point of her scintillating art in the leading rôle in "The White Villa," put on for special matinées by The Players' Fellowship. Miss Watson also scored a hit this season as Lady Utterword in the Theatre Guild's admirable production of Shaw's "Heartbreak House."



Desbor

JOHN MEEHAN

who boldly followed Arnold Daly and Brandon Tynan as the Vagabond in George M. Cohan's "The Tavern," and established himself as an actor of the first rank. Mr. Meehan is general stage director of the Cohan productions and received his training for this work with the Castle Square Stock Company in Boston. At various times Mr. Meehan has headed his own stock organizations. He is the author of "The Very Minute," produced a few years ago by Belasco with Mr. Daly as the star

MOTION PICTURE SECTION



LADY DIANA MANNERS

The aristocracy of the films has now arrived. Lady Diana Manners, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, is the first of the English nobility to take up motion picture acting as a profession. One glance at her beautiful countenance suffices to show what a lucky stroke her film promoter made in securing her for the American and British industry.

WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

By FRANK VREELAND

MOTION picture producers at present seem to be seeking for novelty as the touchstone for transmuting their films into gold. Time was when a statuesque woman with a past as black as her hair and a gown that just managed to hang on, would roll her gleaming eyes through the cigarette smoke at the young man with the Norfolk jacket and the Marcel wave, and that was considered sufficient by the directors to make the public sit up and beg for more. But the vampire and the ultra-violet sex play generally appear to have been outlawed by some screen statute of limitations.

FROM the evidence submitted during the month, film *entrepreneurs* have gone in for unusual settings and unique treatment of a theme, realizing that agitation of the Duchess's eyebrows was no longer enthralling. But pictures that depended almost entirely on the *bizarre*, such as something new in stock in the line of re-incarnation, at the expense of characterization, have failed of much more appeal than the lemur in the zoo. Villains must still be present, and they must be good villains—even Charles Chaplin has to have them in one form or another—but cinema Solons have suddenly grown wise, for instance, about the hunger of the multitudes for babies and animals on the screen, suffering them even to the point of optical indigestion. By a co-incidence, Chaplin's latest production, "The Kid" (reviewed at some length in the last issue of this magazine), though started many months before its contemporaries, fell right in line with this tendency and can be welcomed into the family.

IN Sessue Hayakawa's picture, "The First Born," the consequences of having a child are more tragic. A boatman of the Hoang Ho, falling in love with the belle of the Chinese village, loses her when she is sold as a slave; but finds her again in that Chinatown which San Francisco so fortunately possesses for fictional purposes. However, a complication to the love affair has meanwhile arisen through the acquisition by the boatman of a wife and little son. It is in the conflict between the simple boatman and the wealthy merchant who owns his first love, steals his wife and causes the death of his little boy that tragedy develops with truly Oriental prodigality, with one of the highest mortality rates among principals on the screen.

This adaptation of Powers' exotic drama of a generation ago calls to mind, "Broken Blossoms," though in this it is the Oriental characters rather than the Occidental who furnish all the cruelty that is needed. Picturesque settings of the Hoang Ho and of Chinatown with its gambling hells combine with a moving story to develop a fixed stare. Hayakawa discloses a heretofore unsuspected capacity for tenderness in the scenes with the first born son, and demonstrates anew his power to express a thought with a quiver of the eye more adequately than many native actors can with all the features and a double-chin working overtime. Sonny Warde is a sort of Chinese Jackie Coogan, doing his share to arouse an appreciation of the Chinese for more than their chop-suey phases.

TAKEN as two separate pictures, "Black Beauty" is an agreeable stimulant, but as one picture—not so good. In pouring Anna Sewell's famous story of a horse into the camera, Mr. and Mrs. George Randolph Chester have harnessed to it a story of what went on inside the house, which Black Beauty isn't supposed to know, while at the same time threading through it, in the equine's own language, the stable epic. For ordinary movie purposes the inside story is intriguing enough as it winds through exciting hunting scenes, a storm and a hair-raising race across country in which the hero's mount leaps over a moving train, though some of the titles might have been painlessly extracted. The glimpses of the horses at play and at conversation appeal to the well-known weakness for animals and give the thoroughbred his due in this mortorized age. But the spectator finds it disconcerting to be a horse one moment and a human being the next.

The sleek and spirited quadruped who plays the titular rôle does so well in his initial picture that, following the procedure of some movie companies, he might very well be starred in his next vehicle. Jean Paige leads the biped contingent prettily, and wears the quaint old-fashioned costumes as though she really felt comfortable in them.

FOR sheer entertainment value, Charles Ray's performance in "The Old Swimmin' Hole," is the supreme jewel of its kind, raising boyhood to the level of a fine art. Not only is this idyll based on James Whitcomb Riley's poem, but its beautiful photography and endearing scenes suggest celluloid stanzas. And the picture is clean to the point of being absolutely sanitary.

Here the chief claim to originality lies in the absence of any ordinary sub-titles, the only written clues to the action being a few scrawls Ezra makes in his diary when not fishing and fighting. For once, the story isn't breathed upon the back of one's neck by the person behind who reads the captions aloud to relatives. Thus, is it truly the silent drama. In this case, the innovation is highly successful, for Ray's remarkably mobile face interprets the incidents like an open book. He is a 14-year-old youngster to the life, lacking only the freckles. His ingenuous escapades in school and at a picnic while courting a young coquette and his diverting fights make the picture a chuckle five reels long.

FOR those unacquainted with the original play, "What Every Woman Knows," will probably be alluring enough, with glimpses of Scotch pawkiness all too rare except when Sir Harry Lauder burrs his way in. But for those who saw this delicious piece when Maude Adams acted it, the conviction is inevitable that Barrie is caviar to the screen. William De Mille has kept reverentially to the comedy in his film version, and while some of the sauce is missing, there's enough of the original dish to arouse an appetite for Barrie in new circles who may not hold his name in awe ordinarily. Lois Wilson is somewhat too self-effacing as Maggie, but Conrad Nagel gives a well-sustained portrayal of the self-sufficient Samson who found that his locks of strength were really worn by his wife.

PLAYING a homely character is no novelty for Will Rogers—he would probably himself explain that he is singularly gifted that way—but depicting a person whose mode of expression is homely and foreign to Rogers' customary crackling aphorisms, designed to make roof-patrons keep awake between freshets of pretty girls, is something as unusual with him as wearing on the screen a hat that fits him and is in style. In "Guile of Women," he essays a departure in the rôle of a Swedish sailor, and does it so well the type might very well be copyrighted in all countries, including the Scandinavian.

The story, itself, is simple enough, more ingenuous, indeed, than the extremely simple-minded sailor, and since it was written by Peter Clark McFarlane it is but natural that it should be strewn with shipping. Once again it seeks to settle the question whether women are honest, a subject that apparently won't down.

Fortunate it was that Will Rogers decided not to stick to cowboy rôles, for he lacks that touch of the swashbuckler which is necessary to make them go down easily on the screen, and moreover, the public has been shot to pieces by them.



THRILLING SCENE IN "THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE"

HERE is a classic of the screen—Blasco Ibanez' famous novel lavishly and artistically filmed. A vivid, spectacular presentation of the terrors of the World War, some may take exception to it on the ground that it fans the still smouldering fires of international hates. Others are convinced it will serve a good purpose if it reminds the thoughtless, "lest they forget," what war, conducted by an unscrupulous, pitiless enemy, really means



Campbell Studios

MLLE. DAZIE

This well-known dancer is following the lead of Mae Murray, Dorothy Dickson and other terpsichorean artists in making her début in pictures. She is almost the last of the distinguished line to succumb to the camera

AN EPIC OF THE WORLD WAR IN PICTURES



MARGUERITE CLARKE

After the first long vacation she has had in years, the diminutive favorite has returned to the cinema field, better—though not bigger—than ever.

C. Smith Gardner



Goldberg

RALPH GRAVES

Despite a brief experience in the films, this actor has been chosen to play a leading rôle in "Dream Street," a new production by D. W. Griffith, noted for his aptitude in plucking stars out of nowhere.



DOROTHY GISH

Kenneth Alexander

POPULAR STARS OF SCREENLAND

THE AMATEUR STAGE

By M. E. KEHOE



(Above)
"She Stoops to Conquer" with its periwigged men and silken hoop-skirted ladies, lost not one wit of its charm and fascination in the capable hands of the players of Manual Arts High School, Los Angeles. And nothing daunted by lack of a suitable stage set they stretched tapestry cretonne over frames, using solid doors and windows with excellent effect.



(Center)
A fanciful scene from "The Color Seeker," in which the Moon sprites—The Northern Lights and the Dreams pay homage to the enthroned Moon Queen, in the Junior Show at Mount Holyoke College.



A play of dreams and star dust—"The Color Seeker," an original phantasy presented by the Junior Class of Mount Holyoke College, has a thread of serious thought interwoven with a bit of musical comedy and fairy tale. It concerns the anxiety of a young artist to find the color that will make his masterpiece. He is here shown, dreaming of the evanescent color, when the Moon Queen comes to conduct him to her home in the clouds.



© *Lumière*

Josephine Fetter Royle, daughter of the playwright, Edward Milton Royle, as Queen Gertrude and Signe Larsen as Hamlet, in the Closet Scene from "Hamlet" given by the Dramatic members of The Three Arts Club, New York. Each year the Dramatic members give a play which managers, directors and distinguished actors and actresses are invited to watch.

Out of town students of Music, Drama and Painting, find in The Three Arts Club, a home that is inspirational because of its artistic atmosphere and the companionship of fellow workers.

Musical Suggestions for Pageants and Plays

By ROLAND HOLT

AS Opera is designed to be the most dramatic form of music, most of the following selections are operatic. It is almost needless to say that producers should avoid using music of a strong national association with episodes laid in a different nation, as for instance Berlioz' *Hungarian March* with a mythological route, or the *Aida March* for Pilgrim episodes, though *The Sigurd Jorsalfa March,* as it is unfamiliar, might possibly be used for either.

Musical Masterpieces Interpreting the Gamut of Moods and Emotions from Grave to Gay, as an Accompaniment to Plays and Pageants

MARCHES

*Ivanoff's *March of the Sirdar.*
*Bizet's Smugglers' March from *Carmen.*
*Rubinstein's *Feramours March.*
*Halvorsen's *Entry of The Boyars* has almost a dancing lilt.
*Grieg: *Sigurd Jorsalfa March,* very exalted.
*Elgar's *Pomp and Circumstance.* Against a more trivial theme, is set a broad magnificent one with a sense of apotheosis.

Splendid marches can be made from the leading theme of the last movement of either Dvorak's *New World Symphony* or Tschaikowsky's *Fifth* (a Conquering March).

DEAD MARCHES

*Sullivan: March to the block, with tolling bell, from *Yeomen of the Guard.*
*Tschaikowsky: March, with minute gun or bass drum, off stage, from *Hamlet* (used by Forbes Robertson).
*Beethoven: *Funeral March of a Hero,* transcribed from Piano score.
Mahler: *Hunter's Funeral March,* from 1st Symphony.

SOMBRE, DESPAIRING OR OMINOUS MUSIC.

*Prelude to Wolf's glen scene Weber's *Freischutz.*
*Men's Chorus of Ghosts from Sullivan's *Ruddygore.*
*Prelude last act Verdi's *Traviata* (gentle lament).
Opening of Liszt's *Tasso* (deep and growling).
*Opening of Liszt's 2nd Rhapsody (deep and growling).
*Massanet: *Elegie.*
*Grieg: *Ase's Death* (from *Peer Gynt Suite*)
*Tschaikowsky: *Chanson Triste.*
and, best of all, arrangement from last movement of Tschaikowsky's *Pathetic Symphony.*

WAVES, WIND, TEMPEST, ETC.

*Grieg's *Peer Gynt's Voyage Home* (from 2nd Suite).
*Schubert's *The Earl King.*
*(*a*) Rachmaninoff's *Prelude.* Opus 23 No. 5 for wild driving. March.
*(*b*) Rossini: Storm from *William Tell* overture.
*Best of all—Wagner's storm from *Flying Dutchman* overture.

DANCES of EVIL FAIRIES, AUTUMN LEAVES, ETC.

The Wild Hunt, end Wolf's Glen scene in Weber's *Freischutz* (for a wild rout).
*Grieg's *In the Hall of the Mountain King* (*Peer Gynt*).
*St. Saen's *Dance of Death.*
*Joyce's Meloncholy waltz, *Songe d'Automne* (for Autumn).

ELVES, NYMPHS, FAUNS, GOOD FAIRIES, ETC.

*(*a*) Mendelssohn: *Midsummer Night's Dream.*
*(*b*) Fairy Music from Sullivan's *Iolanthe.*
Dance of The Will o' the Wisps and
*Waltz of The Sylphs, both from Berlioz's *Damnation.*
*Delibes: *Sylvia* ballet.

DREAMY HAUNTING MUSIC FOR VISIONS, ETC

Gounód: Prelude to Tomb Scene, *Romeo and Juliet.*
*Wagner: *Dreams.*
*St. Saens: *The Swan.*
*Sibelius: *Valse Triste.*
*Beethoven: *Moonlight Sonata.*
Weber: Vision Music from *Euryanthe* Overture.
*Victor Herbert: Melody of Dream Song, *The Enchantress.*

PASTORAL MUSIC, WITH RHYTHM ENOUGH TO BRING ON GROUPS.

*Grieg: Morning Voices (*Peer Gynt*).
*Handel: Pastoral Symphony from *The Messiah.*
*Tschaikowsky: *Andante Cantabile* (from String Quartet).
Dvorak: Arrangement of principal melody from Andante of *New World Symphony.*

FROM DARKNESS TO HOPE, ECSTASY AND THE FREED SOUL.

These seldom can be found in the same piece, one gets the contrast though, to some extent in:
*Liszt: *The Preludes.* Use themes of conflict and triumph near end.
*Tschaikowsky: End 1st Movement *Pathetic* Conflict followed by triumphant love-song.
*Wagner: Lohen- (*Continued on page 384*)



Original Folk-Plays Written and Produced by the Carolina Playmakers Under the Direction of Frederick H. Koch, at Chapel Hill, North Carolina

A scene from *The Hag*, a comedy of North Carolina Folk-Superstition, by Elizabeth A. Lay, who also designed the log cabin setting and directed a group of amateurs in the painting. GRANNY BATTS is thought to be a witch by her neighbors, because of her shrewish temper. When some small boys undertake to catch the old hag with spells, trouble follows and the whole family are driven out by the witch.



Photos Wooten Moulton



A scene from *The Third Night*, a mountain play of the supernatural, by Thomas Wolfe who also acts the part in his play of Captain Richard Harkins, a degenerate Southern gentleman. In this scene DORSET, the Captain's henchman hears from the half-breed COGSWELL, the story of a murder by THE CAPTAIN.

(Center)
"*Dod Gast Ye Both!*", a comedy of Mountain moonshiners, was written by Hubert Heffner who plays the part of Sink in his own play, and who also designed and directed the setting with a real still captured from Orange County moonshiners and loaned by the Revenue Officers to The Carolina Playmakers, for use in their performance. In the scene NOAH, the boss of the Ridge, tells his "bootleggers" what he will do to his "gal" if she runs off with a "revenooer."



In *The Last of the Lowries*, a play of the Robeson County Croatan Indian outlaws, by Paul Greene, HENRY BERRY, the last of the gang, comes back to say goodbye to his sister, JANE, and to the old mother.

Community Dramatic Activities

By ETHEL ARMES

Community Service, Inc.

FRESH interest and activity in the production of community dramas are being shown in a large number of cities. New developments are taking place in Washington, D. C., Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and in many towns and cities of Oregon, Washington, Colorado, New Mexico, Texas, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Kentucky, Michigan and Indiana. An encouraging glimpse of some of these activities is given in a brief survey issued by Mrs. Mabel F. Hobbs, associated with The Bureau of Educational Dramatics of Community Service (Incorporated) 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Percy J. Burrell, specialist in educational dramatics, is now associated with Community Service. Mr. Burrell has organized and directed a number of large costume carnivals and pageants such as the World Missionary Pageant in Cincinnati, Baltimore, Chicago and Detroit; "Caliban," at the Harvard Stadium, and "The Wayfarer," of the Interchurch World Movement.

Among the dramatic directors now serving on the Community Service staff are: Mrs. Mabel F. Hobbs, Mrs. Elizabeth H. Hanley, Miss Marjorie A. Day, Mr. Wilbur K. Ross, Miss Florence Wilbur, Miss Edna G. Keith, Miss Nina B. Lamkin, Mrs. Marie Moore Forrest, Mrs. May Pashley Harris, Mr. F. H. Farley, Miss Maude Frances, Mr. Harry F. Whittier, Miss Joy Higgins, Miss Marguerite Sharretts, and Miss Sue Anne Wilson.

Mrs. Hobbs is well-known as one of the organizers of The Children's Theatre Movement of the Little Theatre in Philadelphia. For many years she was in charge of the Department of Drama in Mrs. Dow's School at Briarcliff Manor. In collaboration with Sarah Cowell Le Moyne, she produced the first demonstration plays presented by the Educational Dramatic League of New York, the organization founded by Mrs. August Belmont.

Mrs. Hobbs is vice-president of The Inter-Theatre Arts Club. During the war she was in France with the Red Cross. Her contacts and experiences there helped to equip her for special service for The American Legion, which is one important feature of the work she has been doing since her entry into Community Service. In the outline and general production of plays, musical comedies, minstrel shows, etc., put on by various chapters of the Legion all over America, constant cooperation is given by Community Service Bureau of Educational Dramatics. The bureau gives expert advice in the selection of plays, the planning of stage lighting and setting, and advice as to coach and directors.

* * *

A COMMUNITY theatre has just been established in San Francisco. Plays written by local playwrights and put on by groups of local players were presented during the first two opening weeks and plays are to continue twice a week throughout this year and succeeding years.



Mrs. Austin Latting Hobbs, Acting Director of Bureau of Educational Dramatics, Community Service, Inc.

This little theatre is located on the third floor of the Exposition Auditorium and has a seating capacity of 300. It is an outgrowth of the dramatic section of the San Francisco Community Service Recreation League, which in turn succeeded the War Camp Community Service in furnishing entertainment for the soldiers and sailors at Mare Island, Letterman and the Marine Hospitals, at Goat Island, the forts around the city, as well as the Old Ladies' Home, San Francisco Hospital, Juvenile Detention Home, Y. M. H. A., Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Alcatraz and Angel Islands. Chester V. Rosekrans is executive Secretary of the league and Henry L. Mayer is prominently associated with him.

The city Board of Supervisors granted the permanent use of the hall as a theatre Scenery and equipment were furnished by local organizations and individuals interested in promoting community dramatics, opera and concerts in the Golden Gate city. The artist, Ray Coyle, contributed his services in planning the stage and painting the scenery and decorations.

It is the intention of the Recreation League to use discrimination in the matter of plays and present only classic and other plays of the highest type. Already a number of excellent one- and two-act plays have been given.

The community theatre is also interesting music lovers of the city through the presentation of musical plays, as well as affording an opportunity for the presentation of high-class music along all lines.

Among the dramatic coaches who are now scheduled to present plays at the new theatre are: Miss Mae Frances O'Keefe, Miss Frank Towslee and Frederick Smith of the Players' Club, Sidney Schlesinger and Mrs. Sylvian Lisberger. E. M. Cameron of the Bohemian Club has also volunteered his services as a director. Mr. Cameron directed Percy Mackaye's play, "A Thousand Years Ago," not long since, and produced a number of the Bohemian Club's "Grove Plays," as well as plays for the Masons at Scottish Rite Auditorium and for the various state universities of California. Mr. Coyle designed and executed the decorations in the California Theatre, the Hotel Stewart and in the new Ambassador Hotel of Los Angeles.

A small fee is charged at the theatre in order to defray the expense of costumes and other incidentals which the league has no funds to cover.

The first play selected for presentation in the new Community Theatre was, "The Breaking of the Calm," by Dan Totherotti, given successfully last season at the Player's Club and since them repeatedly asked for.

* * *

THE dramatic section of the San Francisco Community Service Recreation League has a membership of 250 young men and women, who work in groups under nine coaches, and their work is supplemented by 200 readers, musicians and dancers, who are available at all times for entertainment purposes.

All such entertainment furnished by the league to any club, hospital or other organization is given entirely free of charge, as all coaches and other entertainers contribute their services. The players, who are students of the drama and non-professionals, likewise receive their training gratuitously.

This Community Service Dramatic School has regular rehearsals every Monday evening in the Emporium Service Building and irregular rehearsals additional all week at various places. It is showing steady progress. More than twelve different plays have been produced thus far and about an equal number are in course of preparation. The plays from this school are giving great added enjoyment to the Community Service programs which are being sent to Army posts, prisons and local institutions.

In fact, the dramatic work has so attracted the attention of the United States Army officials that the Ninth Corps area Headquarters has turned over to the Community Service office their entire stock of play books purchased by the Government, and has unofficially put the dramatic work in the various Army posts in the hands of the Community Service Music and Entertainment Department.

* * *

DEEP in the wooded recesses of the Alabama coal mining region in the camps of The Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company, a subsidiary of the U. S. Steel Corporation, *(Continued on page 378)*

The Programme of Fashion

By Pauline Morgan



Specially posed photographs by Ira Hill Studio





EDNA HIBBARD, the winsome ingenue in that satirical comedy "The Bad Man," has a hobby. It is—Negligees! In high glee over several new designs from Doris Cleveland, we persuaded Miss Hibbard that the public should not be denied the pleasure of seeing these exquisite fashions. They are really tea gowns, or tea dresses, or robes intime,—that indispensable garment essential to expressing personality.

The upper photograph shows a Mexican trouser design made of sage green crepe, embroidered in rich dark silks to the knee, and fringed in gold at the sides and about the ankles. Over this is worn the upper garment of emerald green satin, a loose bodice with rows of gold fringe across the front. There is a short train of gold cloth over the longer one of burnt orange chiffon, which forms an arm decoration, held in place with a bracelet of gold fringe. The two Grecian gowns explain themselves—one of rose pink charmeuse, pink chiffon and dark red roses—the other of burnt orange satin, soft green chiffon tunic sleeves, and trimmings of green crystals.

Ann Andrews in "The Champion" persuades us with drapery and scarf



The drooping feather and plume is even smarter now than ever, and if one has a slender face, the coque feather placed at either side of the hat is wonderfully smart.

(Lower panel)

Miss Andrews captures her audience in a glorious draped gown of American beauty velvet, with a wide panel train and huge corsage of dull gold and rose foliage. Today there is no style or effect without exquisite fabric.





Ira Hill Studio



Miss Andrews wears an all white gown of Sym-l'a-Ni brocade in the second act with an almost Empire waistline, round neck, and very short sleeves. The charm of the skirt wins us in the way the draperies cross in front, with a looped under-panel falling from the hips and finished with a ruching.

The color combination of this evening gown is entrancing—a long train of old blue chiffon is the charmer, in the clever manner it attaches itself to the gown of jade satin, and again it suggests very strongly the Directoire with the raised waistline and long, floating gossamere-like scarf.

Dorothy Dickson introduces the Directoire in frocks and accessories

A little cape-fichu of point d'esprit and an Empire frock of ciel blue silk poplin offer a new idea for summer. The skirt has bands of crosswise pleatings from waist to hem, and the poke bonnet nods gaily with three plumes of blue

(Small Panel)

The Directoire evening frock is Empire with a wee loose jacket of crystals and pearls. A head band of double ribbon and a huge fan must be a part of the costume



Ira Hill Studios



Lots of dash and charm and perfectly practical is this modified Directoire suit—dark blue with suggestive bands of silver braid and a long waistcoat of white piqué, cut into a point with a huge fob of brilliants swinging from the pocket

Models from Joseph





Black charmeuse satin, slashed at the sides with an irregular short drapery at the Empire waistline, the effectiveness of the gown is found in the enormous oblong buckle and black Milan hat with cascading plume



Through th

By
PAULINE MORGA

GALLI-CURCI'S FROCKS—

Now that our great coloratura, Galli-Curci is a bride, she is more beloved by the public than ever; and her husband, a finished accompanist and extremely ideal looking, adds to the romance of her very brilliant career! Naturally, we are all interested in the bride's wardrobe, and she has astonished her wistful admirers with the talent she has acquired for style values. From her large collection of daytime and evening gowns, made and designed by Gidding, we have sketched two very smart models which can be worn with furs, or effectively beneath the fashionable long wrap.

To the left is a chemise gown of navy Georgette, girdled with a narrow, low waistline and a puffy, soft bow of taffeta at the side back. Copper and steel beads embroider themselves into delicate designs on the skirt, and in heavier pattern over the short sleeve and about the bust in Zouave effect. The neck is cut low across the shoulders. The drum-major turban is of blue satin with a stiff aigrette of copper and blue. Black Canton crepe must make an appearance in this notable wardrobe, so we show it in youthful style embroidered in small milk beads, boasting white Georgette insertions and tied about the waist with a cord of twisted pearls. A Marquise hat of black lisere flares in front, held with odd pearl ornaments. There is a subtle flattery about the tri-cornered hat, and it is always youthful—as the tailored Napoleon, or softened with burnt goose and straight ostrich across the front.



ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—

The name conjures with its gorgeous stage effects, beautiful girls and adorable frocks—frocks which are a bit extreme for social affairs, but always bearing the earmarks of advance fashions. The long basque and full skirt persists, and has resulted in a great vogue for crisp taffetas and lace gowns, emulating this silhouette. Of course, there will be no hoops, excepting in the transparent gown over a narrow foundation, when the bouffant effect will be secured with a delicate boning. The long bodice may be perfectly plain, or it may be shirred crosswise, but it must be snug, with buttons or bows down the front; sometimes the sleeves are tiny shoulder cuffs, or again they are a series of little puffs.

A picturesque negligée is worn in the Follies, one of the kind that is suitable for an after-the-theatre reception gown in one's own home. It is of gold brocaded cloth with a long court train lined throughout with chiffon, brocaded in black. Mousquetaire sleeves of gold tissue are adjustable, and reach to just below the shoulder. There are plenty of large hats worn in this production, which rather prophecies a coming vogue for picturesque millinery. Many of them have high crowns with tilted brims, like the one in the sketch, with a cluster of plumes, or if one prefers the smaller chapeau, let the feathers trail very long at the side or back. With all the talk about footwear, we were immensely interested in observing the elegance and simplicity of this style as sponsored by the celebrated Ziegfeld artists—plain satin slippers with matched plain stockings, usually a lovely taupe shade.

Opera Glass

AT THE RITZ—

In smart groups they stand in the corridors, or seat themselves in graceful poses about the tea table, invariably toying with jeweled cigarette cases, or a suspicious looking bauble resembling a flask! They are the fashionable of New York who reflect the most correct ideas of the fashion-makers. The wraps and gowns in the sketch are designed and drawn by Travis Banton as delightful suggestions for the new wardrobe, which is a paramount interest at the moment. One of the models has already caused a buzz of admiration at the Ritz—it is the coat-dress in the center of the sketch which was worn by Irene Bordoni. The coat is of white gabardine, bound with navy grosgrain silk, and buttoned with lapis-lazuli. Note the fullness at the sides—the irregular hem line, the swing of the sleeve and cut of collar!

Another wrap of black satin, fastens at the waist like a frock, gathering up into that clever silhouette that spells "style." This stunning model is lined with white flannel, with bands of monkey fur on collar and cuff. For the more tailored occasions, the two-tiered caped at the extreme left is appealing—very demure in gray gabardine and trimmed with lynx. We cannot get away from panels it seems, and who wants to, when a gown can bewitch us all made up in black pleated chiffon, with panels of black meteor. The sketch shows the very newest arr ngement of veil and feathers, and curiously enough, even so late in the season, hats are fashioned of satin and taffeta.



THE TYRANNY OF LOVE—

"Adapted from the French," explained enough to interest us in the play, and the fact that Estelle Winwood had the leading feminine rôle, created a combination of possibilities for unusual gowns that lured us and proved a real treat. As the over-loving wife of a practical husband, Miss Winwood's gowns designed by Nancy, Inc., were evidently designed to beguile, without a suggestion of "vampiness." We have sketched her first act evening gown, which boasted not a vestige of trimming, but depended entirely on color and a new feature in the manner of securing decolléte. Deep coral chiffon with skimpy bodice and floating over-draped skirt in points sounds more or less commonplace, but notice in the sketch how novel is the cut of bodice—quite shallow in the neck, but bare across the shoulder and still more bare about the arm, exposing the under arm and back in a very radical manner.

Perhaps it was the red-gold hair, worn plain on top with forehead bang, and rolled low at the sides and back, that added an exquisite opalescent coloring in her appearance, or again it might have been those quaint old-fashioned side combs with heavy coral mountings and the matching chain of corals about her neck, but we decided on the moment, that Miss Winwod was typifying that much-abused and cartooned phrase "personality in dress." The negligée shown in the sketch challenges a more beautiful blending of color—dark blue chiffon over rose, melting into violet pastels—very long, quite high in front and back with again the decolléte effect across the shoulders. In the last act, her frock is of black crepe de Chine over dove gray which is glimpsed through the many bandings of fagoting which forms a yoke and apron design in the skirt.





Mrs. Olcott's bedroom is frankly for comfort but it has not sacrificed decorative charm. The bed is draped with toile de Jouy, the typical French XVIII Century printed linen, so called because the first shop to make it in France was established by Oberkampf in the village of Jouy near Versailles. The Chinese bird cage in the window is reminiscent of the romantic interest which the XVIII Century took in the Orient.

The Eighteenth Century Setting of Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Olcott's New York Apartment

THE New York apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Olcott is an unusually consistent example of Louis XVI decoration, a style often attempted but seldom successfully achieved. Eighteenth Century French furniture was designed by the great architects of the day to complete the architectural schemes of their rooms and so each piece is an individual work of art conceived for a particular setting. The architectural setting, Mrs. Olcott could not, of course, create within the limits of a New York apartment, but by carefully harmonizing all of the details the rooms have been made appropriate and coherent.

The light, soft colors to which Boucher converted all of late Eighteenth Century France are used throughout, but a wise introduction of strong pattern in fine old toiles de Jouy and brocades saves the decoration from the weakness and frivolity that has been the failing of many attempts to recreate this period.

Intimacy with elegance, richness and repose these are the decorative ideals of that period that have been kept in mind in the plans for each room.



The simple draping of the rich brocade bed hangings and the formal restraint of the ormolu mounted Sevres bureau set prevent this small bedroom from seeming too crowded. The fine old Karabagh rug, its dull red and brown design embossed on a black ground that has been eaten away by a mordant dye, is a stimulating relief from the monotone of gray carpet and is quite congenial to the spirit of French decoration.



The dining room, the most successful room in the apartment, is a good example of the French XVIII Century principle of using a few concentrated centers of design in an otherwise bare room. The toile on the walls is after a famous old pattern. The cabriolet arm chairs and the table are a soft light green with the mouldings defined in gilt.



The French tradition demanded a formal drawing room. Modern convenience demanded a living room. Mrs. Olcott skilfully took the middle course. The richness of the striped and flowered brocades is well balanced by the directness of the *toile de Jouy* which is after a design by J. B. Huet, the most famous artist of the Jouy manufactory.



Subordinate centers of decoration with a wealth of detail are in accordance with the best XVIII Century tradition. Every piece in this charming collection of Dresden china, which really was made at Meissen, has a story of its own. For instance, the little lady riding on a goat in the center of the shelf next to the top is the wife of Count Bruhl's tailor. Count Bruhl was minister to Augustus III and director of the Meissen factory.



Even the telephone booth is XVIII Century French, a rich old gilt Sedan chair with daintily painted panels.



A sports costume of enchanting colors, consisting of a "sweater dress" of grey in drop stitch, with pleated skirt, and a knitted wrap of grey and yellow stripes with henna collar. From Altman.

Knitted sport garments have been the smart thing on the other side for some time and were immensely popular this Spring at Palm Beach. This wrap model from Altman's of alternate bands of white fibre silk and black wool could be worn for almost any occasion

Angelina Again Plays "General Utility"

NOTHING succeeds like success, so I'm told . . . .

I seem to have proven it, anyway, with my hat shopping of last month. They—the hats—were so extraordinarily successful in the wearing, that everybody kept saying . . . "What lovely hats you have this spring! Where did you get them? I wish you'd find *me* something as becoming."

So I promised to keep my eyes open as I went about. Which I did. Whenever I saw a hat that "looked like" a certain woman I would telephone her what and where it was, and suggest that she go down and try it on. I picked out with marvellous success by this method, at least a half dozen hats for different people.

One of them was for little Mona Celete of the "Greenwich Village Follies." I ran in to say Good-bye to her, in her dressing-room, on a matinée of the last week before the Follies went on the road. She, too, admired my chapeau, and said the same nice things. Miss Celete is such an adorable, round, "curly" person! Her dark hair curls, and her dark eyes and eyelashes curl, and her smile curls. . . .



With a lovely little image of her in my eyes I went into "the Hats" at Altman's. And the first hat I saw was just meant for Mona Celete . . . a small, "curly" black hat, its turned-up brim faced with bachelor buttons, and a wide grosgrain ribbon of bachelor-button-blue placed flat across the crown and coming through two slits in the sides, to hang down in long ends. The incarnation of Spring and youth and freshness . . . . and taking just that to wear it. Behold it here!

I telephoned Miss Celete later on in the day, and asked her to meet me next morning at Altman's . . . . and she came down and in five minutes made the hat her own. Not only that, but a friend she brought with her snatched up the just-arrived Paris model (it is pictured beside it) of 1880 mould, in dark taupe grey with a lighter taupe satin ribbon.

Leaving "the Hats," we ran across the loveliest imported knitted dresses and wraps in the sports department. I sent my sketcher back to picture them, as above. Study them well for they are the latest word!



Gounod, composer of Faust, at work in his study

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

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The Programme of Fashion

(*Continued from page* 359)



MOLLIE KING in the frolicsome musical comedy "Blue Eyes" introduces some airy frocks for very warm days. A little burst of applause greeted her appearance in a creation of apple green chiffon and white, which we have illustrated at the right. The white makes its début in a design of daisies, cut out of organdie, and tacked on to the whimsically hung skirt, and around the flowing long sleeve. The very attractive feature is the long bloused bodice, with a shallow jacket bound in white taffeta. Again in the play, Miss King wears the very long bouffant lace gown, noticeably longer, made of lace distended widely at the hip. The long taffeta bodice is finished with an old time fichu, held in place with a large cameo pin. And lace mits, I will have you know, must accompany the gown! This quaint fashion is again very smart.



KATHLEEN MARTYN, one of the English beauties in the Ziegfeld Follies, is wearing some entrancing frocks. She has made a decided impression, and to add to her distinction, Helleu, the famous etcher, has just made a portrait of her. We have to be content, however, with showing just a photograph of Miss Martyn in a demure little gown made by Lucile; one which is typical, by the way, of the one-piece frock to be worn this summer. It is the fashionable combination of taffeta and organdie—crisp and dainty! Orchid taffeta shows the bib of the bodice and the skirt made in one with the balance of the costume in white organdi and black cire ribbon. Along with this comes the silk chapeau, trimmed in lace and flowers, or perhaps a huge bow of organdie. Taffeta promises to be *distingue* throughout the season, in frocks, hats and parasols. Another quaint outfit which Miss Martyn is yet to wear, gathers together a full gathered skirt and long straight bodice of French dotted swiss—red dots on black with heaps of red beads edging the sleeve and where the skirt joins the bodice. Down the front from neck to hem a panel of black lace net—very chic, don't you think!



ELSIE FERGUSON in one of her characteristic gowns, worn in true Elsie Ferguson fashion! It's one of the lovely creations worn in the screen version of "Sacred and Profane Love." Suggesting the Directoire, the simply draped skirt is attached to a diminutive Empire bodice, the over-drapery consisting of swinging brilliants, attached as though they were lengths of fringe. The ankle-length gown reveals a skimpy underskirt of chiffon edged with black chenile. One of her very youthful evening frocks is of turquoise blue taffeta, full circular skirt with a sleeveless bodice almost entirely of beads and crystals. With this trails the jeweled scarf and fan, which are the artistic accessories. An adorable evening gown worn by Miss Ferguson in private life is a new model made of blue panne velvet with harem skirt and brocade basque. The skirt is held high at the waistline with three shades of chiffon swinging in long sash ends to the floor. Having the bodice of rich brocade with dark satin skirt is the very latest!

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The Programme of Fashion

(Continued from page 364)



Models from Bonwit Teller & Co.

MISS SADIE MULLEN, who is attracting considerable attention on the screen, wears one of the new model yachting outfits of blue and white English cricket flannel. It is one of the few unbelted coat styles, finished at a low waistline with a band of black cire ribbon. The skirt is plain, save for tiny pleats which are inserted below the pocket, giving plenty of width at the lower edge. A feature of this season's sports clothes shows an absence of buttons, or when they do figure, they appear as links, generally at the waistline. The black velvet coat with white flannel skirt we think tremendously effective.



Martha Mansfield displays the beauty of youth in an orchid organdie over flesh, which lend their colors in the rosette trimming

Organdie, dotted swiss and linen are the favorite summer fabrics, and the vogue for full skirt and straight bodice increases. The peasant frock with quaint sleeve puffs is much favored, and lovely lace gilets and embroidered vestees are the chief ornamentation on all sheer gowns. In the organdie worn by Miss Mansfield, the apron tunic is featured, the costume made all in one, the opening down the front concealed by the side fastening of the tunic.


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By ANNE ARCHBALD

IF you can't be an actress the next best thing is to have some work that takes you in and among the profession. We love particularly, ourselves going behind the scenes. We love the damp, musty smell, the odor of grease paint and powder . . . . Therefore, we have been entirely satisfied that during the past months we have had occasion to visit the dressing rooms of many gracious actresses. Always we gather in information greatly to our—and others—advantage, in the matter of costumes and the acquiring of "looks."

The last visit on our list was to the dressing-room of Miss Ann Andrews leading lady of "The Champion," in the Longacre Theatre. "Half-hour" had not yet been called and we found Miss Andrews stretched out on her chintz-covered lounge under the ministrations of her maid, who was wielding an electric vibrator.

"DO sit down," Miss Andrews said, "and Alice will be through with me in a minute. I had a bit of a headache when I came in and there is nothing like the vibrator for taking it away."

So we sat for a minute admiring the effect that Miss Andrews' beautiful coloring made in contrast with a pale lemon negligée.

"Now I'm quite all right," said she presently, sitting up. "Isn't this vibrator a wonderful invention! I wonder if you are as much a slave to it as I am?"

We said our only acquaintance with the vibrator was when it was used on our heads in treating our hair in a beauty shop. We knew the splendid results from that, but we had always thought of the vibrator as being installed there and much too rich and precious for individual personal ownership.

"Oh, but it isn't," responded Miss Andrews enthusiastically, "it's quite within the range of any woman's pocketbook. It's positively *cheap*, considering . . . . And so simple to use. You can attach it anywhere where there is an electric socket, and though it's nice and restful to have someone manipulate it for you, still you can easily use it yourself. And what does for you . . . . ! As you mentioned just now, vibration is wonderful for the hair. It stimulates the circulation of the scalp, and after all, that's about all the secret there is to a beautiful head of hair, isn't there? I have Alice go over my head at least once a day.

AND if it's wonderful for the circulation of the scalp, it's just as wonderful for the circulation in the face . . . or any part of the body. The blood is brought to the surface and all impurities and waste are eliminated and carried away. I can bring a lovely color into my cheeks in a few minutes . . . .

"You see how clever it is, too! There's a different kind of little implement to be inserted in the vibrator proper, for each different operation. This one for the hair, and this one for massage—and by the way, the electric vibrator is the only kind of massage of which I really approve—and this one for the body, to keep your figure in trim. So many of my actress friends use it to keep their figures down. It certainly is the greatest little all-round friend in the world. If I have an ache or a pain anywhere, I immediately rush for the vibrator."

"We are going to rush for one immediately ourselves," we said, as we took Miss Andrews farewell.

"Oh, I forgot to say," she called after me, "be sure to get the —— Vibrator. It's the only *real* one!"

As we came out we heard little Rosalind Fuller, the ingénue, telling some masculine member of the company, "it couldn't possibly have been his arms that came off on his coat, because she always used Valaze Whitener and that never came off on *anything*."

(For the name of the "only real" electric vibrator used by Miss Andrews write The Vanity Box, THEATRE MAGAZINE, *6 East 39th St., New York City*



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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 342)

time an appeal to the physical senses alone.

There were several numbers of superior excellence, in performance as well as promise, danced by pupils and semi-professionals, some of them quite young children; among which mention may include: "The Faun," by Caldwell Watson; "Rustling Leaves," by Nancy Olds; "Song of India," by Janet McClure, and a "Tibetan Dance," by William Bayne. A small orchestra provided some charming music for the dances, and there was a Symposium in the interest of the movement, in which Mr. S. L. Rothapfel of the Capitol Theatre, Mr. M. D. C. Crawford, and Madame Lubovska participated.

LONGACRE. "THE HERO". Play in three acts by Sam Forrest. Produced March 14 with this cast:

Andrew Lane	Grant Mitchell
Hester Lane	Kathlene McDonell
Sarah Lane	Blanche Friderici
Andrew Lane, Jr.	Graham Lucas
Oswald Lane	Robert Ames
Marthe Roche	Jetta Goudal

AFTER being fed up on soldier-hero plays and stories for a considerable time past, it is somewhat of a relief to meet a hero whose shining glory is a bit tarnished. Gilbert Emery's "Hero" is of the type who distinguishes himself on the battlefield amid a fanfare of trumpets but who is all sorts of a rotter at home, especially in his dealings with women.

Robert Ames, in the title rôle, gives a characterization of the rotter, with startling realism. Oswald Lane is a despicable type—lazy, living on the earnings of his hard-working middle-class brother, flirting with his brother's wife, seducing a young Belgian girl, a member of his brother's household, winding up his career of crime by stealing five hundred dollars of a church fund—and Robert Ames permits him to be a rotter every second of the time. The inevitable happy ending, without which most plays are financial failures, switches the villain out of character, and makes him a hero at the last minute, when he saves his nephew from a burning schoolhouse, sacrificing his own life in so doing.

Grant Mitchell, as the real hero of the play—heroic in an honest, loving, plodding way—tinges his rôle with pathos, as does Jetta Goudal, the betrayed little foreigner; and Kathlene McDonell, the wife who rebels at the drabness of her middle-class life. Blanche Frederici, the masculine appearing mother of the soldier and his brother, depends principally on her queer, old fashioned clothes for laughs and gets them.

The play could well dispense with some of its blasphemous lines.

TIMES SQUARE. "THE RIGHT GIRL." Musical comedy in three acts. Music by Percy Wenrich. Book by Raymond W. Peck. Produced March 15 with this cast:

Anthony Stanton	Earle Benham
Henry Watkins	Robert Woolsey
John Freeman	Frank Munnell
Barry Darcy	Rapley Holmes
Dera Darcy	Carolyn Thomson
Molly Darcy	Dolly Connolly
Arthur Cadman	Harry Redding
Valera Valador	Helen Montrose

THIS new production has nothing to recommend it except a pleasant tune or two by Percy Wenrich, and a hard-working, spirited lot of chorus girls.

For some unexplained reason, as the dramatic stage improves, the musical stage gets worse. I am beginning to think that spontaneous humor of the sort that gives life to the girl shows cannot be written during rehearsals at Bryant Hall. When the Vaudeville in Paris wants a revue that will make 'em sit up, its intelligent management seeks a Sacha Guitry to do it; the Capucines hunt up Jacques Bousquet

(Continued on page 374)

STAGE HAND ETHICS

(Continued from page 334)

many vaudeville acts the performer requires an extra figure in a sketch which it would not pay him to carry as a regular member of his company. So he gets a stage-hand to do it for him. And here comes in the etiquette. The same performer may play a house season after season, but if once he has selected a stage-hand to help him in his act, he must take him again each time he comes so long as the stage-hand is employed by the theatre—unless it is the opinion of disinterested persons that he is "rotten." Even then, it is not easy to make a change, for it is a positive conviction among stage-hands that none of their fraternity can be as bad as the average actor already in the business. So the original man generally retains the part—which in nine acts out of ten, consists merely in standing still on the stage to be talked at—until he is tired of it, or until the act goes out of existence.

All of which tends to show that there are many sides to the life of the unseen overalled *deus ex machina* back stage.



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GREAT SINGING ACTORS

(Concluded from page 326)

which as a picture of crafty vindictiveness can scarcely be equalled; while those who have followed Scotti's career will recall with delight his performance of Don Juan in Mozart's too rarely played opera, in which he shone as a graceful actor. Scotti's comedy also is of an excellent brand; witness his impersonations in "L'Elisir d'Amore, "Crispino e la Comare," and his Marcel in "La Bohème."

Among living women, Mary Garden and Geraldine Farrar take high rank as singing actresses. The former is world-famous for her creations of Louise, Thais, Salomé, Cléopâtre, Mélisande, Le Jongleur, and Monna Vanna, and these, by no means, exhaust her repertory. She brings to all her parts a great personality, a high intelligence, a sense of character, and above all, an allure which place her in a class by herself. Genius is a word not lightly to be used, but it may safely be attributed to Mary Garden, who has recently crowned her operatic achievements in Europe and America by becoming director of the Chicago Opera Company.

And as for Geraldine Farrar, that incorrigible idol of the American public, she has won her place as actress as well as singer by indomitable perseverance as well as uncommon native ability. Her Butterfly, Tosca, and more recently her Zaza and Louise, display a decided sense of character, attention to points of detail and an artistic roundness which demonstrate that she has applied her self to the dramatic side of her a earnestly and successfully. She wi do well, however, to moderate he tendency to extravagance.

Most of those referred to com well within the category of gre singing actors, and there may be few others who have not been name who deserve the distinction. On might refer with admiration an gratitude to recent impersonation such as those of the exquisit Lucrezia Bori, so happily restored t all her powers, as Mimi, and Fior in "L'Amore dei Tre Re," in bot of which parts she acts as beautifull as she sings: and also to the su premely fine acting of Dufranne an Baklanoff, of the Chicago Oper Company, in that essentially Frenc idyll, "Le Chemineau," an opera o the same genre as "Louise," an equally notable in its way. Dufrann is an actor as well as singer of u usually fine quality. The same ma be said of the Russian, Adam Didur, who follows Chaliapine close ly as Boris, and who as the blin Archibaldo in "L'Amore dei Tre Re is a positively appalling figure.

But such instances can only ha passing reference here. To conclud more and more in these days a tention is being paid on the operat stage to dramatic impersonation, an it may justly be affirmed that t quality all round of acting in ope is at least not below that of what sometimes miscalled the legitima drama.

A DENIAL FROM MR. HEARST

In the April copy of this magazine there appeared (page 244) under the heading "Dressing Room Gossip," a paragraph to the effect that William Randolph Hearst was about to make his début as a Broadway producer. It was stated that Mr. Hearst had secured a play by an author of wide reputation, which would shortly be produced under the auspices of one of the Hearst organizations. The paragraph also went on to say that, while this would be Mr. Hearst's début as producer, he had always been a patron of the dramatic arts, having himself backed several of the Ziegfeld Follies.

Since this paragraph was printed, the publishers of the THEATRE MAGAZINE have received a communicati from Mr. George B. VanCleve, G eral Manager of the Hearst Int national Film Service, denying Mr. Hearst's name, the truth of statements it contains. Mr. Hea denies that he contemplates the st production of any play, and he a denies that he has at any ti backed the Ziegfeld Follies.

Mr. Hearst's only interests in producing field are the Cosmopoli Productions, namely: "Humo esque," "The World and His Wi "The Restless Sex," "Heliotro "The Passionate Pilgrim," "Stra Is the Way," "Buried Treasu "Proxies," "The Inside of the C "The Woman God Changed."

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

Sophie Braslau's song this month, "Just a Little House of Love" is the plea of Woman for a house of her own, even though it may only be a "house not built by hands." The song is in a popular style, with a melody that may be easily learned —though to sing it like Miss Braslau will come to few in the living world. The accompaniment surrounds it wi generous harmonies.

This month John McCormack ha gone to the very antipodes of he world of music by selecting "O Cease They Singing," a song w ranks beside the great songs o Schumann and Richard Strauss.

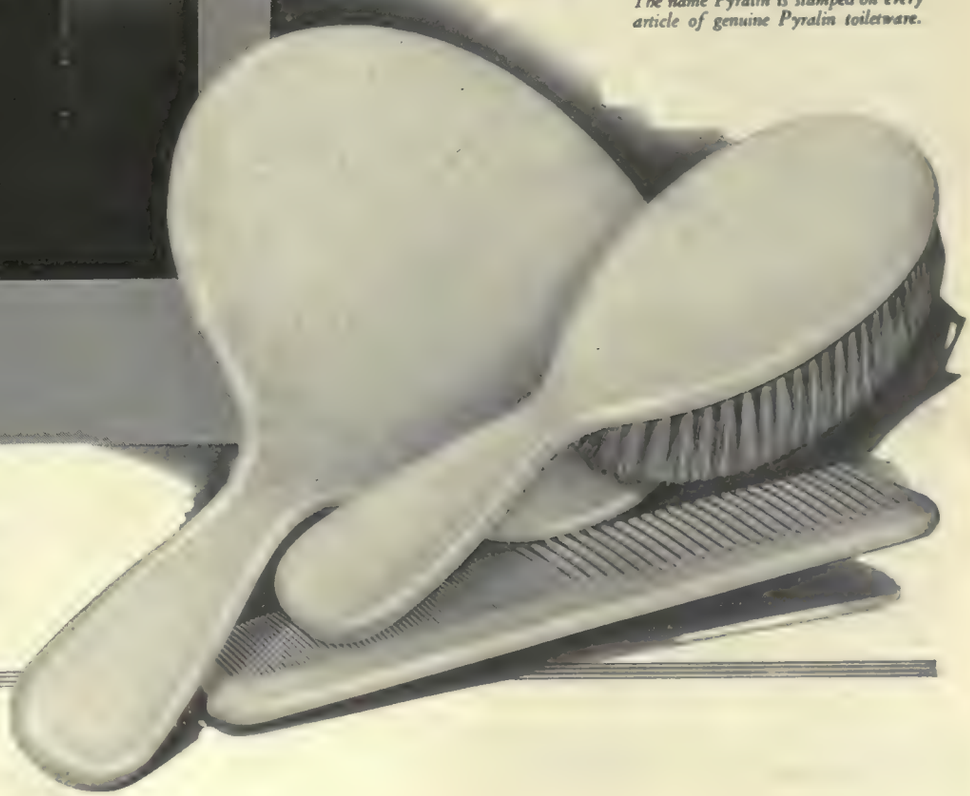


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Helleu

"Now, therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew."

The portrait here reproduced is that of Madame Helena Rubinstein, by the great Parisian artist, Helleu, now visiting in this country.

Madame Helena Rubinstein—When this name is mentioned your mind will curiously enough, dwell neither on the woman whose portrait is before your eyes nor the great artist who created it, but on quite another thing. It is one of the caprices of fame that sometimes it deflects from a personality and centers on the subject with which that personality has been pre-eminently identified. In this instance, on the cult of Feminine Beauty and the Science which has been built up around it.

And yet, remove Madame Rubinstein's personality from this inspiriting, life-enriching Cult of Beauty, and what will there be left? Only the antiquated paint, cold cream and rice-powder votaries; only the outworn practices of frumpish, dowdy make-up parlors.

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Once an artist, always an artist, for Art is long, as the old Latin proverb has it. Because Mme. Rubinstein's great talents have succeeded in making Beauty as lasting as Art, such an Empress of Beauty as Miss Maxine Elliott can say: "Ask me to spell Beauty and I shall write V-a-l-a-z-e."

The Pavlovas, Marthe Chenals, Margaret Coopers, Delysias, Mae Murrays, Nazimovas, Mary Gardens, Ruth Chattertons, these and any others you may think of: Just ask them.

The opportunity should never be missed to consult Mme. Rubinstein, regarding the wonderful treatments which she gives at her various establishments. There, wrinkles are stamped out. Puffiness under the eyes and crows' feet are overcome. Blackheads and bad complexions in general as well as redness of the face and nose, large, coarse open pores are remedied. Mme. Rubinstein's mode of treating double chin, loss of face oval and relaxation of facial muscles is another of her achievements. And however radiant may be the complexion Mme. Rubinstein understands how to keep it in that condition for years to come.

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Concluded from page 370)

who, with his late friend Rip, has done the smartest comedy known to that delightful little theatre. Serious Frenchmen, these, who turn to wit as a sort of intellectual exercise, and whose product is considered just a little more important than any girl or any musical number in the piece.

So up and at 'em, musical producers! A set of fur cuff-links to the first one of you who gets G. B. S. or Somerset Maugham or our own George Ade—to write the book of a revue. Mere girls—even beautiful girls, and mere jingles—even beautiful jingles, are no longer s entertaining to the t. b. m. who like his "Beyond the Horizon," and hi "First Year." With all the novelti mania of the knee-show barons, hov many of them have ever thought o asking Franklin P. Adams, Rin Lardner, Don Marquis, George S Kaufman, Octavus Roy Cohen, Ste phen Leacock or F. Scott Fitzgeral to dash off a little book to be set t music? All the William Schwenc Gilberts aren't dead yet.

THE ROAD RISES IN REVOLT

(Concluded from page 330)

tional classifications have been so overthrown by this versatile company that one hardly knows how to catalogue her. In general, she might be said to do the ingenue leads. Miss Gale is a player of real importance. She is admirably fitted for the stage —with beauty, a deal of fresh, personal charm, a pleasant speaking voice and a method quite her own. Her significant achievements predict great things for the future. She was a skillful Maggie in "What Every Woman Knows"; a bewitching Babbie in "The Little Minister," and a compelling Hannah in "John Ferguson." The emotional moment which closes the second act was as fine a thing of the kind as any of our best established emotional actresses have given us.

There is a similar difficulty about pigeon-holing Teresa Dale. She has played everything from the Florence Moore rôle in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," to the widow in "Civilian Clothes" and all of them with acute intelligence and understanding. Her portrait of the lady-crook in "Seven Keys to Baldpate" was a deliciously vigorous affair. In an entirely different branch of comedy she was equally successful as Osprey Mandleharper in "A Very Good Young Man." In something the same vein, she was a gratifying *nouveau-riche* in "A Little Journey."

It has been the thing to say of Ivan Miller that his forte was farce. His work as Reggie in "Wedding Bells" justifies the enthusiastic estimate of his skill in this *genre*, while fine, thoughtful performances as John in "What Every Woman Knows," and as Andrew in "John Ferguson" testify to his ability along other lines.

Some of the most finished work which the company has produced was contributed by Joseph De Stefani. Always thoroughly legitimate, his characterizations are vivid portraits, full of splendid detail.

To John Dilson fall the *jeune premier* rôles. Yet his best work has been in other fields. Shorty, i "A Prince There Was," sticks in th mind as a keenly amusing comed portrait.

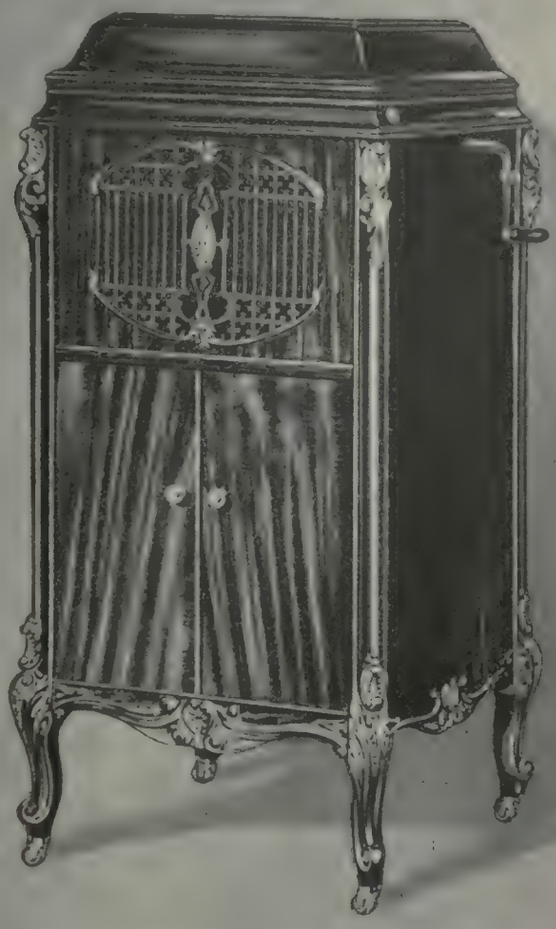
Helen Keers has contributed mar a charming character sketch. Pe haps the most thoroughly pleasa was her Grandma of "A Litt Journey." There are many thing to the credit of Burke Clark. would select as most delightful h absent-minded father in "Stop Thief I have still a reminiscent chuckle recalling his, "Mother, he's lookir at me."

Donald Campbell has played t bits with that poise which helps materially in lending an impressi of finish to the whole. G. All Wilson, Lucile Hustings, Robe Smiley and Mary Hart, should n go unmentioned in a survey of th kind. Each has done valiant service making the excellence of the compa

Another interesting feature is t development into even more of community institution through t presentation of plays by local write During the present season, two fu length pieces by local newspaper m of the city have been presente each with marked financial succe It requires the courage of a det mined idealist to gamble so far w a new play by an untried author.

It remains only to write a word the playhouse. At Our Stock Th tre there are none of the irritat defects in external detail wh harrass the nerves in the ordin place of this kind. The theatre modestly decorated and dimly ligh with parchment shaded lamps. orchestra—you know the kind wh usually prevails—the sort wh would be an addition to any up date Inferno, has been banis And in its place we have, in *entr'acte*, recital music by the musicians of the city. Three ra quite in the French manner, nounce the rise of the curtain. background in keeping with the c acter of the entertainment.

JAMES GRA



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AN HOTEL THEATRETTE

IN the Northern part of New Jersey, some forty miles from New York City via smooth-paved auto roads, you'll locate Lake Hopatcong the largest lake in Jersey and easily the most attractive.

Adjacent to the Hopatcong Railroad Station, the village of Mount Arlington rests, which is famed for the hotel it has located in its midst. The hotel known by name as the "Alamac in the Mountains," and by slogan as "The Mountain Paradise," is conducted under the personal management of H. Latz. This summer hostelry, of many attractions, is the mountain brother of the "Alamac," Atlantic City. From June to October, continuous entertainment must be created for the guests and cottagers.



The only summer hotel with a theatre of its own

The most unique time-passing feature of the "Alamac" is its theatrette. Some four hundred blue-gray tinted chairs fill the theatre, and a crêtonne-framed stage about fifteen feet wide, serves as the platform of the arts. Two marble flower-filled pots on the stage give the theatre the touch of the Grecian.

THRICE weekly the latest motion pictures are displayed in the theatre. When we say latest, we mean pre-release, sometimes, and at other times, films direct from the Strand or Rivoli of New York. Last season, First National Features were mostly displayed. A person can leave New York and way up in this vicinity of heavenly mountains and natural wonder he can view the latest successes of moviedom. The average program consists of eight reels—a comedy, news review and feature. For the comedy and news reel a colored jazz band plays the music and when the feature comes on the "Alamac" String Orchestra occupies the pit and supplies harmony of miniature symphony hue.

Amateur performances have been produced in the theatre, as well as theatricals, for charity. Several companies of Broadway players have also appeared upon the diminutive stage.

The theatre is well ventilated, the ceiling being latticed with thatched windows, thereby always allowing the cool mountain breezes in. The lighting fixtures are quaint Japanese basket affairs, summery and dainty in appearance.



Guests at the hotel taking part in the Management's own movie

Last summer the management took a movie of its own. The production was titled, "Wondrous Waters," and had for its actors and actresses, all guests of the hotel and all natural backgrounds.

Several motion picture companies have found in La Hopatcong an ideal location for the photographing of scenarios. Anita Stewart in "Virtuous Wives," used Lake Hopatcong for nearly all the beautiful scenes. Delores Cassinelli was screened fronting Lake Hopatcong scenery in several features. George Walsh and Pearl White have also been to the mountain paradise for motion picture **cations.**



From XVIII Century Italy to the Hampton Shops

THE Venetian commode, gaily lacquered in soft yellow with its varicolored decoration of flowers and birds, relieves the austere dignity of the stone colored walls and carved walnut ceiling of this architectural setting, while the needlepoint covered arm chairs and rich old crimson velvet on the drop-end sofa, lend deeper color notes to this interior, so adaptable to the Italian type house of today.

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Boylston St., Boston
L. C. PRIOR, Mgr. Director

Community Dramatics

(*Concluded from page 854*)

there are children and young people reviving the arts of rhythmic dance and song.

There are dramatic clubs in both the coal and ore mining camps. The clubs of Johns, especially are doing work that is distinguished for grace and beauty.

* * *

THE Civic Ceremonial of Citizen Pilgrimage from 1620 to 1920 presented early in the winter in Northampton, Mass., under the direction of Frederick K. Brown of Community Service (Inc.), brought in several of the foreign-born groups. One of the refreshing aspects of this pageant spectacle was the freedom granted the foreigners in the presentation of the special episodes and folk dances which belonged to them. They were not interrupted. Their grace and spontaneity were not ironed out. Their native charm was actually allowed upon the stage—in Massachusetts! And it was interesting to note how utterly and completely the folk dancing of the Italians and of the Poles deviated from the folk dances of the standard books! Here were the natural reflections of the groups. Folk dance teachers in the audience said that they had never seen such beautiful effects in folk dancing. The groups worked out their own memories and desires in the dancing.

The Jewish rabbi led his flock, singing, on the stage, and people in the audience recognized in the bearded patriarch, in the light, blue robes of the Prophet, the local junk man. A Syrian merchant said the next day that a limousine had stopped in front of his shop and a woman came in to tell him that she had never before realized that he was an artist in folk ways. A real Sioux Indian, a local resident and a man of culture, and several descendants of the Mayflower Pilgrim took parts. President Neilson, of Smith College, called it "a brilliant performance."

* * *

THE celebration, which commemorated the Pilgrim Tercentenary, was given in John M. Green Hall of Smith College. The whole of Northampton took part. The Ceremonial did not pretend to be a pageant: it was a sincere and dignified natural representation of the functions of the different groups of the city, which, when massed and merged produced all the effect of a pageant.

It opened with a darkened stage, upon which appeared John F. McNamara as "The Wanderer," who sang a tenor solo. The stage gradually became light, with the appearance of a chorus composed of the High School Girls' Glee Club. They sang various patriotic airs, concluding with America, in which the audience joined. This represented a prelude of light and song, and was followed by the unveiling of Freedom in American history; Miss Helen Watts represented Freedom, and welcomed the various pilgrims to America during the ceremonial.

The second scene opened with an historic address by Rev. Richard R. Clapp, of the First Church. Dr. Charles Eastman next appeared on the stage in full Sioux costume, representing the Indians. He welcomed the Pilgrims who filed onto the stage in costume, while at the back of the platform, Freedom rose from her throne to bid the newcomers welcome. Then came soldiers of the Revolution, real veterans of the Civil and World wars. Miss Alice Eames and Mrs. Graul, representing the Nation and the State, next took seats on either side of Freedom, followed by Robert and Francis Brennan as little pages and heralded by Henry Roberts and Carl Norton, who marshalled the various groups which followed. Mayor Fitzgerald then appeared on the platform, representing Northampton.

The third part of the program was the newer Pilgrims. Representatives of five of the racial groups of the city came on the stage in native costume, were welcomed by Freedom, and offered their gifts of play and song. First in these groups were the Hebrews, who were welcomed as a wandering people who had no country of their own. They chanted songs in their native tongue, and took their place near the throne of Freedom. The Lithuanians were the next to appear, also in old country costume. A feature of their part in the program was a solo by a little girl of 10 years. The Syrians were represented by four men, one of whom carried the flag of this new nation. Weird music on a Syrian instrument with a native dance, was followed by the singing of a folk song. The Polish group gave several dances and sang a number of songs, accompanied by music. The Italian group then flashed on the stage and took the audience by storm.

Pilgrim Tercentenary exhibits and entertainments are continuing well on into the spring. The interesting exhibitions at the New York Public Library which opened last December is being continued by special request. The Drama Department of New York Community Service, Mary Pashley Harris, director, has taken an active part throughout the entire year in promoting the celebration: first in connection with the Sulgrave Institution; second in advisory work in connection with Pilgrim celebrations throughout the public schools of Greater New York; and, third, in both advisory and specific direction of other groups throughout the city

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Amateur Producers and Players

The Editor of the Amateur Theatricals Department will be glad to receive for possible publication in the Amateur Department of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, photographs and articles concerning plays and pageants given by high schools, clubs or dramatic societies throughout the country.

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

ON WITH THE *PLAY!*

By MAXSON FOXHALL JUDELL

THE *Play* BEGINS!

Prologue: The Plot Demonstrator.

. . .

NARCISSUS OFF DUTY!

I hear a lot of praise bestowed on the old stock companies. They were all right in their rough-and-ready way, but they would hardly go with us nowadays.

Once in the 80's, I dropped in at a stock performance in a western town. The company had a score of plays in its repertory, and this play I had dropped in on went very raggedly. In the third act climax the hero forgot his part, and after an embarrassing silence of about two minutes, hissed audibly to the prompter: "What's the line?"

"What's the play?" the prompter hissed back from his little box, as he grabbed up a stack of two or three dozen manuscripts and began to run through them feverishly.

—DAVID BELASCO.

THE *First* ACT!

. . .

Playwrights All!

SOME WOMEN ARE SIRENS; SOME GET TO MEET THE WIVES.

—LOUISE CLOSSER HALE.

* * *

English people have a sense of humor, the French a sense of ridicule, the Americans a sense of Fun.

—ALICE DELYSIA.

* * *

America is a country of Lifters. . . Shop and Up.
Add similes: As Hopeful as a Playwright.

—DON MARQUIS.

* * *

ACTORS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.

—FRANK BACON.

Hark! Hark! The Echoes Abound.
With Laughter From Long Island Sound——

'Twas in a little village in Long Island that "MISS FLORA SHEFFIELD," star of "THREE LIVE GHOSTS," told us this little tale:

Soon after I went on the stage I had the rôle of understudy to the Page in "HAMLET."

One night the actress who was to have played the Page did not show up, and the star called out: "Miss Sheffield, have you the costume?"

"Yes! All but the tights!" I yelled in my eagerness.

Boys Will Be Boys!

A few years ago one of the questions put by the English examiners of the College Entrance Board was this:

"In Shakespeare's 'TWELFTH NIGHT,' how did the Duke employ Viola, when she was disguised as a lad?"

One of my young friends gave this accurate answer: "The Duke employed Viola as a valet—to press his suit."

—BRANDER MATTHEWS

Mr. Sousa Passes By!

I've heard that tones have color,
That some are green, some yellow,
A Blue-point's song is mighty blue,
So says the Oyster-cello.

—JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

FRANK CRUMIT, of the "GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES," tells this one:

A young colored boy, looking for a cool place to swim on a hot summer day, jumped into one of the city's reservoirs.

A man came along and seeing him called out: "Young man, we have to *drink* that water."

"Dat's all right, sah," whined the boy, "I ain't usin' no soap."

Typographical Error.

He went to the theatre and looked at the pogrom.

THE *Second* ACT!

. . .

Ain't We Got Fun!

Lopez: "Lucia. Ees putty name. Come 'ere. Come 'ere. (*goes to her—draws her to him. She winces.*) 'Ow you like to go wiz me to Mexico?"

Lucia: "I couldn't do that!"

Lopez: "Why not?"

Lucia: "I'm married."

Lopez: "Well, we will not take ze 'osband. Just you and me. We go to ze bull fight. I rob ze jewelry store for you. We get plenty dronk I show you 'ell of good time. Well, 'ow you say?"

Lucia: "I never heard of such thing!"

Lopez: "No? You 'ave bee married wiz one man all your life?

Lucia: "Yes."

Lopez: "What a rotten life yo 'ave lead! Never no life! Neve no fun!"

—From "THE BAD MAN

It is *Bamby's* notion that it wasn General Pershing but Abe Potas and that what he said was, "N voilà, Lafayette!"

—FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

(*Continued on page 382*)



"If I didn't know Chadwick so well I'd say he was lying about the mileage he gets out of his tires."

"Well, you must remember he uses Kelly-Springfields."



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ON WITH THE *PLAY!*

Continued from page 380

He Bet Once and Lost!

BROCK PEMBERTON tells this one about his play, "MISS LULU BETT."

It was the occasion of the first performance of the play on any stage at Sing Sing (the night before the New York *première*). The applause still filled the chapel at the end of the play when a grizzled prisoner turned to the man on his right and asked: "What did you think of it, Bill?"

"It was right enough," Bill answered.

"How'd you like it, Pete?" the questioner asked of the man on his left.

"Sure seemed like home folks," Pete replied.

The cross-examiner was tensely silent a moment, and then fervently: "It's all right for them that likes it, I s'pose, but thank God I'm in for life and don't have to see it again!"

THE *Third* ACT!

. . .

Heartbreak House!

Bernard Shaw is at present a good deal in the same position as the old Scotch woman who belonged to a sect that kept dwindling down until only herself and the minister remained.

When somebody called attention to the fact that only two of the sect were left, she said: "I ha' me doots aboot ane o' them."

—GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

The Passionate Spectator!

At a play recently seen in one of New York's cozy little theatres, a lady sitting in front of me attempted to lean forward, and was hermetically sealed to the back of her chair by a large chunk of chewing gum, left there from the previous performance.

In response to my endeavors to extricate her she said, gamely enough: "If any one asks me how I like this play, I'll say I am stuck on it." —WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

But Miriam, Whose Name Is Engraved Upon Your Heart?

Little MISS MIRIAM MILLER—truly sixteen years old, and if you take our word for it, a most comfortable armful!—was once upon a time, even as you and —, a *very* little miss. She is now a *première danseuse in* "GOOD TIMES." She was then *the* première danseuse of times just as good!

While still a chee-ild, Miriam took ballet dancing lessons. Her mother, in order to make Miriam's foots more distinguished looking, found it necessary to have ballet slippers especially made at I. Miller, New York. (Miriam couldn't have danced otherwise!)

We believe you are not unaware that shoe manufacturers engrave their names on their soles—that is, of their products. Quite naturally, therefore, Miriam's slippers had the name *Miller* engraved on them.

The other little mademoiselles at the dancing school looked and admired and looked at the slippers which Miriam got "from Noo York." How could the engraved name escape their all-seeing eyes!

"Um-m, Miriam, getting swell ain't you?" breathed one girlie. "Having your shoes made with your own name on them!"

Afgar: "I'm sorry we lost that last cook."

Houssain: "Yes, she was a good cook, as cooks go."

Afgar: "And, as cooks go—she went!"

—From "AFGAR"

The Great Lover

Now that John Drinkwater has written a play about Mary, Queen of Scots, to prove that a woman can love more than one man at the same time, we trust that some dramatist will use the story of Henry VIII to show that a man can love seven women consecutively.

—HEYWOOD BROUN.

Mitzi! *Mitzi! MITZI!*

MITZI was amusing us with some true Mitzian stories which had to do with the time soon after she came to this counrty.

She was dining at the Knickerbocker Hotel when one of the five most noted producers came to her table and spoke to her without removing his hat.

Of course, just fresh from Budapest, this was for her an unpardonable sin! Mitzi, however, while fresh, determined to be subtle. With an innocent look and anxious voice she looked up and asked:

"You must have a little bird under your hat?"

. . .

People go to the shows to be entertained, but they don't expect the entertainment to come from the seats behind them.

THE END OF THE *Play!*

Readers of this magazine are invited to send in contributions to these columns.

THIS MUST BE NOTED: Special permission has been granted this magazine by the producers for the publication of those excerpts from plays we choose, and as they are taken from the original manuscripts, they cannot under any circumstances, be reprinted.



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MUSICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR PAGEANTS AND PLAYS

(Continued from page 352)

grin: Darkling prelude to Act II, contrasted with exquisite peace of brief orchestral interlude after Elsa and Ortrud leave stage.

Or in *The Flying Dutchman* overture, the contrasted storm music and sunset apotheosis at its close.

*St. Saens: *Prelude to the Deluge* opening hushed darkling measures. Then skip to climax of serene song with its violin solo.

*Tschaikowsky: Arrangement of Andante of *Fifth Symphony* (used in the play, *The Song of Songs*).

*Breil's *The Song of the Soul.*

UNUSUAL WALTZES.

*Oscar Strauss: *Waltz Dream.*

*Offenbach: *Belle Helene.*

*Tschaikowsky: *The Sleeping Beauty.*

*(*a*) Tschaikowsky: *Waltz from Fifth Symphony.*

*(*b*) Tschaikowsky: *Waltz from Eugene Onegin.*

QUAINT DANCES, PANTOMIMES, ETC.

Grieg: *Holberg Suite.*

Prelude.	Sarabande.
Gavotte.	Musette.
Air.	Rigaudon.

*Mozart: *Don Giovanni* Minuet.

*Tschaikowsky: *Eugene Onegin* Polonaise.

*(*a*) Tschaikowsky: *Nut Cracker Suite.*

Miniature Overture.
Arabian Dance.
Chinese Dance.
Dance of the Automata.
Valse des Fleurs.

*(*b*) Baron: *Chinese Dance.*

*Gabriel Marie: *La Cinquintaine.*

*Moskowski: *Boabdil Ballet* (for Spanish dances).

*Moskowski: Suite *From Foreign Lands.*

Folk dances from Russia, Germany, Spain, Italy, Poland and Hungary.

*Smetana: *The Bartered Bride* (Bohemian dances).

*Brahms: *Hungarian Dances.*

*Germon's *Henry VIII Suite* (English and Scotch dances).

*Edwards: *Brian Boru* (for Irish dances).

*Germon's *The Emerald Isle* (for Irish dances).

*Stanford's *Shamus O'Brien* (for Irish dances).

*Brewer: *Fairy Pipers Underneath the Moon*). (Song).

*Kelley's *Lady Picking Mulberries* (Chinese).

*Isador Wormser: *Music to Pierrot the Prodigal.*

Berger: *Pierrot and Pierrette.*

*Goublier: *Petit Ballet Japonais.*

** indicates that a selection can probably be had for piano or small orchestra, and some selections not so marked may shortly be available in such smaller arrangements. Some familiar works are omitted as too hackneyed.*



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A TRIUMPH FOR SHEER ART was the production of "GUIBOUR" at a special matinee by the STUDENTS of Mme. YVETTE GUILBERT'S SCHOOL OF THE THEATER. This miracle play of Our Lady of the Fourteenth century was translated from the old French and first produced at the Neighborhood Playhouse two years ago, when Mme. Guilbert herself played the title rôle. Although she was not present in this cast, the imprint of her consumate artistry, the tang of time and place which could not be achieved by one less steeped in the atmosphere of the Middle Ages, marked it indelibly as her's from the rising of the first curtain. To represent a burning at the stake, in this year of grace 1921, a heavenly vision, and saints who step down from their niches and return without tipping the balance of illusion, requires masterful technique. The robes of these celestial figures were gold in color, and made of a unique composition appropriate only to statuary. Each scene was worthy to be hung in a gallery, and the organ accompaniment for the chanting of the Candle Mass deepened the religious significance of the piece.

Miss Marguerite Myers, who gave a sensitive and highly intelligent interpretation of Guibour, is a Rochester girl, barely out of her teens, who has an emotional depth and poise that would do credit to an actress older in years and experience. She has been with Mme. Guilbert only twelve months.

With beauty and a charming stage presence, as well as talent, she would go far when her student days are past and she becomes a professional. In the matter of enunciation the whole company showed the stress Mme. Guilbert lays on this detail of training, wherein so many otherwise good actors fail. It is only one of many points that raise this school of the theater above the average dramatic academy.

Mme. Guilbert, herself a supreme artist aims to graduate artists who have achieved the blending of all arts in one perfection. To this end, her instruction includes dramatic, lyric, mimetic and dance expression, supplemented by special courses in the crafts of the theater.

The students learn costume designing and construction, and the execution of stage properties. They also study the architecture, dress, customs and manners of various epochs and seek to comprehend the mental processes of the dramatist.

—By Adrienne Battey.

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VACATION DAYS are coming, when changes of address usually reach us too late—and for this reason magazines are frequently lost in the mails.

Changes of address must be in our office before the 10th of the month. For example—for the June issue a change of address must be in before the 10th of May. If received after this date, it will not go into effect until the July number is published.

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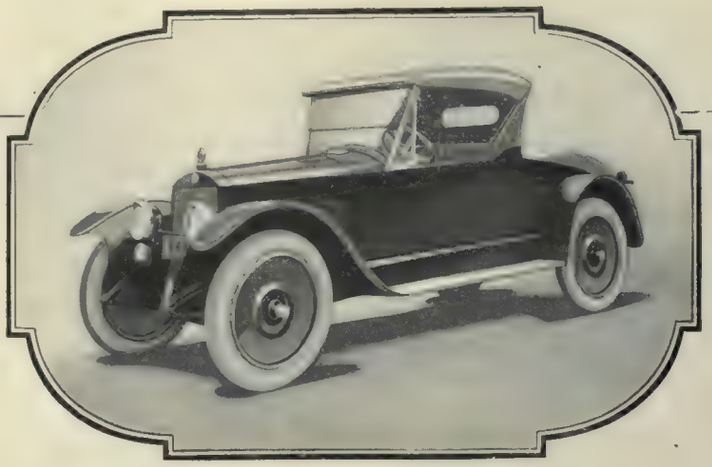
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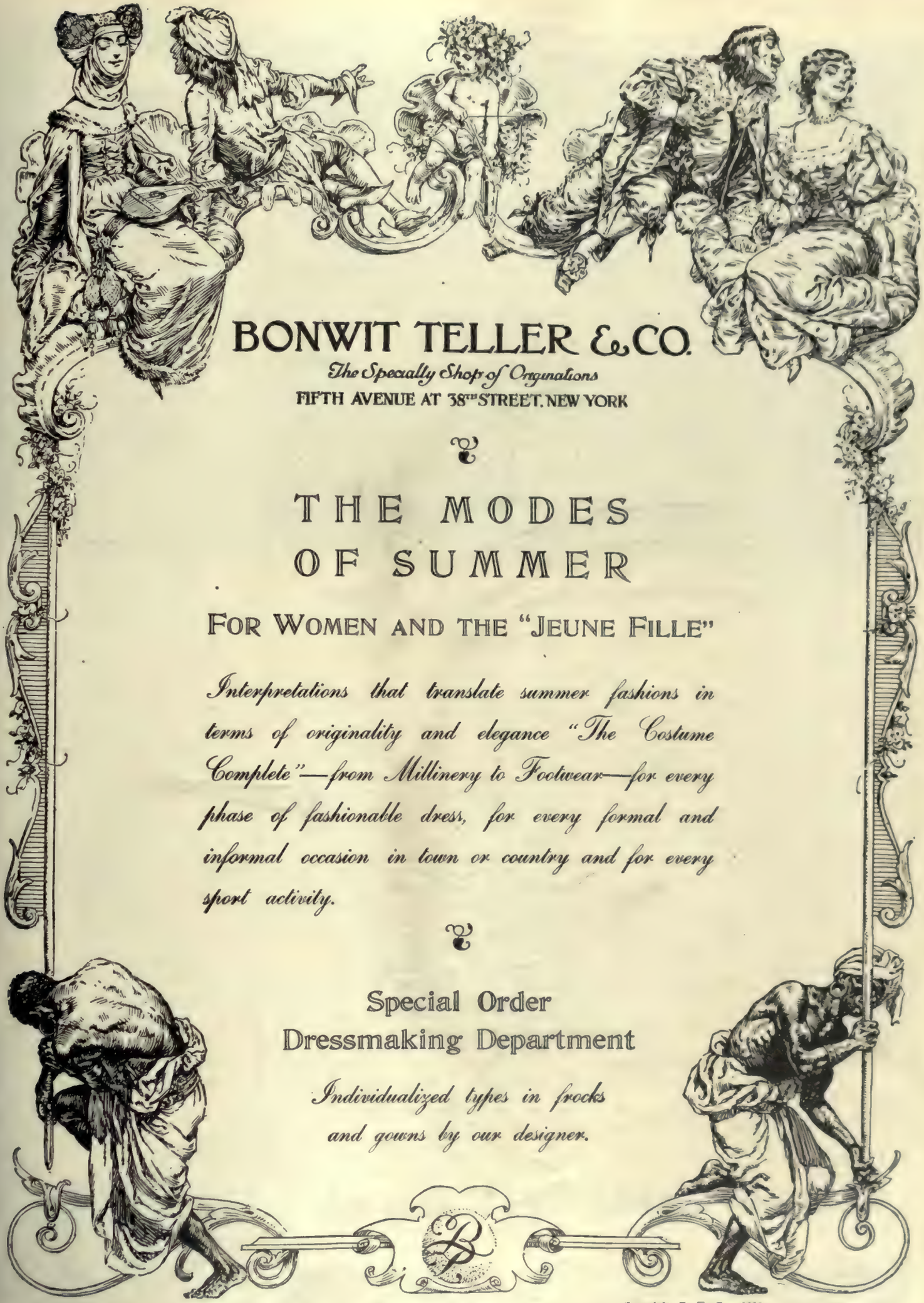
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THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIII. No. 243. JUNE, 1921



Photo Newman

WALTER HAMPDEN AS MACBETH

An interpretation of the Thane which ranks with the great impersonations of the past, and a fitting companion to this actor's already famous Hamlet



EVERY veteran theatregoer can recall the emotional spasms of a certain Titian-haired lady who got little old New York all het up in the year of our Lord, 1899, when she tried to set fire to the Garrick Theatre in "Zaza." How glad and mad and bad she was and what a deliciously naughty play it was and—and—well, it created almost as much of a furore as the action of the police in forbidding *Jean* carrying the audacious *Sapho* upstairs when Olga Nethersole tried to go Mrs. Leslie Carter one better. These random memories, by the way, are evoked by the announcement that the Selwyns are to present Mrs. Carter in New York next September in a play by W. Somerset Maugham entitled, "The Circle." No, it has nothing whatever to do with Columbus Circle, nor has any one hinted that the circle is a particularly vicious one, although it is said to be rather suggestive. No less a person than John Drew is to play opposite the hectic heroine portrayed by Mrs. Carter. That lady's return to Broadway in a Maugham play, aided and abetted by the gentle and likeable Mr. Drew, is certain to make the first night of this play rather a notable one.

* * *

THERE'S at least one American artist who is not afraid to carry coals to Newcastle. That is Margaret Anglin. It is the intention of the actress to present in Athens the Greek plays which she has already presented more than creditably in this country: "Medea," "Electra" and "Iphigenia in Aulis." These were the plays chosen for outdoor production in California. Although of reverent spirit, Miss Anglin departed from tradition in making her classic productions. The ancient Greeks produced their plays by day. Miss Anglin prefers to produce them at night. The Greeks had only men players. She plays the leading rôles herself. Moreover, she had in California, the aid of a hundred dimpled college girls as chorus and atmosphere. Will the Greeks welcome a spirit so intrepid, particularly a spirit housed in a feminine form? No true Greek will resent the moonlight accessories.

* * *

IT'S good to build theatres—the more the merrier—but it's a mistake to build them too fast, for that usually means an uncomfortable and poorly constructed house. New York has so many beautiful theatres that perhaps we have been spoiled in this respect. The Booth, the Belasco, the Shubert, the New Amsterdam, the Hudson, the Henry Miller—this last particularly—are the last word in comfort and elegance. Unfortunately, as much cannot be said of some of Broadway's newest theatres. Take, for example, the Ritz. In the desire to get out of the floor space as many seats as possible, the rows of chairs have been placed so close together that in some places there is barely room for one's knees. On the second night, the present writer was witness of an amusing incident due to this constructive defect. A lady and gentleman in full dress regalia sailed down the aisle to take the seats they had purchased. The lady managed to squeeze into the space allotted to her, but not so her escort, who apparently was able to get only half his body in. There appeared to be no room for his legs, and, as no accommodations are provided for checking one's legs together with one's coat, his only remedy was to appeal to the box office to change his seats, which he did. The Lyceum has long been an offender in this respect. Some of the orchestra seats, especially in the rear rows, are too close and too small for comfort or decency.

* * *

BROADWAY is telling with much gusto the remark that was made by a certain witty actor regarding a well-known and very talkative playwright who spells Art with large sized capitals. He is one of the foremost exponents of the Higher Drama and has probably written more high-brow plays that have lost money for New York managers than any other dramatic writer now in captivity. This playwright, once the White Hope but whom some fear is now the Lost Hope of American drama, had just talked the actor out of the Players' Club. "Why did you get him started?" asked a sympathetic friend. "He doesn't require any one to get him started," replied the bored actor disgustedly. "He's a self-starter."

* * *

FOR a long time past it has been pretty generally known that certain persons of recognized social standing would, for a consideration, serve as sponsors for ambitious climbers, but it is apparently of more recent date that such sponsors have turned their attention to members of the theatrical profession. Actors and actresses have, from time to time, in the history of the stage, been "taken up" by leaders of fashion, but in democracies, strange to say, less democracy has been manifested in this respect than in monarchies. Nowadays, certain New York hostesses have rather specialized in footlight favorites, the advertising received by the player being therefore of the highest possible character, quite apart from the personal gratification at hobnobbing with the élite. A daughter of Thespis recently surprised her financial adviser by announcing her acquisition of a $1,500 evening gown, explaining, furthermore, that the frock, itself, only cost $500, the additional $1,000 being for the hostess at whose home she was to wear the creation! Thus new and strange partnerships are being formed between Broadway and Fifth Avenue, Mrs. Gramercy Park and Miss Times Square utilizing each other to mutual advantage.

* * *

IT is an instinct of human nature to beautify in some way the place in which one lives, and players share the instinct with commonplace mortals. In prehistoric times, crude figures were painted or carved on the walls of a cave. Nowadays, "interior decorators" thrive even in the smallest towns, while large cities are overrun with them. Actors and actresses adorn their dressing-rooms not only during the New York run of a play, but during the subsequent tour of the country. The majority of leading women possess sets of cretonne covers for chairs and dressing-table, which they carry from town to town, and many leading men follow the fashion, additional embellishments being cretonne window-curtains and wall-hangings, the latter to cover and protect the clothes for stage and street. Some of these sets are extremely elaborate, and stars have been known to add reading-lamps, with shades to match, and even a hammock, in which to rest.

* * *

THIS season has lent courage to several authors upon whose plays managers turned an indifferent eye. Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard had the courage of their savings in the matter of their melodrama, "The Broken Wing." They financed it, engaged a business manager, and made money at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre. This, after it had been frostbitten by the winter blight in Boston and had reposed for five weeks in the storehouse. Clare Kummer proved in like manner her faith in her play, "Rollo's Wild Oat." She quite fancies her power to choose a drawing play, and intends to produce other outputs of her own which have failed to interest the arbiters behind the door on which "Manager" is printed. For "Rollo's Wild Oat" had suffered a nearly fatal chill on the road. It, too, suspended activities until Miss Kummer interviewed her bankers and leased the unique Punch and Judy Theatre.

* * *

NOW that soap has come down in price, might we not reasonably expect some theatregoers to be less chary in the use of

this very necessary commodity? The other evening my neighbor in the fifth row of the orchestra was not clean. He may have been greatly gifted mentally—I suspect him of being a Greenwich Village poet—but he certainly needed a bath. His hands and face were filthy, his collar begrimed, his clothes soiled, his hair dishevelled. Personally, I prefer to sit next to a clean person—especially in warm weather. The theory that careless attire and dishevelled hair are inseparable from fine ideals has always left me sceptical. It seems to me that people who can spend seven dollars on two orchestra seats can afford ten cents for a piece of soap.

* * *

THE unwashed playgoer does not make New York his sole habitat. In London, last summer, at one of the most exclusive West End theatres, I sat between a belted earl, resplendent in an immaculate hard boiled shirt, and another person who looked as though he had just crawled out of a stoke hole. I have no objection to stokers as a class. They are useful members of society and often times prove more interesting companions than earls. But I prefer a clean stoker to a begrimed stoker, especially when off duty. Some theatregoers, it may be urged, have no time for a wash-up before going to the "show." For the accommodation of these patrons, I would suggest some sort of a look-over by the doorkeeper similar to the physical examination to which newly arrived immigrants are subjected at Ellis Island. Unless a theatre patron's finger nails pass muster, he should be seized summarily and hustled into a lavatory where a uniformed attendant (without fees) would put him through a deodorizing process. This done, the play can proceed.

DID you ever hear how Mitzi graduated from the Winter Garden to become one of Henry W. Savage's stars? Hearing that Mr. Savage had secured the English rights for "Sari," little Mitzi—who was Mizzi Hajos in those days, tried vainly, so the story goes, to interview the inaccessible manager. Failing to find him "in" after many attempts, the little Hungarian star—she was only a starlet then—wrote him as follows:

"Mr. Dear Sir Savage:—

Me, I am Mizzi Hajos, and I wish from you an engagement as singing comedienne, dancing star soubrette, leading prima donna soprano or any similar pest. Thank you."

And as the theatrical world knows, Miss Hajos was promptly engaged.

* * *

EDGAR Allan Poe is to make his appearance on Broadway next fall as a Selwyn star. Just how much he will fancy Broadway during prohibition times is a moot question, but the point is that the celebrated poet who could not get into the Hall of Fame will now see his name in electric lights in front of a Broadway playhouse. A play based upon his tragic life has been written by Bernard L. Rethy and Samuel Shipman before John Drinkwater could get around to it. The Selwyns are going to produce it with that talented young actor, Alan Dinehart playing the part of the "unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster." The Selwyn press representative, by the way, will probably be kept quite busy informing the public just who and what the late Mr. Poe was.

* * *

GENIUS is impractical. Unless the afflicted one finds a sane guardian, he is likely to remain among the brilliant unknown. John Drinkwater has been fortunate. In Mrs. Drinkwater, he has an executive officer on active service at all times. The telephone is her outpost. "I think he can spare you a few minutes, if you will come back at —— P. M." The appointment is kept, and one finds a tall, smooth-faced, large-bodied young man, with an expensive carelessness about his appearance which suggests that he is an extravagant person in tweeds, boots, neckties, pipes and tobacco. He likes to talk. He is companionable, human, a very solemn delight in his face while he tells you about himself. "My husband will never stop talking, but I must remind him that we shall be late as it is," says the voice of the executive officer behind the portières. She is conciliatory. Instantly he is on his feet, erect, silent. He is a Britisher who believes in Home Rule.

* * *

IN the theatre it is easier to deceive the eye than to deceive the ear. An actor may be able to alter the appearance of his face and even to disguise the contour of his figure, the mystery not being solved until he opens his mouth. A young man may be able to imitate the voice of an old man, or the accent of a negro, an Irishman, a Frenchman or an Italian, only to fail when an American is called upon to mimic an Englishman or when an Englishman is called upon to mimic an American. Stage directors do not seem to realize this fact, so continue to cast people with Southern drawls or Western burrs as Londoners, varying the process by casting Britishers as Yankees. Constant playgoers can recall many performances in which episodes intended to be serious were laughed at by the audience because of the inappropriate accent of some character. To mention a few actors out of many, William Faversham, Bruce McRae, George Arliss and Charles Cherry are quite as British today as when they first came to this country, many years ago, but there are, of course, exceptions, such as Thomas A. Wise, who was born and bred in England, but today passes as "a typical American." Another instance of unusual adaptability is that of Maxine Elliott, who was born and bred in America, but now talks exactly like Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Julia Neilson, Irene Vanbrugh, and all the other London favorites.



© Strauss-Peyton

ETHEL BARRYMORE

Whose return to the stage after her recent severe illness, in Michael Strange's play "Clair de Lune," was the occasion of a most enthusiastic demonstration of public affection

* * *

DEAR, puritanical old Boston, which has one of the most notorious burlesque theatres in the country, patronized by many of the Hub City's leading male citizens, righteously refused to allow Guy Bates Post to appear there in "The Masquerader," because in several of the scenes the hero uses "dope," and Boston's censorship rules are against anything that might encourage the use of drugs. Boston, be it remembered, also ruled out "The Easiest Way," on the ground that it was an immoral play. But whenever a "girl show" strikes Boston that is reported to be a particularly undress attraction, the house is usually sold out, particularly "down in front." It might be mentioned in passing that a play yclept "Gertie's Garter" did a big business in Boston recently. This is the sort of "dope" that Boston thoroughly enjoys.

* * *

IN any other field of art save the drama the race or color of its exponent offers no bar. Coleridge Taylor, as a composer in England, Harry Burleigh and Paul Dunbar, as singer and poet in our own country, never felt its handicap. But in the case of the actor of color, it is different. The Drama League may dine him, the critics may expatiate on his undeniable dramatic ability, but when popular interest in "The Emperor Jones" has subsided, where is Charles Gilpin going to find a fitting medium as its successor? A comedy with the central figure a negro is possible, but a talent such as Gilpin's, a capacity for expressing the deeper emotions such as he possesses, ought not to be wasted. Would revivals of "Titus Andronicus," "Othello," "The Revenge" and "Oronooko" fill the bill? Aaron, the Moor, Zanga in Southern's tragedy, are all powerful and compelling rôles whose heroes' visages wear, as the Bard so eloquently describes it: "The shadowed livery of the burnished sun."

HISTORIC FIGURES ON THE STAGE

Useful in illustrating modern themes, the human document being the same. An interview with

JOHN DRINKWATER

A MAN must be over forty before he can write comedy," said the author of "Mary Stuart," a few days before he sailed back to England on the *Adriatic*, and we bowed a humble deference to this modest upheaval of precedent.

John Drinkwater is a young man, in his thirties, not having merged, as he admitted, from the serious vision—youth's message to a wrinkled world. Still, now being well launched in this country of quick imagination and much money, he is riding his successful way back home, with a comedy in his mind, "But I shan't write it yet," he said.

The British poet denies that he is attempting to write historical plays. He abhors that sort of play. So far as any intention he may have had to write an historical drama, he says, the Lincoln play might have been about Napoleon or the Czar of Russia. It was written to illustrate a theme, to point a moral, which Lincoln happened to adorn. This distinctly new application of historical figures in the theatre is one of the interesting revelations of the playwright's inner consciousness of his job.

It seems that he throws the history book out of the window, before he writes the play. If it is picked up by some hungry critic in the street, it's not the playwright's fault. He is welcome to it, because the play has little to do with its pages—that is, so far as Mr. Drinkwater is concerned. He has a firm British assurance that his principles of what a play should be are right, and there you are. The American public, he thought, agreed with him. On the whole, a very sincere, deep-thinking, serious young man, with a tendency towards aesthetic motives in the theatre. One gathers in talking with him some perplexing qualities of thought as to what the stage can do, must do, should do, and very definitely one thing, what it should not do—present the historical play merely for the sake of historical accuracy. He said:

YOU see, there's the story of the play, and there's the theme. The story may be anything, it must be an impression of some writer's theme, suitable for dramatic purposes, aesthetic perhaps in treatment, regardless of who the characters are, where they lived, or when. I don't suppose thirty per cent. of the audiences in England who saw my Lincoln play, knew anything about him further than that he was President of the United States, and that he was assassinated. Certainly, not five per cent. of them knew anything about the other characters who were all historically related. I have a series of general themes for plays that in themselves are really modern themes. It is my idea to use historical figures to impress these themes in my stories. It saves a lot of work because, otherwise, you have to create new characters and the human document is essentially the same. Some of them are more smudged than others, but there is always in a theme the predominent dramatic elements of conflict, and the eternal problems of life.

"Critics are always saying that the plays which my friend Bernard Shaw writes, prove nothing, just as if you can prove that one's life is pre-arranged. There is another obvious advantage in choosing human documents that have been stamped by history, you avoid unpleasant differences of opinion as to the theme you have in mind. Take the Irish question, for instance. The stage could not, at present, adopt it in any form, with any



Campbell Studios

JOHN DRINKWATER

Author of "Abraham Lincoln," "Mary Stuart," etc.

degree of theatrical safety. A play must have a theme, and after that a story. Any story will do that embodies it, clothes it, projects it.

"In my Lincoln play I had the theme of the leadership of men. It is one of the most important problems for human solution. I might have created a character, but Lincoln was already a living symbol of my theme. He still lives, a white light across the darkness of the years, lighting a way for the future. His was a leadership of sublime sincerity to the fundamental ethics of all nations—liberty and honesty. The period in which he lived, the national character of the country in which he was born, the crisis of the Nation in his time, were all adaptable to my theme. He typified exactly the kind of leadership I had in mind, an inspired soul in key with the distracted soul of a great people. The historical accuracy of the play lent itself to a certain aesthetic motive I may have had in my theme, that there are leaders among men who catch the hidden glow of human justice, who reflect it with courage and indisputable wisdom.

"There are different themes of leadership. For instance, I have just finished a play with Oliver Cromwell as the peg on which to hang quite another sort of leader. Cromwell was a leader who overthrew a Monarchy that he might create a leadership of his own. There enters into this formula the qualities of ambition, of fanatic impulse, the overriding will of powerful incentive. I have just been visiting the old confederate battlefields around Richmond, to glimpse some impressive historical facts in a play I am writing about Lee. His leadership again involves a variation of the others.

"Now, none of these are historical plays. They are themes bearing upon leadership in human affairs, not plays about the leaders, themselves. The historical play is not convincing to me, it is too remote in its detail of political plot, its intrigue of state affairs, or its hero-worship. I have been criticized for not making the historical characters I use sufficiently clear, to those who may not know their history. I don't care anything about that. If they never heard of Mary Stuart, for instance, or Darnley or Bothwell (which, no doubt, some have not), I am depending upon the æsthetic symbolism of the play, upon its dramatic story to sustain interest. It doesn't really matter whether they knew who Darnley was when he enters. There he is, a human type preying upon the tortured soul of his legal wife. Whether he is King of Scotland, or a drunken shepherd, the type helps the story and theme of my play. Its not history I'm trying to write about, it's universal problems. The theme of 'Mary Stuart,' is perfectly modern. It could be set in a modern drawing-room and played in ball-dresses with some slight alterations of dialogue, and, I hope, create the same impression. It is the theme of a woman starved by the fate of her surroundings, for the wholesome, natural, normal sustenance of a worthy love.

IT surprises me to receive in my mail, all sorts of letters suggesting historical incidents of a dramatic character. Surely, I am not expected of attempting to write the historical play, the play of grand people in blank verse perhaps? No, no, no, I abhor that sort of play, because, no matter how well it is done, it can never be true. Who can tell what these historical figures really said or did, except at very spectacular moments?

"Some have questioned the correct adaptation of my language to the period of plays. That, too, I think is a dangerous task for the playwright to attempt. A man must write in the idiom of his day, or he will not be understood, any more than a play of Ben Jonson's would be now. When an author attempts to resurrect the idiom of a period he never touched with any but visionary senses, he is lost. That is why blank verse in plays is a handicap. Shakespeare, of course, must be excepted, but (*Continued on page* 448)



White

Left to right: Mr. Kallan (Emmet Corrigan), Mrs. Kallan (Olive Tell), Grace Lonarby (Eleanor Woodruff)

Act II: Mr. Kallan, convinced of his wife's infatuation for Mr. Jovaine, pays a visit to the latter's studio and, while there, secretly obtains an impression of the sculptor's fingers with which he intends to wreak a diabolical vengeance



Act III: Having killed his wife, Kallan, with his newly made rubber stamp, leaves the impression of Jovaine's fingers everywhere in the room, so that, when the police arrive, there can be no doubt as to who committed the crime



Act IV: The realistic Court Room Scene. The sculptor (Pedro de Cordoba) loudly protests his innocence, but the jury is impressed by the damning evidence of the finger prints, and the public prosecutor (John Craig) demands that his life be made forfeit to the State.

"NEMESIS:" A DRAMA OF JUDICIAL MURDER

ECONOMY IN THE THEATRE

Good taste and artistic value not the result of mere lavish expenditure

By FLORENCE GILLIAM

THE theatrical world has learned a big lesson from the Little Theatre. A combination of circumstances has brought this about. The little theatres, to meet the exigencies of lack of space and lack of funds, have invented economic devices for getting effects which have proved more vitally successful than those produced by a tremendous but badly organized outlay of money. Furthermore, the so-called art theatre movement has found its chief outlet for expression in these little theatres and one of the main tenets of the art theatre movement is: "Suggestion, not Representation." In this case, then, practical demands and artistic ideals were for once synchronized. Gradually producers are coming to realize that good taste and real artistic value are not the result of mere lavish expenditure, and the public has seen the superiority of ideas over money.

The problem of the initial cost of a theatre has been met by the remodeling of old barns, saloons, private houses, or what-not, in less expensive neighborhoods. The public finds its way to them and enjoys the quest. Inside the theatre, expenses have been kept at a minimum by reviving the use of the fore-stage in conjunction with the modern picture-frame stage; by a discriminating use of curtains, screens, and conventional panels; by employing the cyclorama and occasionally the sky-dome for exteriors, and the skeleton set for interiors; by the exercise of ingenuity in dyeing and decorating cheap fabrics; and by the constant development of new ideas in lighting.

Granville Barker was one of the first to use the combination of modern and mediæval stage. He retained thus, at one time, the advantages of a unified picture inside the proscenium and those of a neutral ground, indefinite as to location and in closer touch with the audience—advantages which arise from the use of the old apron, a relic of the platform drama. This use has been widely extended. Stuart Walker made the most of the fore-stage for convenience in quick change of location, separation of groups of characters, and pictorial effect. Many a small playhouse has been able to establish a setting for street scenes or an indefinite background for detached action, by having the fore-stage backed with a neutral-colored drop—with perhaps a door in the middle, leading supposedly to the interior. Draperies and steps at the sides make possible entrances from the house, which are always picturesque and in some cases, spectacularly effective.

SOME theatres, like the Chicago Little Theatre, for instance, have gone so far in conventionalization as to use simply hangings, or Gordon Craig's famous screens, played upon by varying lights, as the setting for an entire production. Another scheme is to employ decorative panels in tone with the action. I once saw a complete illusion of a garden conveyed by a circular drop painted in a fusion of faint gray, pink, and lavendar, with three panels containing black and white lattice intersected by clusters of tiny pink roses, set up against it.

A European device known as the horizont or sky-dome has been only occasionally employed in America. The Neighborhood Playhouse, in New York's East Side, has had for years a semi-circular plaster wall as a background for lighting, and Sam Hume installed one at the Arts and Crafts Theatre in Detroit. One of the most important moves in recent staging was the building of a complete dome for use in the production of the 1920 Autumn bill of the Provincetown Players at their barn theatre on MacDougall Street, New York. Many experimental theatres have made use of the cyclorama or painted canvass sky-drop. This makes a background of general out-of-doors, against which exteriors may be indicated with trees, hedges, or the like—usually conventionalized—and interiors by means of architectural pieces such as columns, platforms, and steps. This last scheme is associated in America with its most ardent exponent, Sam Hume. An artist's eye finds great opportunity in the play of color against such a background.

Another device, probably borrowed from the dance-drama, is the use of a plain screen lighted from behind as the background for pantomime in silhouette. This is reinforced by absolute simplicity in property and costume and it has been particularly effective for the exaltation and detachment of the religious story, for the weird surroundings of such legends as Orpheus and Eurydice, and for the remote and mysterious atmosphere of tales like Pelleas and Melisande.

Reinhardt's theory of the skeleton interior as a basis for unity in the various scenes of a play has its practical value as well. An interior in some unobtrusive color combination, like tan and ivory, makes a good foundation for all sorts of colorful effects in properties and costumes. Perhaps the most useful arrangement of entrances is the large center opening, which may be either arch or French windows, and the single doors up right and left. The center (*Continued on page* 446)



Designed by Roland Young

"Hamlet" Scene in "Rollo's Wild Oat," showing ultra-simplification; draperies, a platform and two chairs, with carefully directed lighting, achieving the entire effect.

LITTLE STORIES OF THE STAGE

THE CALCULATIONS OF CARRIE

DRAWN BY
SEDDIE ASPELL



INDISCREET



IN DEBT



IN HOCK



INGRATE



INHERITANCE



IN DUTCH

IN THE SPOTLIGHT



Photo Schwarz
© William Harris, Jr.

CHARLES WALDRON

WHOSE brilliant characterization of Darnley in "Mary Stuart," is one of the outstanding hits of John Drinkwater's historical drama, began his career, as did Frances Starr, Laura Hope Crewes, Dorothy Donneley and other well known players, in H. V. Donnelley's old Murray Hill Stock Company. His first Broadway success was scored in Belasco's "The Warrens of Virginia," after which he supported such stars as Pauline Frederick, Mrs. Fiske and Elsie Ferguson. Last year Mr. Waldron appeared in "The Passion Flower"

(Oval)

DEIRDRE DOYLE

WHOSE refreshing picture of Judith Cannot in "The Great Adventure" has elicited enthusiastic comment, comes of a player family. Her experience includes an appearance opposite Walker Whiteside in "Mr. Wu," the leading rôle on tour in "Madam X" and "Everywoman," and extensive stock training





Goldberg

IAN MACLAREN

WHO plays the shyly eccentric artist in the Neighborhood Playhouse's production of Arnold Bennett's delightful comedy, "The Great Adventure," appeared first in Mr. Bennett's "Cupid and Common Sense." Mr. MacLaren has been identified with the plays of Shakespeare, Shaw and Galsworthy and has appeared all over the country in Margaret Anglin's classic repertoire. He will also be remembered as the leading juvenile with George Arliss in "Disraeli"



White

ROBERT AMES

WHO, as leading man with Francine Larrimore in "Nice People" and in the title rôle of "The Hero," recently tried out for a week of special matinees, has established himself as one of our most promising young actors. Mr. Ames first appeared with Henry Miller in "The Great Divide." Then followed "The Servant in the House" and with Tom Wise in "The Silver Wedding." He received a thorough stock company training in Detroit, Toronto, and Northhampton, Mass. and then was engaged by Mr. Miller to support Ruth Chatterton in "Come Out of the Kitchen"



Portrait by Ira D. Schwarz

MARGARET MOWER

Sarah Bernhardt said of this fortunate young actress who played with her during her last American tour, that she possessed the most beautiful shoulders in the world. This portrait in Moyen-Age costume, designed by Jimmie Reynolds, bears witness to the French tragedienne's good judgment. Miss Mower plays Mary in "Welcome Stranger"—a rôle she has been acting ever since the piece began its remarkable tour over two years ago.

Jane Grey, of "The Skin Game," takes a classic pose when interpreting the deeper emotions.



Photos by Ira D. Schwarz
Motif by Margaret Vale



Frances Carson of "The Bad Man," thinks of grief as a cloud behind which shines the star of hope.



Olive Wyndham, now in "The Green Goddess," conveys an expression of hopeless despair

To Margaret Wycherly, the Irish mother in "Mixed Marriage," grief comes silently, in drab garments.



GRIEF—AS LEADING ACTRESSES EXPRESS IT

FLORENCE JOHNS AND CLARE EAMES

Queen Mary speaks sadly to her companion: "R i c c i o, Darnley, Bothwell . . . It's a barren stock of lovers, Beaton. I who could have made the greatest greater."



Photos by Schwarz
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Charles Waldron Clare Eames Frank Reicher

(Riccio sings as Darnley, Mary's husband, enters unseen:)

"But this I say, if Holyrood
Had crowned a proper king,
These grey walls had the blossoms worn
Of an eternal spring."



Clare Eames Thurston Hall

Bothwell urges the queen to flee with him: "You are not my queen, you are my subject. . . . Mary, my beloved, I am stronger than you. Come, I bid it."

(Mary stays a moment in his arms. Then she slowly releases herself).

Mary: It is magnificent. But I told you I am wiser than my blood."

POETRY AND PASSION IN DRINKWATER'S "MARY STUART"

"THE FIRST YEAR"

THIS comedy by Frank Craven has been hailed by critics and public alike as one of the best plays of American life yet written. Excerpts from some of the most amusing passages of Mr. Craven's phenominally successful play are given in the Theatre Magazine by special permission of the author, who plays the leading male rôle in the piece.

Copyright 1920 *by Frank Craven.*

THE story of "The First Year" is laid in Reading, Ill., where live the Livingstons—Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Livingston and their daughter, Grace, a girl of twenty, with no particular good looks, but one any fellow would find attractive. The fourth member of the family is Dr. Anderson, Mrs. Livingston's brother, a physician of the old school, the sort of man to inspire confidence and good enough for any one who hadn't enough money to indulge in specialists. It was generally Dr. Anderson who did most of the talking after dinner. Grace would be playing softly on the piano to herself; Mrs. Livingston would have some family mending to occupy her restless hands; Mr. Livingston, with his pipe and evening paper, would be lost to everything but the local and national news, and after the doctor had finished his customary "forty-winks," he was ready to talk for or against any subject of which he happened to be given a lead.

On the particular night the play opens, Mr. Livingston has found an item about a regular caller at the Livingston home, Richard A. Loring, a "wild, straying sort," and as anxious to leave the home town as Grace. Loring has a sort of contempt for those fellows who considered Reading "good enough," and who had decided to keep on there. Having a college education, seen a bit more of life than his fellows, he had a feeling of superiority and this was not always concealed.

LIVINGSTON: Dick Loring is leaving town, Grace.

GRACE: Yes, I know.

LIVINGSTON: Huh?

MRS. LIVINGSTON: Grace knows about it, dear, but it's the first I've heard. What does it say?

LIVINGSTON: Huh?

MRS. LIVINGSTON: Read it.

LIVINGSTON: (*Reading from paper. As he gets into it, Grace puts down her book and listens*). Friends of Richard A. Loring, Jr., will be pleased to hear of his association with the Central Pacific Railroad as a construction engineer. While they will regret his departure from town, they will be anxious to see him succeed in his chosen profession. We understand from Richard that he is to receive a fine remuneration.

MRS. L.: Well, thank goodness, I have a daughter and not a son.

DR. ANDERSON: Wouldn't you like to have a son, sister?

MRS. L.: No, boys grow up and leave home.

DR.: Well, girls do, too.

MRS. L.: My girl won't, will you, Grace?

GRACE: I haven't decided yet, mother.

DR.: You won't have much chance to leave home if you don't hurry up and grab one of these boys. (*Puts hand on Grace's shoulder*).

MRS. L.: Don't get that notion in her head, Myron. There's no need for her to hurry. She's young yet.

GRACE: I'm twenty.

MRS. L.: I wasn't married until I was more than that.

DR.: Well, there was a reason in your case, sister. The town we lived in was so small it was hard for a young fellow to find it.

LIVINGSTON: (*To Dr.*) What's hard to find?

DR.: I'm not going all over that again.

LIVINGSTON: (*To Mrs. L.*) What is it?

MRS. L.: We were speaking about sons and daughters, Fred, and saying how much more likely a boy is to leave home than a girl.

LIVINGSTON: Oh! (*goes back to paper.*)

DR.: (*Takes arm away*). You wouldn't be able to get Jim Powell to agree with you, sister. He has three sons who are patermaniacs.

GRACE: What are patermaniacs?

DR.: They love their father so much they won't leave him even to go to work.

MRS. L.: Well, if I had a son he probably wouldn't be like Jim Powell's. He'd be going off to be a soldier or sailor or something to shorten my days. No, I'm satisfied to have a girl, and I'll be more satisfied to have her stay right where she is.

DR.: (*Goes up L, gets straw from broom cleans pipe*). You mothers are all alike. You don't want to lose them, and yet your great ambition is to see them married and in a home of their own.

L.: (*Watching Dr. go up*). What's it all about? Who's going to get married?

GRACE: I am. (*Dr. turns and looks at Grace*).

L.: Huh?

MRS. L.: Grace!

GRACE: (*Embarrassed for a moment, then recovering herself*). Well, I hope I am. (*Dr. starts down L C*).

MRS. L.: Oh!

GRACE: And when I do—I mean, if I do, I've got it all planned—(*Gets up and kneels on sofa*), I'd just have a very quiet wedding, and then I'd have a honeymoon—some place—it doesn't matter much where you go on your honeymoon. And then I'd want a home of my own, and the last place I'd want it is here in Reading.

Follows a family discussion. Grace declares her ambitions to have a home and children, and refers to Dr. Anderson the momentous question of when a girl can tell the man she loves. The mother joins in the discussion but finally gives up in indignation at the doctor's encouragement of Grace's views and leaves the room. After proving for her own satisfaction that her father has fallen asleep, Grace enters into a discussion of the relative merits of Dick Loring and one "Tommy" Tucker with the sensible old physician. She decides that Dick is romantic, that Tommy is not good looking, but dependable and obliging, and that she wouldn't have him if he pursued the old-fashioned way of asking her parents consent first. The door bell rings. Mr. Livingston wakes with a start and looks around in a bewildered way.

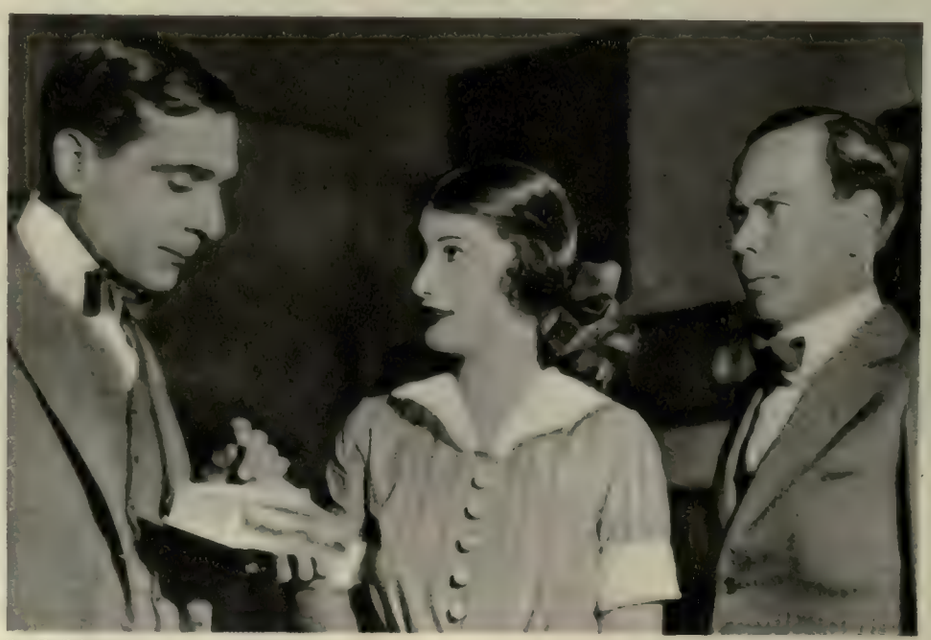
L.: What?

GRACE: The door bell.

L.: Oh, who is it?

GRACE: We don't know yet. (*Turns and looks at the doctor*).

L.: Oh! (*As Grace starts, Mrs. L. N's and exits*). (*Continued on page* 406)



Ira D. Schwarz

Act I. Tommy (Frank Craven) brings Grace (Roberta Arnold) the usual box of candy, much to the disgust of his hated rival, Dick Loring (Lyster Chambers)



Nickolas Muray

ADOLPH BOLM AND RUTH PAGE

"Les Précieuses Ridicules" is the appropriate name of this little choreographic comedy which Bolm, prince of satire, has adapted to the music of Serge Prokieff.



Charlotte Fairchild

STEPHANIE KOVAK

September will see the opening of the vivid Kovak Ballet, which comes—no, not from Russia, but from Chicago. The spirited young dancer who is its chief protagonist has spent four years with the Chicago Opera.



Nickolas Muray

GUILBERT ROSE

A dancer of unusual merit, who will be seen in New York, for the first time, next season. Paris, however, knows him well, as does his native Canada.

RUTH PAGE

The charming little dancer in the Ballet Intime, which is now touring the country, as she appears in "Deception," a valse by Schubert.



Charlotte Fairchild

VIVID FIGURES IN THE WORLD OF DANCE



© Moffett

LYNN FONTAINE

Among the early offerings of the fall season in New York, will be "Dulcy," a comedy whose road career has been something of a triumphal procession. Miss Fontaine will be seen in the title rôle—a part she is at present playing in Chicago

MADGE KENNEDY

The spring drive of the movies has dispossessed "Cornered," and its star from the Astor Theatre—an event which pleased no one so much as Madge, who is now able to enjoy her first vacation in seven years. In the fall she will reopen in "Cornered."



Edward Thayer Monroe

MARGARET LAWRENCE

This sprightly comedienne, recently seen in "Transplanting Jean," is spending the summer in France. But she's returning in the autumn in a new play—to say nothing of new French frocks.



Nickolas Muray

LEADING PLAYERS IN LEADING ROLES



Portrait by Ira D. Schwarz

ARNOLD DALY IN "THE TAVERN"

One of our few actors who can impersonate character—in other words, one of the rare players who can act. Mr. Daly's long absence abroad was a distinct loss to the American stage. On his return recently, he once more gave evidence of his fine art by his admirable portrayal of the swaggering, lovable vagabond in "The Tavern."



Ira D. Schwarz

Act II. Tommy, determined to do the thing right, struggles into a boiled shirt the night he and Grace entertain Mr. and Mrs. Barstow at dinner in their small flat

MRS. L.: I'll go, Grace.

GRACE: It must be Dick, Mother's going.

L.: Aha!

GRACE: Father'll start to wake up now.

DR.: Yes, but only long enough to go to bed. (*Mrs. L. enters*).

MR. L.: (*To Grace*). It's Dick! (*Sits near Livingston*). It's Dick Loring.

(*Dick Loring enters, greets Grace first, then Mrs. L., then the Dr. He is a good-looking, dark boy, about 23 or 24, strong, and athletic-looking*).

DICK: Good-evening.

L.: How are you, Dick?

DR.: Hello, Dick.

DICK: Doctor. (*Goes to Grace*).

GRACE: Hello, Dick.

L.: We've been reading about you tonight, Dick. (*Mrs. L. keeps her eye on Dick all the time, as though she didn't trust him even in her sight*).

DICK: Yes?

L.: That's correct, is it—that you are going away?

DICK: Yes, sir, it's all settled.

DR.: How soon are you leaving, Dick?

DICK: In another week.

DR.: Where are they sending you?

DICK: I'm not sure yet.

L.: Eh, what's that?

MRS. L.: He doesn't know where he is going.

L.: Is that so?

DICK: I don't care much so long as I get away.

DR.: Tired of us here, Dick?

DICK: Oh, no. There are some I'll hate to leave, but there are some I won't miss much. I think, though, it's a good thing to get away. There isn't anything for me here in this town.

MRS. L.: Well, you mustn't get too restless, Richard. You know what they say about rolling stones.

DICK: A fellow has to do a little rolling, Mrs. Livingston, to find a good place to stop. There are a lot of fellows who'd have done better if they had rolled away from this village.

MRS. L.: Why, I think most of the boys we know are doing very nicely. Now, you take Nathan Allen, helping his father in the store. Mr. Allen told me he didn't know what he would do without Nathan.

GRACE: That's all right for his father, but I don't see where it is helping Nate much. I think Nate is terribly stupid, anyway.

MRS. L.: Grace!

GRACE: Well, I do. If we didn't have weather, I don't know what he'd do for something to talk about.

DR.: What about Tommy Tucker?

DICK: Well, er——

MRS. L.: I won't have you say anything about Tommy. (*Grace winks at Dr.*). I wouldn't care if he'd never been off Main Street all his life—Tommy is a nice boy.

DICK: Oh, I don't mean to say that any of them are not, Mrs. Livingston, but Tommy is in the class with the rest of them. How is a fellow to do anything in a real estate business in this town? There isn't anybody moving into the place, and the people here wouldn't sell anything they had anyway. Tommy is wasting his time here and I've told him so, too.

DR.: Tommy seems satisfied.

DICK: That's just it, Doctor, they're all satisfied.

GRACE: And they are all dull, deadly dull.

MRS. L.: I won't let you call Tommy dull.

GRACE: No, Tommy isn't, but real estate isn't a very romantic business.

(*Enter Tommy, a typical small-town business young man, diffident, but with plenty of underlying, self-reliance*).

He has brought Grace the usual box of candy. Mr. Livingston seizes on him for a game of bridge, and much to Tommy's dismay, Grace and Dick beg off. He is captured and half-heartedly plays, watching his rival enjoy a conversation on the sofa. His torments are increased when Grace and Dick go out on the porch to look at the stars. Finally, Dick departs, evidently not in Grace's favor. The Dr. has to go out also on a sick call, but calls Tommy on the telephone and tells him that Grace has rejected Dick, and cautions him to sail right in and grab Grace.

With father and mother going up stairs, Tommy's chance finally comes and he schools himself to it. He tries to literally grab Grace as the Dr. has coached him to do and makes a botch of it.

TOMMY: I'll tell you the truth—while you were out there with Dick tonight, the Doctor told me I was all wrong—I ought to be romantic. He told me a lot of things to do. I can't remember all of them, and I couldn't do them if I could. I was going to speak to your father and mother tonight. I told the Doctor I was—and then the telephone rang, and he told me—again—I wasn't to do it. I had forgotten that, too.

GRACE: I thought that was it. Did he tell you Dick and I had a quarrel?

TOMMY: Yes.

GRACE: And the reason?

TOMMY: He didn't have time. He just said: "Be romantic and grab her quick."

GRACE: (*Laughs*). You do love me a lot, don't you, Tommy?

TOMMY: Oh, Grace, I can't tell you how much.

GRACE: You don't have to. I wonder if you would marry me if I said "yes"?

TOMMY: Grace!

GRACE: Wait—if I said yes.

TOMMY: Yes.

GRACE: Provided we go away some place to live?

TOMMY: All right. Wouldn't it be almost the same if we took a couple of trips each year? Then, when he came back, everything would be practically new.

GRACE: I won't compromise on that, Tommy.

TOMMY: All right, but there is my business, Grace.

GRACE: Haven't you faith enough in your-

(*Continued on page 410*)



Ira D. Schwarz

Act II. But the bird is tough and the hired girl makes such awful breaks that perspiration bursts from Tommy's brow and Grace is on the verge of hysteria, while the tactful Mr. and Mrs. Barstow pretend not to notice anything amiss



Pirie MacDonald

JOSEF SCHILDKRAUT

This son of Rudolf Schildkraut was the one bright spot in the gloom of "Pagans." He will soon be seen in the Theatre Guild's production of "Lilium."



Apeda

SIDNEY BLACKMER

The young actor whose Broadway career began so auspiciously in "Not So Long Ago," already has his eyes turned towards Shakespeare—Romeo to oe exact.



White

A. E. MATTHEWS

Laurette Taylor's leading accomplice, who has played Jerry almost—if not quite—as often as she has played Peg



Ira L. Hill

JACK HANLEY

The agile juggler of the Ziegfeld Frolic, whose merry antics are vastly entertaining and defy all laws of gravity.



© Ray Huff

FISKE O'HARA

Here is one actor who can laugh at "the decline of the road." Seasons come and go, but Fiske O'Hara is always on tour with a lilting Irish play. This year it is "Springtime in Mayo," a romance by Anna Nichols.

FAVORITES IN BROADWAY'S AMUSEMENT WHIRL

Edward Thayer Monroe

ELIZABETH HINES

The young prima donna of "Love Birds" is also an accomplished pianist. She has appeared on Broadway only once before in "See-Saw."





Edward Thayer Monroe

JESSICA BROWN

A comely Winter Gardenia, whose singing and dancing add gaiety to the Century Promenade.



Hixon Connelly

VERA BERESFORD

The charming daughter of Kitty Gordon.



Portrait by Nickolas Muray

MARGARET SEVERN

Dancing with "The Greenwich Village Follies" is not sufficient exercise for this energetic young woman, so she occupies her spare moments concocting special matinées of such dainty morsels as this "Butterfly Dance." Miss Severn was one of the ten artists recently honored by the Drama League for exceptional contributions to the theatre.

self to build up another—some other place?

TOMMY: Yes, I guess I could do that! Is that all you ask of me, Grace?

GRACE: That's all, Tommy.

TOMMY: Gee, what a lucky fellow I am!

And after their honeymoon they have settled in Joplin, Mo. Not a great deal of difference, this Joplin from the Reading they had left, but it was going away for Grace. It was nearing the end of the first year of their married life, the time during which the good Doctor had told Grace she would have to be prepared to forgive her husband three times a week. Tommy has secured an option on some real estate which he feels sure the railroad will have to buy to run its tracks through a certain district. Every cent he could beg, borrow, obtain in any way, he has paid in to hold the option. And the evening arrives when he is to entertain in his home, a small apartment, the purchasing agent of the road and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Barstow, and receive an answer.

The climax of her trials has been reached as Grace with only a substitute, clumsy maid to help her, struggles to prepare for the function in the small Joplin flat. Tommy has told her of the deal. He can't keep silent about it. He has even invested her Liberty Bond, but with great fortitude and the prospect of $100,000 profit, Grace is keyed up to receive the important guests.



Ira D. Schwarz

Act III. After the row with his young wife, all due to that awful dinner, Tommy, unable to stand his loneliness any longer, seeks her out in the Livingston home where she has taken refuge, and has a painful physical encounter with his hated rival whom he finds trying to act as his wife's consoler

While the impossible drudge is burning the soup and breaking the crockery, and adding generally to the confusion, Grace, overwrought and hysterical, dresses in a made-over evening gown while Tommy struggles reluctantly into a dress suit. Before they are ready, the guests arrive—not in evening clothes, and, eventually, with much halting and jerking, the dinner proceeds. Then the door bell rings and Dick Loring enters. It comes out that Dick is the new construction engineer of the road. They ask him how he's getting on—Tommy Tucker taking on a patronizing tone.

DICK: Well, the answer to it is that I am holding down a very good position. And I have had even better offers. How have you been doing, Tommy?

TOMMY: Oh, I'm making out all right.

GRACE: Making out all right! He's doing splendidly. Dick, Tommy is going to be a rich man!

DICK: Tommy rich? Is that so?

GRACE: Yes, Tommy's sold——

TOMMY: Never mind.

GRACE: Tommy has a big piece of property the railroad is going to buy to build a new road.

DICK: Oh, that new spur line?

TOMMY: Yes.

DICK: Good boy, Tommy.

GRACE: Tommy has been awfully clever about it. It was an old amusement park and Tommy found out that——

DICK: Amusement park? Out by Hillsboro?

TOMMY: No, not by Hillsboro—Knollwood. Great Scott, Hillsboro is thirty-five miles south of there.

DICK: So you are going to sell the railroad property in Knollwood, are you?

TOMMY: Yes, and now that you are connected with the railroad, I may charge them more for it.

GRACE: Tommy!

DICK: Is that what you're counting on to make you rich?

TOMMY: Oh, I have other interest..

DICK: I'm glad of that.

GRACE: Why, Dick?

DICK: Because Knollwood's not where the road's to be built at all.

GRACE: Oh, Tommy!

TOMMY: Oh, what?

GRACE: Did you hear what he said?

TOMMY: Certainly, I heard what he said. What does he know about it?

DICK: Well, I ought to know something, I'm going to construct it.

BARSTOW: Are you sure of what you're saying, Loring?

DICK: Sure—why, I'll bet you a year's salary to the rent of this flat that I'm right.

TOMMY: (*Feels in pockets, remembers he has no money*). I don't want to take your money.

BARSTOW: Huh! Tucker, have you got the maps? Maybe Loring has the names mixed.

TOMMY: I'll get them for you (*Rises and goes up to desk*).

And the bubble breaks, busted by an old boyhood friend. The Barstows and Dick leave and Tommy is left alone with his distraught little wife. The words fly back and forth. Grace is strung to the highest tension. For months she has sacrificed herself, given up everything, and Tommy, too, has been noble and self-sacrificing. It has been a hard struggle and just as the goal was in sight—the end. One word leads to another, and despite all the Doctor's warning, anger and exasperation, some shame, too, that Tommy is a failure, overcomes Grace, and packing up her grip she goes home to mother in Reading. But Tommy clings on. He won't give up. But he does start drinking.

And lecturing to himself, addressing the chair last occupied by the beloved one, he declares his faith in himself and in his project, when the door bell rings. It is Barstow returned.

BARSTOW: Would I disturb her? I really would like to see you.

TOMMY: Not a bit—come in. (*Barstow comes down C and sits at table. Hattie, the maid, enters with pitcher, stirring contents*). Hattie, get a fresh glass for Mr. Barstow! (*Hattie gets a glass from closet, puts it on table and exits*). I'm just having a little drink.

BARSTOW: So I notice.

TOMMY: What's your little trouble?

BARSTOW: It's about that transaction of ours. (*They drink*). Now, I want to put my cards on the table with you, Mr. Tucker—be fair and above board.

TOMMY: Cern'lly.

BARSTOW: A week ago I was commissioned to get that piece of land you own. I have been all that time dickering with you, because I wanted to get it as cheap as possible.

TOMMY: Nacherly.

BARSTOW: When Loring made the statement he did tonight, I had a feeling he was wrong, and yet it seemed to me, as he was in the construction end of the game, he ought to know what he was talking about.

TOMMY: He's never known what he's talking about.

BARSTOW: Well, he didn't tonight! I thought possibly the plans had been switched, and that somehow they had muffed advising me. But I got Frisbee, the president, on the wire the moment I left here, and what he said about your friend Loring——

TOMMY: He's no friend of mine! Whatessay?

BARSTOW: Said what the hell would Loring know about his plans! That when he was trying to build railroads he wasn't in the habit of telling every underling what he intended doing.

TOMMY: Did he call him an underling?

BARSTOW: That's the mildest thing he called him.

TOMMY: (*Pours out drink, chuckles to himself*). Underling! I must remember that—underling—that's good.

BARSTOW: So that arrangement of ours is all right.

TOMMY: It is, is it? Who told you all that?

BARSTOW: Well, isn't it? You agreed to sell.

TOMMY: And you agreed to buy, but you renigged.

BARSTOW: Oh, no, I didn't! I went out to telephone and see if you weren't right.

TOMMY: Not if I weren't—if Loring was.

BARSTOW: Well, put it that way.

TOMMY: And if he had been, you'd have said the deal's all off, and as long as he is wrong, I'll say the deal's all off.

BARSTOW: You have given me your word you'd sell at a price, and I think you ought to stand on your word. Now, here is a



White

LEO DITRICHSTEIN AND PHOEBE FOSTER IN "TOTO"

The irrepressible Leo reappears in the rôle of another elderly French roué, whose matrimonial plans for his daughter come sharply in conflict with her mother's religious notions.



White

ARTHUR BYRON AND LAURA WALKER IN "THE GHOST BETWEEN"

After his none too successful venture in French comedy, the adaptable Arthur Byron now presents himself in a play, done in choicest Americanese, that inverts the usual order of things by having a gruesome death-bed scene at the very beginning, and much merry-making thereafter.

POPULAR STARS IN NEW COMEDIES

certified check I brought with me tonight for twenty-five thousand—that ought to be enough proof of my intentions when I came here—

TOMMY: When you came here, yes!

BARSTOW: I'll give you the other seventy-five thousand when the deeds are made over.

TOMMY: That's only a hundred thousand.

BARSTOW: Well, that was your price.

TOMMY: It was, but when you left so abruptly, the price jumped fifty thousand dollars.

BARSTOW: I won't pay it.

TOMMY: All right.

BARSTOW: (*Picks up check, puts on hat*). Is that the best you'll do?

TOMMY: (*Rises*). What time is it?

BARSTOW: Not quite nine o'clock.

TOMMY: (*Looks at watch*). That's right. It's nearer tomorrow than when I made the price, so it's only a hundred and twenty-five!

BARSTOW: But, I say—

TOMMY: Want it? Because if you don't, I'll take it out and sell it tomorrow to somebody who'll sting you good.

BARSTOW: All right, a hundred and twenty-five thousand.

And with his new fortune won and his wife lost, Tommy finds himself the next morning in the hospital as a result of the drinking of the questionable stuff with which the housemaid had supplied him. Meanwhile, Grace is with her parents, and in her moments of second thought, yearns for her husband. She is remaining at home in order to avoid questioning by prying neighbors and will not even confide in her mother the truth of the situation. To her credit she reaches a determination to return to Joplin and fight it out with Tommy and not abandon him in his misfortune.

Then Dr. Anderson arrives home from out of town. He confesses he has been at Tommy's bedside in the hospital. This redoubles Grace's determination and she is about to depart when Mr. Livingston comes in with his inevitable daily paper containing a glowing account of Tommy's wealth. This reacts on Grace and she is unwilling in her own mind to return to her husband now that he is successful. In her quandary she accepts the sympathy of Dick Loring who calls, having been fired by the railroad for the land purchase fiasco. Right in the middle of their conference Tommy walks into the home. He is dressed to kill. Carrying flowers, wearing spats and a cane, he suddenly perceives Loring, the cause of all his trouble.

With none of the chivalry of romance, Tommy attacks Loring. The latter, being a larger man, is getting the better of Tommy when in an impulse of loyalty, Grace hurls a vase at Loring and hits Tommy. The small-town villain retires as Dr. Anderson enters and proceeds to give first aid to Tommy. The latter is sore. His provocation even takes in Grace and he seems to refuse all advances from her or mediation by the doctor until the latter reveals there may be a happening in the Tucker household of some interest.

TOMMY: I can hold my own head, thank you.

DR.: All right, but I want Grace to hold this adhesive plaster so I can cut it. (*Cuts plaster, Grace holds it*). There, that's fine. I think, Tommy, after the head stops aching, you'll be all right.

GRACE: Then that's all you'll need of me? (*Pauses, then starts*).

TOMMY: (*Xs to Grace*). One moment! I'd like to have a word with you, if I may —I won't keep you long.

GRACE: Well?

TOMMY: Contrary to the opinions expressed by master minds, I was lucky enough to guess certain facts about a railroad. I have a check here which I think you are entitled to.

GRACE: That's very generous of you, but I don't want your money.

TOMMY: I shall leave it here with the Doctor if you don't take it.

GRACE: I won't touch it.

TOMMY: Then you see that Mr. Livingston gets it, will you, Doctor? (*Dr. takes check*). *Tommy gets coat from floor, sits on settee, buttons coat, rises and goes to Grace*). Good-night. (*He starts for box and cane*).

GRACE: Good-night.

DR.: Aren't you going to say good-night to me?

TOMMY: Good-bye, Doctor. (*He shakes hands with the physician*).

DR.: Before you go, Tommy, there's one question I'd like to ask you.

TOMMY: What is it, Doctor?

DR.: What would you rather be than anything else in the world?

TOMMY: Single.

DR.: I don't believe you mean that, you've passed the worst time.

GRACE: I have passed the worst time I have ever had.

DR.: Do you mind telling me what it's all about?

GRACE: I don't. He was downright brutal to me.

TOMMY: Brutal? Why do you tell the doctor that?

GRACE: Because you were. I have marks on my arms yet where he held me.

DR.: He grabbed you?

GRACE: Yes.

DR.: Well, I know some women who'd think that's flattering.

GRACE: Well, I don't.

DR.: Why Gracie, Tommy talked of you all the time in the hospital and didn't want to live unless you came back to him.

TOMMY: That's when I was delirious.

DR.: No, you weren't, and Tommy, when Grace heard you'd been sick, she nearly tore the time table looking up the first train that would take her back to you.

GRACE: But uncle, I won't—

DR.: Yes, you did, and you called yourself names and said you were ashamed of yourself.

GRACE: But I

DR.: Stop it, Grace!

TOMMY: If you think—

DR.: Shut up, Tommy! You two are just suffering from matrimonial measels, troubles that look terrible, but don't omount to anything. Everybody has them, and like measels, it's better to have them young and get over them. Years from now you're either going to laugh at this or cry over it If you let it take you apart, you're going to cry, so let's laugh at it. What do you say, Grace? (*She turns away*). How about you, Tommy? (*He puts up his hand, 'never again'*). And Tominy, you'll want to be around to see your baby.

TOMMY: (*Looks at Dr.*). No!

DR.: Don't look so scared — it's happened before.

TOMMY: I know — but not to me. (*Rises and Xs to Grace*). Is it true, Grace? (*She bows her head*). Forgive me.

PLAYS RECOMMENDED BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

You can't go wrong if you follow this list each month

"BAD MAN, THE": Satirical melodrama with comic relief. A hit.

"BAT, THE": A real thriller. You can't afford to miss it.

"CHAMPION, THE": Highly amusing farcical comedy of the returning prodigal, which brings Grant Mitchell back to Broadway.

"DEBURAU": A fine play dealing with pathetic incidents in a mummer's life, admirably acted and presented with the wonderful detail that mark all Mr. Belasco's production.

"FIRST YEAR, THE": Delightful comedy of newly married life with that inimitable comedian Frank Craven and excellent cast.

"GOLD DIGGERS, THE": Clever comedy of chorus girl life.

"GREEN GODDESS, THE": Thrilling melodrama, with picturesque Indian background and excellent acting by George Arliss and company.

"IRENE": Delightful musical comedy—one of the biggest hits in years.

"LADY BILLY": The inimitable Mitzi in a tuneful and mildly amusing musical comedy.

"LIGHTNIN'": Frank Bacon in a highly successful comedy characterization.

"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK": Charming comedy, introducing in a new rôle that delightful young actress, Genevieve Tobin.

"MARY": Typical Cohan musical comedy success —with pretty girls, excellent comedy and bewitching melodies.

"MARY ROSE": Barrie's latest play of the never-never kind. Strange, unusual, yet absorbingly interesting.

"MARY STUART": Impressive historical drama by John Drinkwater. Picturesque and admirably acted.

"MR. PIM PASSES BY": Tenuous, but entertaining and brightly written English comedy, admirably acted by Laura Hope Crewes and other members of the Theatre Guild.

"SALLY": Tuneful, decorative and delightfully entertaining musical comedy, introducing the exquisite little dancer, Marilynn Miller as a star.

"SAMSON AND DELILAH": Tense drama introducing Ben-Ami, a temperamental, forceful actor of the Jewish Art Theatre, who gives an impressive, interesting performance.

"SKIN GAME, THE": Stirring and interesting play of class conflict in England today.

"TAVERN, THE": Highly amusing melodramatic burlesque, with Arnold Daly and competent cast.

"TIP TOP": Typical Fred Stone show with jazzy music, clever comedy and graceful dancing.

"WELCOME, STRANGER": Amusing comedy with the Jewish-American comedian George Sidney.



Portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston

M I T Z I

Mitzi, who is nothing if not versatile, cherishes dreams of a school where the principal subject taught will be versatility, and where all the pupils will emulate their instructress in their ability to sing, dance and act equally well. The principal hitch in the plan seems to be that Mitzi's managers are slightly less keen for variety and have already booked the comedienne for two more years in "Lady Billy."

OLD FAVORITES



ADELAIDE NEILSON

This popular Shakespearean actress, declared by William Winter to be the best Juliet and Viola of her time, began life as a factory girl. Born in Leeds, England, in 1846, she managed to obtain a little education and eventually found employment in a theatre. She came to America in 1872 and was seen at Booth's Theatre, New York, her success being unequivocal from the start. She returned to England in 1880, and died that same year at the height of her fame and beauty.

(Right)

CHARLES COGHLAN

The brother of that fine artist, Rose Coghlan, this player came to America in 1876, making his début at Daly's as Evelyn in "Money." A handsome, well-built man, with fine voice and engaging personality, Coghlan's success with American audiences was immediate, and he remained prominently before the public for a number of years. After making a great hit at Wallack's as Charles Surface, he appeared at the Fifth Avenue Theatre as Clarence, in his own play, "The Royal Box."





Warren

THE VOKES FAMILY

Famous organization of English comedians who came to America in 1872, making their début at the Union Square Theatre, April 15, of that year, in "The Belles of the Kitchen." The company, which consisted of Fred, Fawdon, Victoria, Jessie and Rosina Vokes, scored an immense success in this country and remained popular with our audiences for many years.



JAMES LEWIS

This popular comedian of the Augustin Daly company began his stage career as a burlesque actor in 1866, at Mr. John Wood's Olympic Theatre. As a comedian he was so irresistible that no play was long popular at Daly's of which he was not a member. William Winter says of him: "His quaintness and unconscious drollery captured all hearts. His whimsical individuality never varied, yet every character of the many that he portrayed stood clearly forth among its companions, a distinct, unique embodiment."

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

SHUBERT "THE TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC." Tragedy in four acts by Emile Moreau, translated by Astrid Argyll with musical settings by Tschaikowsky. Produced on April 12 with this cast:

Massieu	Maroni Olsen
Earl of Stafford	Charles Webster
Tiphaine	Harry Barfoot
Winchester, Cardinal	Eugene Powers
Earl of Warwick	Henry Hull
Duke of Bedford	Fred Eric
Pierre Cauchon	Albert Gran
Jean Beaupere	Sydney Mather
Henry VI	Katherine Roberts
Queen Catherine	Marion Barney
D'Estivet	Lark Taylor
Loyseleur	Ralph Roeder
Lemaistre	Howard Kyle
Ysambard	Lenox Pope
Vernon	William Street
John Grey	Glen Coulter
Jeanne d'Arc	Margaret Anglin
De Luxembourg	Cameron Matthews
Goodale	Frank Kingdon

FOR an emotional actress to play an entire season in this city speaks volumes for her personality and her art. This Margaret Anglin, has done. The greater part of it was spent in the exploitation of a play of distinctly inferior value, but which provided the star with a rôle that displayed her gifts of telling power and sensible sweep. The closing weeks she enacted rôles not only suited to her higher gifts, but in the acting of which her intelligence, feeling and capacity had their proper scope. Her unqualified success as Clytemnestra in "Iphigenia in Aulis," she followed up by a presentation of "The Trial of Joan of Arc," from which she emerged with additional laurels, earned not only as an actress, but as a producer of superlative artistic worth.

Emile Moreau's chronicle drama deals with the closing phases of Joan's life. Translated by Astrid Argyll, it impresses audiences at the Shubert as a work of historical importance, dramatic sequence and psychological insight. Dignified, eloquent and descriptive, the dialogue is delivered with fine elocutionary effect by Miss Anglin and, with few exceptions, by nearly every one of her associates. Physically, Miss Anglin is not suited to the peasant girl of Domrémy, but intellect, properly applied, will rise superior to outward shortcomings, and as *La Pucelle* Miss Anglin gives a rendition instinct with fine spiritual exaltation, naïve humor and innate dignity. A fine accomplishment.

It is a long cast, and but a few can be named for personal recognition. Maroni Olsen displayed nice depth of feeling as the devoted Massieu; Charles Webster, martial dignity as the Lord Constable; Harry Barfoot, sweet devotion and gentleness as another of Joan's *devoués*; Eugene Powers, impressive ecclesiastical authority and subtlety as the English Cardinal, Winchester; while Sydney Mather finely outlined the insistent malignant qualities of the accuser, Beaupère. Grim unction attached to the Goodale (the gaoler) of Harry Ashford, and the recreant Canon of Rouen was acted with keen emotional intensity by Ralph Roeder. Fred Eric was the Bedford, and Albert Gran the Bishop of Beauvais. The indecision and inherent cowardice of the latter had fine expression. Henry Hull as the truculent swashbuckling Earl of Warwick was a live figure in every picture. His acting possessed fluency, picturesqueness and audacity.

George Foster Platt's happily devised stage pictures were realized in fine color and movement, while Tschaikowsky's opera, "The Maid of Orleans" was arranged as a musical setting that materially enhanced the value of a very distinguished dramatic achievement.

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE. "IPHIGENIA IN AULIS," by Euripides, with musical settings by Walter Damrosch, produced on April 7, with this cast:

Agamemnon	Eugene Powers
Attendant	Harry Barfoot
Menelaus	Sidney Mather
Messenger	Ralph Roeder
Clytemnestra	Margaret Anglin
Attendant	Batsheba Askowith
Nurse of Orestes	Nell Vincent
Iphigenia	Mary Fowler
Torchbearer	Byron Foulger
Achilles	Moroni Olsen
Calchas	Milton J. Bernd

THE overwhelming success that attended the recent presentation in New York of Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis," under the auspices of the New York Oratorio Society, demonstrated, in no uncertain fashion, that there is a public here for the very best. The undraped girly-girly shows and the indecent bedroom farces enjoy, no doubt, the patronage of a great number of our less intelligent theatregoers, but that we have also an intellectual, cultured public today, actually starving for, and deeply appeciative of, the best, no one can doubt who witnessed the extraordinary and enthusiastic audience that gathered to see the Greek tragedy acted by Miss Margaret Anglin and her associates.

The occasion was a most impressive one, the vast auditorium being packed from pit to dome, while the merit of the production was such as to call for positive and continued applause. The demonstration of acclaim was, it might be said, issued in triplicate, for Walter Damrosch's musical setting was something more than an incidental accompaniment. Margaret Anglin brought her dramatic ability to bear with telling effect on the rôle of Clytemnestra, and credit went to Maurice Browne for the striking stage management.

The rigid conventions, so associated with the presentation of the Hellenic drama, were freely deviated from, and what was given was a stirring and effective rendering of the Euripidean drama, with scenery, large bands of supernumeraries in constant action, responsive to the movement of the play, principals acting with the glow, light and shade of any well-knit drama of the human emotions. There was the usual interpretative chorus, utilized this time with even greater freedom than is the wont of Maurice Browne, under whose direction the production was made, and who, for the brilliant significance of his work and its true revelation of worth, deserves the highest praise.

Damrosch's music is interpretatively valuable. It conformed with fine sincerity to the spirit of the traditional, and in the closing moment of the play added appreciably to the achievement of a fine heroic note.

The acting throughout was admirable. For regal dignity, splendid depth of feeling, defiance, anguish and relief, Miss Anglin, by her wonderful elocution and impeccable diction, demonstrated herself the genuine leader of the heroic stage.

Mary Fowler was a capable Iphigenia, and the thankless rôle of Agamemnon was sonorously exploited by Eugene Powers. Achilles had a handsome and sincere exponent in Moroni Olsen, and a vivid sketch of Menelaus was given by Sidney Mather.

The Messenger, with his spirited outbursts, was picturesquely handled by Ralph Roeder, while a very finished and touching interpretation of the aged Servitor of the house of Argos was given by Harry Barfoot.

RITZ. "MARY STUART." Historical drama by John Drinkwater. Produced on March 21, with this cast:

John Hunter	Charles Francis
Andrew Boyd	Russ Whytal
Mary Stuart	Clare Eames
Mary Beaton	Florence Johns
David Riccio	Frank Reicher
Darnley	Charles Waldron
Thomas Randolph	Leslie Palmer
Bothwell	Thurston Hall

ANY poet, especially one with a knowledge of theatrical technic, who is willing to devote his muse to the service of the stage should be acclaimed and welcomed with eager arms. I think I voice the feelings of a certain public when I say that, for the sake of the literary content, we may even overlook an occasional deficiency in detail.

John Drinkwater is an indubitable poet and a distinguished man of letters. His "Abraham Lincoln" demonstrated that, and emphasized his positive powers as a searching psychologist. If "Mary Stuart," in dramatic force or analytical character value, does not measure up to that veritable masterpiece, it still remains an offering of intrinsic merit with scenes of uncommon beauty and many picturesque qualities, that go to make it a colorful and notable addition to the contemporary drama.

Drinkwater's Mary does not call for the sweep that attaches to Schiller's heroine, she is rather a Mary half way between the historic queen, as pictured by her detractors, and that limned by her enthusiasts. Drinkwater paints her cerebral qualities, and hints at the glow of passion which she undeniably possessed, and for the expression of which he calls in the interview with Bothwell.

Considering her limited professional experience, the work which Miss Clare Eames does in the title rôle is quite remarkable for its poise, variety, plastic grace and acute intelligence. Her comedy moments and her flashes of satiric scorn are scintillating. She is at all times the Queen. Some reviewers have brought against this actress the grave charge that she is cold in the passionate scene with Bothwell, forgetting that a queen does not throw herself incontinently about like a wanton. There is, perhaps, a certain haughty reserve—her aunt, Emma Eames, has it in even greater degree—but it does not necessarily imply lack of temperament. Beware of smouldering fires! Do the snows which cover Fuji give any hint of the volcano that rages beneath? Besides, has not the dramatist himself set the limit? The line reads: "I am wiser than my blood." A conscientious artist does not seek to improve on the author.

Darnley, a splendidly drawn figure of the pusillanimous blackguard, false to friend and foe alike, is acted by Charles Waldron with an almost perfect sense of its necessities and opportunities. The dominating qualities of the burly Bothwell are strongly delineated by Thurston Hall, and Riccio is sketched by Frank Reicher with the *finesse* and skill needed to bring out the attractiveness of the man in spite of his truly craven nature. Scenery, costumes and decorations are by Livingston Platt, which means that archaeological correctness and picturesque beauty are seen at their best.

A less interesting part of "Mary Stuart," is a rather dull, modern prologue, a discussion between an elderly and a young man as to whether a married woman's heart is big enough to contain two lovers, the scene being obviously intended as a modern parallel of the historic incidents which follow. The elder man is acted by Russ Whytal with fine dignity, in spite of the fatuousness of his argument. Charles Francis as the husband, contends with equal earnestness to the contrary, but it is all so futile as to prove a serious handicap to the rest of the play.

Very happy and amusing is the pantomime, "A Man About Town," which serves as a curtain raiser, in which Austin Strong and Henry Clapp Smith, by their illuminating facial expression and deft physical contortions produce some admirable comic effects.

HUDSON. "NEMESIS." Drama in 4 acts, by Augustus Thomas. Produced April 4, with this cast:

Mrs. Purdy	Ethel Winthrop
Constance Wendell	Marie Goff
Marcia Kallan	Olive Tell
Grace Lonarby	Eleanor Woodruff
Dr. Simpson	Roland Bottomley
Mr. Jovaine	Pedro de Cordoba
Mr. Purdy	Frank M. Readick
Mr. Davis	John Craig
Mr. Kallan	Emmett Corrigan
James	John M. Troughton
Jeanne	Jennie Dickerson
Officer Conlon	Robert Cummings
Counsel for the Defense	Charles P. Bates
Witness	Howard Nugent
The Judge	G. Clayton Frye

AUGUSTUS THOMAS, the playwright, sometimes reminds me of Marie Corelli, the story writer. There is much of interest in everything the distinguished British novelist writes, but her flashes of genius are submerged under an ocean of verbosity. In other words, she needs editing. "Nemesis" would be a better play if much of it were cut out. It has some very effective scenes—notably, that of the court room, the grim realism of which held the spectators spellbound—but the playwright is so long getting to his crucial situations, and one has to wade through such a lot of pointless twaddle in an extremely dull first act, that interest is allowed to wane long before the action has a chance to get started.

Mr. Thomas' purpose in writing this play—apart from gathering in what royalties may obligingly come his way—is apparently to prove that the so-called infallible finger-print system, on which the police largely depend today for the detection of crime, is not infallible after all, but, on the contrary, might become, in unscrupulous hands, a dangerous instrument by which an innocent person could be "framed up" and "railroaded" to the chair.

The chief protagonists in the drama are Mr. Kallan, a merchant; his wife, Marcia, and Mr. Jovaine, a young sculptor, whose society the romantically inclined Mrs. Kallan prefers to that of her prosaic, middle-aged husband. The triangle is familiar enough. It is only in the *dénouement* that Mr. Thomas departs from the conventional. Taking "Francesca da Rimini" for his model, he makes the merchant another Malatesta who sees "red"

when his wife's unfaithfulness is revealed, the sculptor taking, of course, the tragic rôle of Paolo.

The scene in the third act, where Kallan kills his wife, has all the suspense and thrill of drama, and it is well and forcefully acted by Emmet Corrigan. As the wife at bay, pouring out the venom pent up in her heart for years, Olive Tell, in this one scene, appears at her best. He kills her with a nail file—the tiny weapon piercing the heart—deliberately, passionlessly, scientifically, and she falls dead on the floor in the very gown she had put on for the Ritz. The wife has paid, but the lover not yet.

For him, Kallan has devised a diabolical scheme of vengeance. In the studio he has noticed how clear an impression can be made on plastic clay, and he clips off a bit where the sculptor has rested his fingers. The rest is easy. For twenty cents, Kallan has made a rubber stamp of the impression, and this, by a simple process, is again reproduced on rubber fingers. After killing his wife, he hurriedly sets the scene for the coming of the police, carefully leaving everywhere the impression of the sculptor's fingers.

Jovaine is arrested and tried for his life. His protests of innocence are unavailing. Finger-prints never lie. He is sentenced to die in the chair. The grey morning of the execution comes. The witnesses file slowly into the death chamber. Kallan also has come to Sing Sing. It is his right, if he chooses, to see his wife's murderer die. He refuses to witness the execution, but stays outside the sinister little room in company with the district attorney, until the flash of light under the doorway shows the deadly current has been turned on and that Jovaine is dead. Then, for the first time, Kallan weakens. He must tell someone. He would go mad if he did not. Producing the rubber fingers, he shows them to the dumbfounded district attorney, whose powerful summing up had secured Jovaine's conviction. The district attorney is aghast. It would be deuced awkward if it got out that the man were innocent after all. One can't bring a dead man back to life. Better say nothing. Kallan goes away. The rest of his days he must settle with his conscience.

It's ingenious, although, naturally, there are flaws in the reasoning. It is not clear that a person could always secure a finger print so easily. Nor is it clear why, during the trial, no suspicion is directed at the jealous husband—the last to see his wife alive—and who was known by everybody to be on bad terms with her. But we must not ask too much of melodrama.

John Craig is admirable as the prosecuting attorney, and Charles P. Bates deserves almost equal commendation as the counsel for the defense. Pedro de Cordoba is sympathetic as the luckless sculptor.

EMPIRE. "Clair de Lune." Play in 3 acts by Michael Strange. Produced April 18 with this cast:

The Queen	Ethel Barrymore
Duchess of Beaumont	Violet K. Cooper
Prince Charles	Henry Daniell
Lord Arranton	Roy Cochrane
Marquis Trois Fleures	Dennis King
Mr. Pynge	J. S. De Wolfe
Lady Jenny St. Wynne	Shirley Gale
Lady Brawford	Ina Rorke
Miss Augusta Chevaux	Betty Carsdale
Chiffon	Henrietta Goodwyn
Picolo	Guy Standing, Jr.
Phedro	Herbert Grimwood
Ursus	E. Lyal Swete
Dea	Jane Cooper
Gwymplane	John Barrymore

THEATRICAL hero worship has seldom been carried to such extreme absurdity as on April 18 last at the Empire Theatre when Ethel and John Barrymore appeared as joint stars in a play written by the latter's wife, entitled "Clair de Lune."

The demand for admission to what was announced as the most sensational *première* of the season was extraordinary. The box office price, fixed at the modest sum of five dollars a seat, proved altogether too cheap in view of the enormous demand. Speculators at once raised the ante to ten dollars and twenty dollars and even at these figures the supply was quickly exhausted. Thousands of dollars worth of checks sent in by mail were returned to disappointed applicants because the theatre was already packed to suffocation from pit to dome, and on the opening night the spacious front lobby of the Empire resembled nothing so much as the approaches to the Baseball Grounds the first day of the World's Series, hundreds of frenzied would-be standees pushing and struggling to pay no matter what for the privilege of standing all evening in serried lines at the back.

What had aroused this extraordinary ebullition of public interest? Had the tempestuous Kean come to life again? Was the great tragedian to repeat his memorable performance when he played Othello to the Iago of Junius Brutus Booth? Had Joseph Jefferson's ghost returned to earth once more to delight us as Bob Acres to the Mrs. Malaprop of the incomparable Mrs. John Drew?

Nothing of the kind. The bill proved to be a tenuous, disjointed, uninteresting, wholly inconsequential piece largely indebted for what slender plot it has to Hugo's "The Man Who Laughs." John Barrymore appeared as Gwymplane, the young aristocrat with his face horribly mutilated in childhood by scheming relatives, who has become the associate of gypsies. We saw Dea the blind girl who, unable to see Gwymplane's deformity, loves him for his nobility of soul, and quite a prominent figure is made of the degenerate Duchess and her perverted passion for the kisses of the poor mutilated clown whom she entices to her boudoir. This scene, admirably acted by Violet Kemble Cooper, afforded the first opportunity of the evening for any real acting. Up to that point, the play was merely a succession of tableaux with nothing but talk, talk and more talk, punctuated by the aimless flittings here and there in the moonlit gardens of gorgeously attired courtiers and bewitching powdered dames in enormous crinolines. Dea, confronted with her lover's fall from grace, dies of a broken heart, while the unhappy Gwymplane, in an agony of remorse, seeks oblivion in a watery grave.

The costumes were exquisite and the stage settings highly decorative, but that is about all that can be said in praise. The piece is overweighted throughout with words and there is much evidence of attempts at fine writing by a gifted young poet—inexperienced as yet in the dramatist's craft—who has still to learn that the play's the thing, no matter how her muse may be yearning for expression. The action drags lamentably and what comedy there be is artificial and forced—in short an amateurish effort, on which the talents of the popular Barrymores are sadly wasted.

Ethel Barrymore, always a delight returns to the stage after her severe illness, with every apppearance of being herself again. She has regained her sylphlike form, and, while her voice still has the monotonous falling inflexion which has always been her chief characteristic, she never

(*Continued on page* 458)

PLAYERS WHO WRITE PLAYS

Shakespeare was an actor, so was Molière and there are others

By ADA PATTERSON

I AM tired of hearing it.

Hearing what?

That actors cannot write plays.

That any creature short of a deaf mole should repeat that hoary untruth amazes me. If he will take a little excursion outside himself and read the signs above the theatres of the world's metropolis he will be as greatly surprised as, for many theatre going years, he has surprised me.

"The actor can't write plays. He writes scenes." Dreadful indictment! Or it would be dreadful but for the fact that a play is written by scenes as surely as a word is written by letters.

"An actor will build up a part for himself at the expense of all others." Yet we have an actress-author playing the smallest rôle in a play in which she was a collaborator. Zelda Sears might have written herself a corpulent part when she rebuilt "Cornered," but she, an established comedienne, appears in the least significant rôle in the play.

The player is the natural playbuilder. A pensmith can write essays or editorials, feuilleton, homilies or narratives, but when he tries to write a play he ventures into a strange land beset by many thorns of painful inexperience or crass ignorance. The actor who would write a play starts with all that the pensmith doesn't know about the stage. What the audience will have and what it won't have the actor knows by instinct, plus experience. That largest factor in the success of a play the author who tries to write plays must learn by long and gall-distilled experience.

CAST the searchlight of observation up and down Broadway, up and down Forty-second Street, which is Little Broadway, and all the fringe and tributaries of Broadway.

You will see "Lightnin'," turning into the last half of its third year at the Gaiety. Frank Bacon, a veteran actor, a graduate barnstormer and transplanted Coast Defender, wrote "Lightnin'." He built it around a central figure, Bill Jones, that had served for vaudeville material for thirty years. Winchell Smith helped him rewrite it for metropolitan consumption. Winchell Smith a manager? Certainly. But a manager who evolved from a playwright and a playwright whose first stage of evolution was actorship. Mr. Smith was a minor member of "The Girl From Kay's" Company and its stage manager.

Trip down Broadway for two blocks with me. Turn into Forty-fourth Street. We come to pause before the Little Theatre. This elegant temple of amusement, built by Winthrop Ames, houses "The First Year," a delicious comedy real as life itself, one of the leading successes of the year. Its author is Frank Craven, who wrote another successful play, "Too Many Cooks." Mr. Craven wrote parts for himself in each play. It is notable and noticeable that they do not overshadow the other rôles. Contrary to the irritatingly frequent generality, this actor has not thrown his play out of proportion by the character he has written for himself. "The First Year" is a superb example of a finely balanced production. In this, too, Winchell Smith's touch appears. He produced it, which means that he subjected it to microscopic oversight.

DODGE the automobiles and thread your way with me through Shubert Lane, the short cut between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Streets and we find at the Plymouth Theatre another vital play mothered by a player. Rida Johnson Young wrote, "Little Old New York." It is one of her twenty-three play children among which was "Brown of Harvard." Since she is still at the meridian of life and deeply ambitious, she may give us twenty-three more. An actress? Certainly. She practically ran away from home to go on the stage. She served a novitiate of a half dozen years before she offered her first play. By the way, while we have all tried to sing *Mother Machree*, almost none of us realized that Mrs. Young wrote the words of that ultra popular ballad which John MacCormack has sung around the world.

Come with me across Broadway—beware of that heavily weighted limousine!—and look down Forty-eighth Street, rival of Forty-second as little Broadway. The Vanderbilt proudly displays its brooklike "Irene," written by James Montgomery. Assuredly, once an actor. Across the street, the melodrama of life and adventure in Mexico, "The Broken Wing," flies on at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre. Paul Dickey, on whose aeronautic experience it was based, is an actor author. While he was leading man for Henrietta Crosman he was thinking of playlets and aspiring to plays. He swung round the vaudeville circuits in tabloids of his own.

AN ACTOR wrote, "Mecca," and also "Iris," the play in which Virginia Harned reached the pinnacle of her acting fame. You remember the bulky, wide-shouldered, deep-voiced man, who in a realistic scene that filled most of us with terror lest it be real, smashed the furniture? That was Oscar Asche, whose life and mind were not filled with playing powerful villains. Dreams of beauty pursuued and possessed him. He transmuted them into that pageant of Eastern life, "Chu Chin Chow."

Down town again, please. We pass the Globe, where Fred Stone is lingering for a year or more in "Tip Top." Anne Caldwell wrote it. Miss Caldwell was a musical comedy and vaudeville performer. Paradox though it is, a broken leg helped her to climb. While she was recovering from an accident, bedfast in a little western hotel where the company had reluctantly left her, she amused herself by pretending to write songs. The pretense became actual. She has fitted Fred Stone and his late partner, Dave Montgomery, with skin-fitting plays for consecutive seasons. This year she was Raymond Hitchcock's amusement tailor. The present version of "Hitchy Koo" is largely hers.

On to Forty-fifth Street, and as we go let me remind you that we passed the Park Theatre at Columbus Circle. That had been, for several months, the house of "Bab." "Bab" is a dramatization of Bab the Sub-deb, made by Edward Childs Carpenter. When Mr. Carpenter's name appeared in small type as the author of the very large type success, "The Cinderella Man," the gallery asked the orchestra: "Who is Edward Childs Carpenter?" He answered the question. He said to me: "I took out a repertoire company and played parts myself. I did this for two or three seasons so that I might learn the technique of the stage. I wanted to write plays and I was convinced that I couldn't write them without that experience."

Doubtless, recalling his own actor apprenticeship, Mr. Belasco was the more inclined to produce "Deburau," because it was the work of an actor. Sacha Guitry, famous son of the famous Lucien Guitry, wrote the play around the character of the greatest pantomimist, Jean Gaspard Deburau. That it was translated and adapted by Granville Barker, an actor author, only enhanced its value in Mr. Belasco's near-sighted, far-seeing eyes.

WE LOOK in at the Hudson and see that still young actor, George M. Cohan, in his production of "The Meanest Man in the World." We pass the theatre that bears his name and see "The Tavern." Four blocks below, "Mary," founded upon a character of one of his plays, "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," is keeping success company in his trio of productions. Ever since that epochal day when, the family fortunes being low, George Cohan wrote a song and went out and sold it, and when he came home and told the news "caused a noise,"—so he has told the story—Mr. Cohan has been a writing actor. Nor have the characters he played ever assumed such prominence as to overturn the vehicle.

Edgar Selwyn began treading the boards twenty-five years ago. He wrote "The Mirage" and appeared in his own plays, "Pierre of the Plains," and "The Arab," without casualities to either drama.

To the Liberty came as a near Christmas guest, Mitzi, as the star in the musical romance first named "Sonny," but retitled "Lady Billy," Zelda Sears, who knows the stage from the angle of ballet girl, stock actress, character comedienne and star, is the author. Most programmes of musical offerings are sprinkled with a quartette of (*Continued on page* 450)

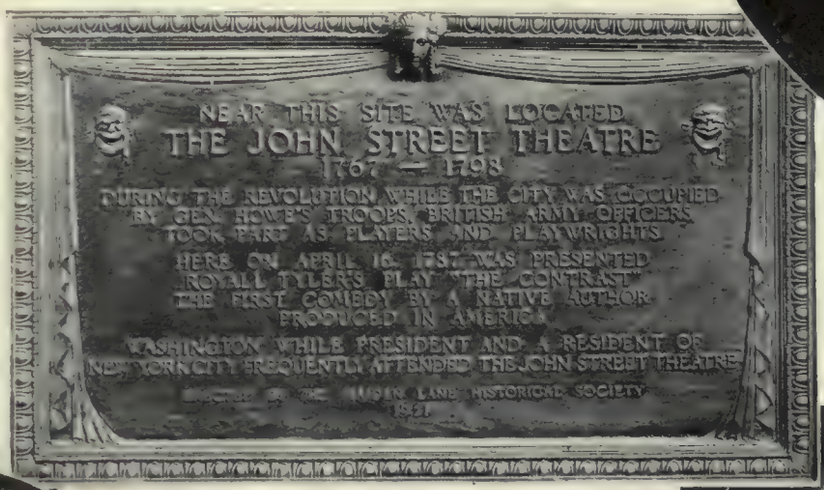


Comfort and convenience reign in the tasteful Elizabethan lounge of the Klaw Theatre. The severity of the high oak wainscoting and huge stone fireplace is relieved by a soft rug and gay chintz in orange, jade and mulberry. Decorations by Watterson-Lowe Co.



HAROLD CHAPIN

The author of "The New Morality," produced by Grace George, is another promising writer sacrificed on the altar of patriotism. His death in the Battle of Loos was a distinct loss to the English speaking stage



(Right)
Commemorative Bronze Tablet placed on the site of the old John Street Theatre, New York's first playhouse of importance — by the Maiden Lane Historical Society



Edward Thayer Monroe

ZELDA SEARS

The author of "Lady Billy" and co-author of "Cornered," who has been appearing in the latter play, announces this is her last appearance on the bright side of the footlights. She expects to be kept pretty busy writing two new plays



MAURICE BROWNE

The English founder of the Chicago Little Theatre, the father of the art theatres of this country, has long been an influence on the American stage. His original and admirable handling of stage and chorus in Miss Anglin's recent revival of "Iphigenia in Aulis" has again brought him into prominence

FROM JOHN STREET TO TIMES SQUARE

THE OLD CHORUS GIRL

By EMILIE INTROPIDI

THE outside shutters of a second floor front of a West Twenty-Fourth Street house were bowed and tied with a string to keep out the blazing noon day sun and let in all the air stirring in that section of the crowded city.

A woman with a head of dark, untidy hair dropped heavily into a rocking chair close to the window. She breathed a little wearily as she gazed about the ill-kept room, the heat seeming to bring out all the grease spots in the worn carpet, and giving everything a dusty, dry color.

Her white skirt and shirtwaist were spread out over the foot of the cheap, white bed. A pair of patent leather ties, the high heels a little inclined to the northwest, were huddled under a chair. The marble mantel-piece had a gaudy Japanese vase at each end, surrounded by portraits of the woman in the chair, and a clock, that had gone out of commission some years back, stood in the centre, flanked on one side by a cup and saucer, the cup filled with matches and the saucer with cigarette butts, some of which had fallen over and stained the marble a dirty yellowish brown. The bureau was littered with a hat and veil, a newspaper carelessly folded, a large photograph of the same woman in costume, and a "make-up" box, partly opened by a powder rag and puff that refused to be hidden from view.

THE woman brushed her hair back from her forehead and, dragging it up from the nape of her neck, twisted it into a hard knob at the back of her head. Without leaving her seat, she leaned forward, pulled out a bureau drawer and fished for a hair pin, finally succeeding in landing a tortoise-shell affair of the harpoon variety, which she jabbed through the mass at the back of her head. Stretching out her foot, she managed, by sliding down in her seat, to touch a chair which she drew towards her, and rested her shoeless feet on the cane seat. Putting her hand behind her, she drew forth a delapidated palm leaf fan which she began to use vigorously, now and then whisking away a fly that settled on her bare arm.

The odor of ill-smelling soup and burnt hash floated up through the house. The woman sniffed, opened a satchel that stood on the floor and took out an alarm clock. It had stopped. She wound it up, set it at twelve and gave it a shake to start it going. Dropping back in the chair again, she let the clock rest in her lap, too tired or warm to put it on the bureau.

She heard some children laugh shrilly as they chased each other across the street. When is it ever too warm for children to run or laugh? She heard some hucksters calling out their wares as the horse plodded and the cart rumbled through the street, and a man calling "Extra" about an accident. But none of these things interested her.

She had made a round of the agencies that morning and it had been, "nothing doing," in each one. She breathed wearily from the heat and the disappointments of the morning. She grew reminiscent as she realized that each year it became harder to land a job. "Fifty if I'm a day, and without a job, and not a dollar in the world! No, I have a dollar—I have four dollars and sixty cents. But then my washing is coming home."

For a moment, the tears welled in her eyes out of self pity. Then she braced up and squared her shoulders as she thought of what she had in her favor.

FIFTY if I'm a day," she repeated. "If the census man came along I'd say thirty-two and he'd believe it. That comes of being an alto and not ambitious. I never was a beauty, so I couldn't lose my looks; and I never had a model figure or I should have grown fat, and thank the Lord I'm slim."

She drew her arms down from the back of her head and looked at them admiringly, massaging them well round the elbow as she did so and stretched them back and forth two or three times. Then pulling up her skirts she glanced at her ankles. "Good for many years to come." And she dropped back in the chair again, smiling contentedly, as she threw her arms once more above her head, grasping the chair and making a frame for her head.

"I'll land a job, yet, and that's no pipe dream. No use running after those show pieces, they expect more of a chorus girl than of a prima donna. Wish to heavens they'd revive some of the real old comic operas, that's where I'd come in. Know 'em all, sung in every one of them. That's where my alto voice would carry me through. The musical directors always stood up for me when the chorus was cut down. They'd always pipe up, 'You mustn't cut out any altos, can't spare one.' Many's the time I've been kept on in the face of a pretty soprano, screaming her voice away."

The smell of frying chops permeated the house. She picked up the clock from her lap, looked at it and set it on the corner of the bureau where it was in imminent danger of falling off.

"Lucky thing for me I have this place to come to when I'm out of a job. Mrs. Bain's fine, there's no getting away from that. Never says a word. That comes of always paying up. She knows I'm square. That's more than she can say of some of the others who get more money than I do." Visions of trunks being held floated through her mind.

THE rumbling of the wagons in the street, the cries of the children, and the familiar call of the "old clothes" man passed unnoticed, but she pricked up her ears like a race horse at the starter's pistol when she heard the tinkling of a piano in the next house. "Nimble fingers, whoever it is," she thought as she listened attentively. "What is it they're playing? Oh! I know—it's the convent music from 'Fatinitza.'" A smile illumined her face as she recalled the opera. "That's one of the old timers, I thought it a wonder, but I was new then. I don't see why people had to make a fuss about the 'harem scene.' It was awful pretty, and Jennie Winston was great. The string of people who used to wait outside the stage door to see her! Wonder what's become of her?"

The music changed and slipped into the *Lullaby* from "Erminie." Leaning forward in her chair she listened eagerly. "Will I ever forget it! That was a first night if ever there was one. I can see it all before me as plain as day. The girls in tuck-ups and white wigs, the men in square cuts, and Pauline Hall a picture, in the centre of the stage. Applause doesn't go for anything on a first night, that's always fixed. But after the *Lullaby* you heard it come from every corner of the house. We sang it over and over and over." Unconsciously, she hummed the alto, swaying her body to the time.

"Was there ever anything like that night? The excitement, the pretty costumes, the orchestra, and the mere fact of singing and being part of it all. Long rehearsals, yelling musical directors, scolding stage managers, were all forgotten in the wonderful excitement of that first night success.

THE Mason and Dixon line usually drawn between principals and chorus was hopped over on that night. The manager comes around and looks as if he'd like to hug the whole bunch. The girls rush up and congratulate the prima donna. The musical conductor calls a rehearsal for the next morning on principle, and the stage manager says he'll take a hack at it after that, and no one cares what either of them says. The girls run up to the dressing rooms laughing and talking and no one calls them down for it. And the comedian singles out two of the best looking chorus men and invites them out to have a drink. Everybody is happy. Oh! it was great, great, great!"

She sighed and sank back in her chair as the music ceased.

"What a difference," she mused, "when the first night is a failure. You can feel it, feel it, feel it from the first chorus. Nothing will save it. It is like a wet blanket over the whole house. The manager comes around, this time with his hands in his pockets, calls the entire company on the stage, picks on the chorus the first thing and tells them they haven't got any ginger, think's he will fire the whole lot and get in a new set. Musical director says they never looked at him, and the stage manager comes in for his share. Then the prima donna chimes in and says she never worked so hard in her life, but she knew there was nothing in the piece from the first.

"What's the use of going over failures, when there are so many successes, and,—and—" The music commenced again. "Perhaps he stopped for a beer," she thinks. "I wish I had one." She swallows one in imagination and wipes her mouth with the back of her hand.

The unseen pianist is now playing with a firm touch the *Policemen's Chorus*, from the "Pirates of Penzance." "Oh!" she laughs, and



PAT ROONEY in
"LOVE BIRDS"

This expert fun maker, long popular in vaudeville, recently held a celebration at the Apollo Theatre where he is playing in "Love Birds." It marked the completion of seventeen years of partnership — professional and domestic—with the equally popular Marion Bent

Abbe

(Below)

ROBERT WOOLSEY in
"THE RIGHT GIRL"

A new comedian has captured Broadway. Robert Woolsey, who frisks so merrily merrily through this girl and music show, waited many years for his New York opportunity, but when it came he made much of it. He is seen here singing his, "Things I Learned in Jersey" song



White

POPULAR COMEDIANS IN MUSICAL PRODUCTIONS

beats time on the arm of the chair. "I wouldn't tell anyone but myself, but I was in the first company that went on the road. Will I ever forget?" And she shut her eyes in an ecstasy of delight. "Gilbert and Sullivan directing the rehearsals! I was young then, young, young like the flowers that bloom in the spring. The sun seemed always to be shining, and the world seemed so big and broad and everyone seemed to be coming to meet me with out-stretched hands—and now," she laughed, "I'm always chasing someone for a job.

AND those rehearsals! They seem but yesterday. I can see Sullivan coming into the green room of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Such a gentleman, so patient, so kind. We didn't laugh when he turned around on the piano stool one day and said, 'Ladies, that is a *minim.*' I don't suppose half of us knew what he was talking about, but we did when he said he was going to have coffee and sandwiches sent in. I nearly fell off my chair, and when he sat down on a costume box with us, I felt like going up and shaking hands with him.

"Gilbert was a different proposition. Whew! Wasn't he sarcastic! Will I ever forget when he told one of the 'Ruth's' she used her hands like fins. I wanted to laugh, but I was afraid he'd know it, although I had my back turned to him and was kneeling in front of a Pirate. I know he never had any trouble teaching the stage business. He never changed his mind. If he told you to do a thing, all you had to do was to remember, not forget it the next day as you have to do with other stage managers.

"I shall always remember Sullivan as the kindest of gentlemen, and Gilbert as the greatest of stage managers."

She covered her face with her hands as she listened to the familiar music of the "Black Hussar."

"That was another great first night, I ought to remember it. That's where I met Jim. I never had anything against Jim, we just drifted apart. He always was ambitious and wanted to be a tenor, but his voice didn't amount to much. He had a great idea of make-up and character (and then everybody liked Jim), and made a little part stand out like a big one.

"What a fine cast that was! Cottrelly was wonderful; Lilly Post, Marie Jansen, Mark Sweet—my, but he looked handsome! Digby Bell as Piffkow; Jim tried to get the understudy of Piffkow, I don't think he did. Anyhow, he never played it. And De Wolf Hopper, he made a wonderful hit. I wish they'd give it again.

"Mr. McCall gave me a bracelet when I was married. It had a little padlock. He fastened it on my arm and gave Jim the key."

She looked at her bare arms. "I wonder where that bracelet is now! Unfortunately, it was gold, and it went the way of all gold.

I WONDER why I am thinking so much of Jim today. I suppose it was that article." She took the palm leaf fan, hooked it on the newspaper on the bureau and drew it to her and read a notice about a play called, "The Spider's Web" (brought out in San Francisco). The play had made a hit and a man playing a minor part had scored a big success. After reading it, she flung the paper back on the bureau. It struck the large photo of herself and both slam-banged onto the floor.

"To think of Jim making a hit. Well—he always was ambitious. Maybe it's a case where a person plays a small part that has a touch of humanity about it and the papers are full of the success and that's the last of it. I'm fifty and Jim is older than I am. I haven't seen Jim in ten years and I never give him a second thought. I haven't got anything against Jim. We kinder drifted apart. He was ambitious, and when once he'd played a part, he would go back in the chorus.

WE couldn't always get in the same company, and then he got the chance to go to Australia. He didn't send me any money because I was earning. And it took so long for a letter to get there, and I didn't see him for over three years, not till we met that Sunday morning in Cincinnati. His company was coming east and mine was goin' west. It was, 'Hello, Lil!' and 'Hello, Jim!' He told me I looked the same. I thought he looked older. 'Write when you get a chance,' he called out. I said I would but I wasn't sure of his route and I suppose he was busy, and I never heard or thought of him again until today. I never had anything against Jim. Think of him making a hit! Well, he always was ambitious."

She leaned forward and opened the cover of the "make-up" box, thought better of it and let it fall with a clang.

"I guess I'll write Jim a letter telling him I'm glad he's in the land of the living. No, I won't till I land a job. He'd think I wanted something. He never did send me a cent and I never asked him for one. I'll land a job and then I'll write. I can't get over Jim making a hit."

Pulling herself together with sudden energy, she stood in front of the mirror eyeing herself critically. She opened the "make-up" box once more and taking a well-powdered rag, rubbed her face skilfully, taking great pains with the corners (*Continued on page* 450)

THE NEW IMMODESTY

TO the old play-goer, accustomed to the more sedate school of dramatic and literary criticism, especially as regards the impersonal attitude of writers in relation to the reading public and one another, the anxiety of some of our present day theatrical scribes to exploit their respective personalities and acquaint the public with their daily doings, is nothing less than amazing. In former years, when criticism was surrounded by reserve and dignity, it would be impossible to imagine Mr. Winter patting Mr. Dithmar on the back and constantly quoting his opinion, or Hillary Bell informing an indifferent public that he had supped the evening before with "Nym Crinkle." One can imagine a college sophomore, trying to make an impression with his first journalistic effort, making "breaks" of this kind, but that professional writers should be guilty of it is incredible. The *New York Times,* commenting editorially on this absurdity, under the heading: "The New Immodesty," says in its issue of March 26 last:

"No, alarmed reader, this is not a tirade on women's clothes. It is man, literary man, especially the young literary man (anything under 50 is juvenile), that is the subject of our story. He has for some time past been disporting himself in public in a way to make the judicious grieve and the ungodly laugh. His violations of propriety are not so much a scandal as an unconscious joke.

"Consider the fashion in which our youthful heroes of literature, our young lions of criticism, bear themselves. They flaunt their own merits. They spend most of their time discovering each other's genius and proclaiming it to city and orb. Their interchange of puffery is as open as day. FREEMAN buttering STUBBS and STUBBS buttering FREEMAN were nothing compared to our most delightful essayist smearing it over our most naturalistic novelist, who pays in kind.

"Mutual admiration societies are tolerable, but only when they are quiet affairs between friends. Today, however, a new publicity makes the new immodesty doubly offensive. The bragging of the author is done, as it were, through a trumpet, and the fulsome compliments he receives and gives and advertises are made as nauseating as the resources of the printer's art admit. Gifted Hopkins booms the critic of the day, and is duly boomed in return. The self-confessed great writers hobnob in public, toss praise to each other like flowers, play battledore and shuttlecock in the magazines and newspapers with each other's latest productions of supreme talent. It has come to be a regular game. Brown takes occasion to say that he really must hasten to inform the reading world of the appearance of Ferguson's transcendent work of imagination. Then it is plainly Ferguson's move. The amused public watches for it. And certain as the tides, it comes in the shape of a lugged-in remark by Ferguson to the effect that the dainty fancies and delicate word painting of Brown are at last appreciated by the discriminating.

"This literary logrolling and unbosoming goes into minutiae of the writer's personal habits. What he reads and eats and wears, and what are his favorite diseases, an astonished public has thrust upon it. That it seems funny at first may be admitted; but, kept up, it wearies and bores and disgusts.

"Hence the friendly warning to these young literary disrobers. Gentlemen don't do these things—do not boast, do not flatter. That may go for nothing with the new lights of literature, whose social morals are often as amazing as the wonder with which they gaze upon each other. But to tell them that their little tricks have been found out and that they are making themselves ridiculous may help. Pray you, avoid it."

MOTION PICTURE SECTION



BETTY BLYTHE AS THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

This latest of the long and royal line of screen vampires is particularly royal, for it is none other than she whom King Solomon considered the last word in feminine sovereigns. Chosen as star for this latest Oriental spectacle, Miss Blythe is said to have gone hungry on Broadway a couple of seasons ago. It was good training for the feasts which Solomon prepares for her in this picture

WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

By FRANK VREELAND

MORE and more the process goes on in motion pictures by which producers give their heroes enough rope to hang themselves. Directors seem no longer to be apologists for their young men and women; the men are not so loftily pure that one feels these Sir Galahads should be mounted on white chargers instead of walking; and the young women are no more paragons of the virtues even if they do take in washing and chew gum. Their artistic mentors appear to say to the great, wide world: "Here they are, drat you—make the most of them! We know they're pretty poor stuff—but let those who are without blemish and bolshevism cast the first stick of dynamite."

It is particularly encouraging to note this tendency in a month which chanced to bring together a half dozen of the best pictures that have walked the earth in a long time. A flood is commonly disastrous, but this time the inundation of feature pictures has some of the benign qualities of the Nile overflow.

JOHN S. Robertson, though he draws no rose-colored veil over the frailities of T. Sandys in "Sentimental Tommy," does not give that fitful-minded young man as much rope to hang himself as did Sir James M. Barrie. But in transforming Barrie's delightfully mercurial tale into the films Robertson has chiselled something so superb, so beautifully rounded, that to end it with an impromptu death as the Scotch author did in the casual manner of one whose hero was getting on his nerves, would be like grooming a glossy cat for an exhibition and then stepping on the cat's tail.

By long odds this is one of the finest samples of screen art that has come this way in many months, preserving the spirit and the atmosphere of "Sentimental Tommy," and "Tommy and Grizel," so faithfully and delicately that one opines the director, a Scotchman himself, must have been nurtured on the same brand of porridge and fairy stories and smoked the same kind of tobacco as Barrie. The London episodes and the sub-plot of Aaron Latta's love for Tommy's mother are excluded, but Thrums is there in all its thatched glory, perfect in every detail, likely to make Barrie, himself, home-sick.

While Robertson has picked out some of the whimsical humor of the original, he has spun his shimmering web principally over the romantic phases of the book, and over the pathetic desire of the Painted Lady's daughter to be respectable and to be loved and married like a lady. Robertson has struck some of the deepest chords in Barrie's story strongly, unveiling the ghastliness of sentimentality, and it is but fitting that the self-conscious young blade whom Barrie made too much of an artist to be a man, should, in this producer's hands, finally develop, by consummately gradations, into something approximating a real masculine biped.

A most diversified and adeptly shaded portrayal of Tommy is given by Gareth Hughes, who has Tommy's imaginative light in his eyes, Tommy's fickleness of expression, and Tommy's royal waggle of the head. Tommy's personality sticks to him like a burr. No more suitable actress could have been found for Grizel than pretty May MacAvoy, who not only looks the character, but has just that wistful, tender appeal in her eyes that is copyrighted by Barrie. In her poignant emotion after the rising young novelist finds he cannot marry her, in the quiet pathos of the scene in the Alps where she discovers his affair with Lady Alice Pippinworth, and in the searching irony of her child-likeness when Tommy marries her after she loses her mind, she shows a poise and a Greek sense of tragedy that brings Niobe down to date. Mabel Taliaferro, likewise, visualizes the sorrowful Painted Lady admirably, and the other personages seem to have been made according to the best Barrie recipes.

ONE supreme debt of gratitude the public owes to Rex Ingram in producing "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," and that is for having staged the late war so well that probably no other directors will dare to put it on again for a long time. This film version of the noted novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez, aside from its many other merits, is welcome as a screen armistice.

The job of condensation has been felicitously done by Ingram and the adapter, June Mathis, even though the task was much like that of reducing Homer to ten reels. But, regardless of its fidelity to the original, this production can go charging through the ranks of the majority of photoplays of the year, propelled by its qualities as a spectacle alone. There are thunder and terror in its war episodes, while the allegorical Four Horsemen gallop through the clouds impressively, the soldiers march and toil at their artillery and conduct nerve-racking night raids in a manner to please the highly fastidious German General Staff. The early scenes in the Argentine are bright with sunshine and vivid with the spirit of a lusty, exotic world; and afterward gay, hedonistic Paris of the cafés and the artists' quarter gives the spectator a palpitating opportunity to shed his garment of respectability vicariously for a moment—which is naturally attractive. *Genre* touches are thrown in with *finesse;* the lighting in the photography is as carefully modulated as in the portraits of a "Follies" girl, and the artistic composition of the groupings and the mob scenes indicate that the movies are rising above the level of the rural tin-type artist.

Young Julio is drawn with an unsparing hand in his phase as a tango teacher and dilettante in love, though eventually this hoofer has the strength to hoof it to war. Rudolph Valentino plays him with highly creditable surety, bringing out his Latin accent even on the screen. Perhaps because this handsome young man has been a dancer, he knows how to count his dramatic pauses. Alice Terry makes of Mme. Laurier a charming and comely piece of fragile bric-a-brac, with an all too rare quality for holding down the throttle on her emotional outbreaks. The old Centaur and all the other characters are excellently sketched—in fact, the cast is as fittingly chosen as the company for Sargent's mural painting of the disciples.

AFTER one's feelings have been drawn taut by such serious pictures, it is a distinct comfort to unbutton the emotional vest over Douglas Fairbanks in "The Nut." He is not quite a D'Artagnan, either, for he is rather inclined to do foolish things that keep the heroine busy turning up her nose at him. And he imposes on her credulity, introducing wax-work dummies to her as prominent society folk, which isn't being done in the best romantic circles. But he is driven to desperate expedients because, in the story which Kenneth Davenport wrote, the young woman is obsessed with the idea of getting noted persons interested in her charity schemes to regenerate young America at parlor parties, and refuses to marry him until he can induce important people to work hand in glove with her. Of course, a crook posing as a swell, gets her in his clutches, and the young man has to drag her through the furnace flues of a house before she sees the light of reason.

A mixture of melodrama and hokum, this film is more mechanical than most of Fairbank's cinema sprees, but the sight of the inventive hero being catapulted to his bath and dressed in three moves by machinery is sufficient to arouse the envious laughter of most mortals who wrestle their way into their habiliments. The device of having a dummy cop hold up traffic is highly diverting, without reflecting on the municipal police force. The titles are sometimes tenuous, but Douglas' smile is as energetic as ever, and his personality the same blue streak.



Portrait by Edward Thayer Monroe

LUCY FOX

This pensive and pulchritudinous person is considering the relative merits of screen and stage. After having achieved film stardom in "Empire Diamonds" and "Rush for Millions," she is thinking of new worlds to be conquered in the legitimate.



Just as Mark Twain sought to bring the sixth century up-to-date with his satire, "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court," as done in the films, modernizes Twain's book itself with motor cycles, tin lizzies and the inevitable flivver joke. The titles for this picture are even funnier than the sight of ancient knights of the Round Table shooting craps



David W Griffith, who pointed the searchlight of his projection machine at Thomas Burke in "Broken Blossoms," essays once again to preserve the English author in celluloid with "Dream Street." This newest Griffith picture, while not an exact transcription, centres around several of Burke's Limehouse characters, so, of course, there is a Chinaman in it. Carol Dempster is the bit of daintiness who starts the emotions whirring

MEDIEVAL AND MODERN ENGLAND IN NEW PICTURES

THE AMATEUR STAGE

By M. E. KEHOE



(Above).—Scene in "The Shepherd in the Distance," by Holland Hudson, staged by Park French at the Little Theatre, Denver, Colo.



(Right)
Miss Gertrude McGuire in "The Locked Chest" at the Little Theatre, Denver, Colo.



"The Locked Chest," produced by Park French at the Little Theatre, Denver, Colo. By the use of reversed scenery, exposing the frame work, and very few stage accessories, a distinct atmosphere and an interesting stage picture has been achieved.



The *Mask and Bauble*, of the University of Illinois solved the problem of *atmosphere* in staging "The New York Idea," in a simple, yet most effective way. Against the background of curtains of a gray-blue tone, they placed reversible screens, down stage at right and left, as conventional entrances, striking a characteristic note of color in each scene

Dramatics at the University of Illinois

WHEN the *Mask and Bauble* of the University of Illinois, announced the presentation of Langdon Mitchell's "The New York Idea," many of us who knew and liked the play were curious to see how well it carried its fourteen years, whether it had lost much of its heralded brilliancy, and especially how it would go with college amateurs. From this last point of view, it presented certain problems, of which the two most important were these: how well could the sophisticated, horsey, whiskey-and-soda atmosphere of the play be reproduced by youthful, unsophisticated actors of the corn belt, and how were the three rather elaborate interiors to be done with a limited treasury?

The problem of atmosphere was solved in the simplest way. There wasn't any—at least, not any of Langdon Mitchell's atmosphere. That was not to be hoped for. Undoubtedly, the crisp, dashing ease of this type of society play is just what no group of very young beginners can accomplish. It was quite impossible to imagine oneself within a thousand miles of the Bronx. Nevertheless, the play got along well enough without its atmosphere. That proved, luckily, that it was not so dependent on locality as one might suppose from reading it. As to the other problem, of dressing the stage for three sets, that too was easily and satisfactorily solved by the conventional use of curtains of a gray-blue tone. Against this neutral background each scene showed a characteristic note of color, suggested mainly by reversible screens placed down stage at right and left as conventional entrances. The stage pictures were excellent, especially for the second act. From the point of view of stage setting, this performance was quite the most artistic of any that *Mask and Bauble* has done.

The general effect was—we were about to say, "highly creditable," but that phrase has been sadly overworked in criticising amateur dramatics; flatly, then, the general effect was excellent. Considering that less than three weeks were given up to rehearsals, that twelve of the cast were brand new, and that the play had to be mercilessly cut in order to bring it within two hours and a quarter, the results spoke well for the coach, Mrs. C. A. Gille, and the crew who loyally worked for her. If the proper test for an amateur performance, as for a professional, is that the audience shall be amused, the play was a success. The quick response to the points of the dialogue proved that.

A BRIEF survey of what our sports reporters call "the game by innings," will show other amateurs who may be considering the play a few things to look out for. The first act was quickened by heavy cutting and short pace entrances and exits. In the second act the scene between Cynthia and John Karslake carried over well. We might call attention to the fact that it is upon the scenes between these two that the success of the play depends. If they go well, the rest will take care of itself. The third act went best of all. It is itself a succession of highly amusing quarrels, and it was done with spirit. The fourth act, difficult because it is quiet and anticlimactic, went much better than expected. Fiddler, the horse trainer, can do a good deal to help this act through.

Of individual performances, the important rôles of Cynthia Karslake, John Karslake, Vida Phillimore, and Philip Phillimore were in the hands of members of the club. They were all capably done. Of the newcomers, a good word should be spoken for Francis Traut as Fiddler, but the most promising find was Valentine Newmark, who played Cates-Darby.

MASK AND BAUBLE has, for several seasons past, given two major performances, one in the fall at Homecoming and one in the early spring. Lately, a kind of policy has grown up of giving a farce of the popular American type at Homecoming and a more serious play about Easter. Thus, while the left hand sacrificed to the Sacred Nine, the right hand poured libations to the great god Pep. Against "The Mob," and "Passers By," were balanced "Bunker Bean," and "A Pair of Queens." This year the custom of a cheap farce at Homecoming has been broken by "The New York Idea." The fall play should always be festive, but it need not be buffoonery.

Another phase of the club's activities has given a keener pleasure to serious theatre fans in the community than the two big performances. A few years ago the Dramatic Hours were launched. These are picked-up performances of one-act plays, without scenery, before invited audiences. They come irregularly, about once a month, and the plays to date include: Dunsany's "Lost Silk Hat," and "Fame and the Poet"; Cannan's "Mary's Wedding"; Down's "The Maker of Dreams," and Middleton's "The Gargoyle." There is a workshop spirit about these Hours, a sense of informal experiment which is very agreeable.

Since the organization of the clubs, the following fall and spring performances have been given: "The Rivals," "The Lion Rampant," "The Servant in the House," "Monsieur D'Orr," "The Country Gentleman," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," "The Gentleman from Mississippi," "Higher Up," "The Great Galeoto," and others of equal interest.



A presentation of "The Mikado" by the students of the High School at Findlay, Ohio, under the direction of Prof. R. R. Richards.



(Left)
Mr. Philip T. Hummel and Mr. Gerald P. Van Arnam are the "ladies" in the scene from "Pretty Please," recently presented by the Puff and Powder Club of Kenyon College. Mr. James M. Wade played the part of "Richard Cutler."



Captain Kidd, that picturesque buccaneer of fact and fancy, recently came to life again, and in no less strange a place than staid, correct old Boston. But instead of terrorizing Tremont Street, he confined his activities to "The Late Mr. Kidd," a musical comedy presented by the Pi Eta Society of Harvard. Above, a group of fascinating show "girls" from the play.

Community Dramatic Activities

By ETHEL ARMES

Community Service, Inc.

THE part that community drama plays in the interpretation of history has been emphasized in this country during the past year as perhaps it never has been before. Certain it is, the charm and color of long ago costumes, the wisdom of old years and the pictures of certain of the towering events of the past may weave into the present, in the play form, a pattern of the most vivid interest and delight. So the City History Club of New York in its special annual celebration day—February 22nd—felt that it was only through some form of dramatic development that their program would actually reach and hold the people.



All the youthful actors in this scene from the "Pageant of Pilgrims' which was staged in the Ghetto of New York were foreigners

Since this is inauguration year, it seemed to the club fitting that New York City should celebrate the inauguration of the first president of the United States which occurred in Old Federal Hall. Accordingly, a pageant play dealing with the inaugural ceremonies of George Washington was presented in the auditorium of The American Museum of Natural History, the entire staff of the museum co-operating.

The City History Club requested the assistance of the Drama Department of New York Community Service, of which May Pashley Harris is the director, in the production of the spectacle play. The historic data, collected by Mrs. Rose of the City History Club, was assembled in pageant form by Mrs. Harris, who wrote the dialogue and speeches and directed the production. Mr. Van de Wall of Community Service Music Department took over the training of the three special songs, the *Cantata,* sung at Trenton; the *Ode Song,* at Murray's Wharf, and *Yankee Doodle.*

The pageant, which is called "The George Washington Pageant," followed very closely the development of the first inauguration ceremony. A miniature Father Knickerbocker acted as interpreter throughout, introducing each episode.

Episode I gave the announcement to Washington at Mt. Vernon, of his election to the presidency. *Episode II* presented part of the special celebration in Trenton as Washington was on his way to New York City. Thirteen Colonial Maidens strewed flowers in his path and sang the *Cantata* written for the occasion. *Episode III* reproduced, in part, the reception at Murray's Wharf when a salute of thirteen guns was fired and a procession of state and city dignitaries gathered to greet the president-elect. *Episode IV* reproduced the inauguration ceremony on the balcony of Federal Hall. An interesting feature of this episode was a bit of the very railing from the balcony at Federal Hall. This formed the front of the balcony in the pageant. The railing is now in the possession of the Historical Society of New York, and was loaned for the occasion.

Episode V reproduced a scene from one of the dancing assemblies, a popular form of social activity in old New York. Among people of prominence who were in attendance were Vice-President and Mistress Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Governor Clinton of New York; the Mayor of New York, and his Excellency, the President and Madame Washington. The scene ended in the dancing of the minuet with the finale of Liberty joining hands with Washington as Father Knickerbocker declaims.

* * *

ANOTHER historical production arousing popular interest in New York was the "Pageant of Pilgrims," by Esther Willard Bates, also presented this season by New York Community Service for The Educational Alliance.

It was given in the Ghetto. All of the actors were foreigners.

In her adaptation of the pageant Mrs. Harris drew an analogy between the Jewish Pilgrims in their five big migrations to this country, and the quest of the Pilgrims in the Mayflower. Particular reference was made to the Jewish peoples coming in our times from Spain, Portugal, Holland, France, Austria, Germany, Russia, Greece, Turkey and Morocco. This idea was expressed by pantomime and processional of the immigrants, themselves, in their own flowing, native costumes, accompanied by speech on the part of the Interpreter.

The performance, arranged for with New York Community Service by Dr. Fleischman, Executive Secretary of the Educational Alliance, was given at the Strauss Auditorium. It was repeated five times. Hundreds of people were turned away each evening.

The audience, comprised mainly of older men and women—all foreigners—with little, if any knowledge of English, sat spell bound before the scenes of 1620 unfolded in the pageant; scenes which interpreted America to them in a new light, and gave them a new sense of comradeship and mutual struggle with the pioneer settlers—their English brothers. One hundred and fifty people—old and young, took part in the pageant.

"When first we met in massed rehearsal," said Mrs. Harris, who personally directed every feature of the production, "the younger people resented the presence of the older men and women. Those of us who are meeting the situation here in the raw, see with dismay that widening gulf between the younger generation growing up in this country and the parents who have come as immigrants.

"When, however, the young people saw how enthusiastically their parents were received and honored in each performance, they were pleased and surprised. It helped to make them comrades with each other." The grey-haired mothers and fathers of fifty and sixty, gradually caught the spirit of play. As the curtain went down for what was thought to be the last time at the third performance, all the brightly garbed Jewish Pilgrims—men and women—joined hands and danced about the stage. It was a brilliant picture. The audience cheered and cheered.

One musician, a member of the Philharmonic Orchestra, said that in his sixteen years of life in the Ghetto, there had never been anything that gripped the East Side as this did.

* * *

POSTS of the American Legion throughout the country are taking an active interest in Community drama. Producing shows "to make money" musical comedies, minstrel shows and one-act comedies—this is becoming a permanent feature of the program of many posts this season planning to furnish their own quarters.

At DuBois, Pennsylvania, American Legion Post Montgomery No. 17, recently presented a unique musical comedy, entitled "Oo-La-La." This "doughboy drama" as it was termed, was written by John Beardslee Carrigan and directed by Francis Russell, both of the staff of Community Service, (Inc).

The theatre was packed on the opening night and everybody came back to see the second performance. The crack Legion orchestra was especially developed for the occasion under the direction of J. Herbert Lowe. By means of this entertainment, Montgomery Post raised an adequate equipment fund for its new quarters.

* * *

A DRAMATIC club has been organized at Fitzgerald, Ga, which has as its announced purposes: pleasure and development along artistic and dramatic lines; the fostering of talent where-ever found; working in harmony with and for the support of all Community interests. The club is preparing an interesting summer program.

(*Continued on page* 448)



The Programme of Fashion

By Pauline Morgan



ELISE BARTLETT who will soon appear in a new comedy "The Young Mr. Dudley" has a penchant for French frocks. Black and white predominate in a number of daytime costumes she has just received from Boué Soeurs, with the pastel colorings confined to evening gowns. At a recent afternoon function Miss Bartlett wore this smart black taffeta from Boué, with the apron tunic of ecrue fish net fashioned along new lines

Ira Hill Studio

JEANNE EAGLES of in "The Night Watch" fame.

Becomes famous for her smart new wardrobe!



Photos by
Ira Hill Studio



A cicular skirt cut on this order is very new, and secures the necessary irregular swing of the hem line. Here it is fashioned of deep mauve twill with contrasting touches of blue and mauve in the pipings and girdle. There is a dainty panel underbodice of batiste



Over the black meteor frock, Miss Eagles wears this adorable coat-wrap of black satin and kolinsky with a very novel and becoming circular cape and voluminous collar arrangement. A long tie belt of satin obtains the smart silhouette



(At top)

It seems we will not tire of black this season, especially when it appears with white charmeuse in a smart summer suit like the above. The coat hangs loose like a Mandarin, with white appearing in the lining and in the classic embroidery of the sleeve

Black meteor satin showing the crêpe side, makes the body of a very chic frock, and offers its glistening blackness for the full side inserts which are attached to the side edges of the skirt. A twisted rope of satin and crêpe swings about the waist, forming a long bodice effect

MARGUERITE NAMARA who is to sing "Louise" next season with the Chicago Opera Company, sails for London and Monte Carlo, with her golden voice and trunks full of ravishing frocks.



An evening gown made entirely of woven pearls on tulle over silver cloth! It clings in a lovely silhouette, and is made even more effective with a fan accessory of unusual beauty—bunches of straight ostrich on tortoise shell gives the appearance of a palm leaf

(Lower panel)

Proving that Mme. Namara is slim, she wears with great chic, a suit of beige broadcloth, embroidered in dark brown squares to simulate a plaid



Photos by
Ira Hill Studio





Namara loves to wear the slimpsiest sort of frocks, which necessitates a warm wrap—one of her favorites in black Caracul and Vicuna cloth, lined throughout with henna, and decorated with gold thread. The Lewis hat is of jet hung with Chantilly lace

Lanvin makes a tête de nègre velvet evening wrap of unusual beauty. Splashes of embossed silver design a huge checkerboard effect, and monkey fur makes an adroit framing for the huge beige hat, with shaded beige plumes. Feathers placed high in front of the hat is a revived style



Through th

By
PAULINE MOR

ROMANCE—

It is difficult for anyone to think of fashions or any worldly thing when viewing this poignantly touching play—one enters entirely into the realm of romance where lovely old-fashioned frocks seem to be the necessary accompaniment—and one understands why it is that the fashion makers are subtly and successfully reviving the full skirt, the slim bodice, and the absurd tilted *chapeau* which have not yet been worn, but which undoubtedly will be worn! And the lace mitt which we have so repeatedly endorsed as a graceful accessory for summer frocks, is an appropriate detail of the quaint costumes in the play.

Doris Keane stepped like a beautiful old portrait into the play and proved the witchery of the 1860 fashions. She likewise, convinced us there was no costume so effective as that of black and white! For instance, when she removes the three-quarter length ermine wrap we have shown in the sketch, Miss Keane stands revealed in a severe black velvet—long, full skirt and tight-fitting basque. The square-cut neck, encircled with a several yard long pearl necklace, the heavy drop pearl earrings, the cameo pin and the bracelet of narrow black velvet ribbon tied in a bow, is a picture and suggestion to every woman who is looking for effective costumery. In the last act, when Miss Keane returns to her apartment after the opera, her maid attires her in a negligée of ravishing rose velvet and lace—too voluminous for practical purposes with its yards and yards of creamy lace, but a model that could be modified for present day use.



NICE PEOPLE—

Fine feathers do make fine looking birds and young chickens, but whether the fineness is innate or a veneer, remains an interesting surmise in real life, as well as in this very clever society play! It is beautifully costumed, and the very worldly young débutantes fling aside any handicap of convention, from start to finish of the racy little play. Francine Larrimore wears exquisite Lucile gowns, and makes her first appearance in a girlish creation of silver net over silver cloth. The skirt banded daintily with narrow rows of pastel ribbon, is distended in quaint bouffant style, and suspended in front from rhinestone shoulder straps which form a deep yoke over the crystal camisole, embroidered and girdled in mauve.

Two delicious gowns worn by Miss Cornell and Miss Bankhead we also show in the sketch—they are delightful suggestions for the dinner and theatre hour. Miss Bankhead's pale blonde beauty was enhanced in a flesh colored chiffon, sashed with silver and trimmed with pearl strands and grapes. The skirt has an unusual draping, with a bodice cut exceedingly décollet in front and under the arm. Miss Cornell's dinner gown of rose velvet boasts the newest sort of a neckline, and it created a lot of talk; the skirt quite plain and slightly full remains demure, but the bodice is unique with a back panel which continues over the shoulders to form a unique armhole. Crescent motif of gold fringe embroider the skirt, with the decoration repeated in a shoulder armlet. Again we noted with interest, the vogue for wearing plain, sheer hosiery with satin slippers to match.

Opera Glass

KITTY GORDON'S NEW FROCKS—

No sooner had Kitty Gordon decided to sail for the south of France, than she was persuaded to undertake a whirlwind vaudeville engagement in the United States; and along with this plan, of course, came a veritable fashion show. Exclamations of delight greeted her various entrances, for with each event came ravishing costumes to dazzle the eye with the extremeness of styles, but at the same time, to intrigue us with the possibilities of adaptations! With unerring style instinct, Miss Gordon selected three silhouettes entirely different, but absolutely correct in their versatility.

In the middle sketch, for instance, is shown the bouffant fashion—black lace over gold cloth pantaloons! The trouser effect is so ample, however, that it would resemble a slim skirt were it not for the tightened effect below the knee; at this point the gold cloth swathes the legs to the ankle, where it fits over the instep with a gold band. This extreme fashion is softened with a wide gold cloth panel in front, which is gathered into a heavy gold tassel. To the left of this, is shown a creation in grey chiffon and diamond fringe in the fashionable "shredded" effect, and flying panels of grey ostrich introduce a clever new note. The fragile bodice leaves the body bare around and below each arm to the waistline, which is another new note in décollete rulings. More subdued, but highly favored by the gentlewoman is the clinging gown sketched at the right—geranium velvet, wrapping the figure closely, and framed with a glorious train lined with mauve chiffon!



FLORENCE WALTON—CHICAGO—

Florence Walton at the Drake, is winning Chicago with her midnight dancing—her winsome charm and her limitless wardrobe of smart frocks and accessories! The hotel has become a rendez-vous for the élite, and has already established a reputation for exclusive functions where fashionably dressed women defy any sartorial criticism from Paris or New York. Miss Walton is constantly introducing new gowns from Callot, Lanvin, and other famous couturiers of Paris—she typifies the Parisienne in every detail of dress, and one needs only to watch these charming appointments to be assured of the Paris fashion rulings.

A daytime frock of extreme simplicity is made of the ultra-fashionable black Georgette crepe, embroidered in coral and white beads with coral stitchery. The entire garment is loose—in one piece and slips over the head; then it ties snugly about the waist with a narrow girdle of black crepe. And the sleeves! —loose, long and shapeless, yet they are the fashion! Such an adorable chapeau is part of this costume, made by Lanvin, of green and coral horse-hair and circled with a wreath of pale yellow grapes. Her latest dancing frock is sketched at the right, and one can't deny that it is chic and novel! It is a Callot gown, as fresh and fragrant as the rose garden and grape arbor it suggests. The foundation of the gown is tea rose pink with floating tendrils and sprays of red cherries which cling in mysterious ways to the full skirt of tulle. Now and then, shaded red roses appear to enhance the illusion of a dainty garden. Narrow black velvet bands strap the shoulders and descend in long loops to the edge of the skirt.





Frieda Hempel's Home

THE graceful elegance of French furniture has made it the most favored style in American interior decoration, but with its allure it has a formality and aloofness that makes its adaptation in a livable room difficult. In Miss Hempel's sun flooded apartment overlooking the Central Park lakes the gap between the formality of the Louis' and the ease of a very personal home is bridged by intimate groups of small decorative objects that are characteristic of the period, yet have a casual friendliness.

The Orient that so fascinated the Eighteenth Century has contributed many of these exquisite bits, porcelains, enamels, jades. But France herself has originated many, delicate miniatures, painted fans, gay china pieces.

Miss Hempel loves light and space and air so fresh, clear colors, the colors of spring flowers are on walls and floors and furniture.

The result is a home that is dignified but personal, with formal beauty but with livable charm.

(Above)
About the mantelpiece in the corner of the living room is hung part of Miss Hempel's collection of miniatures. The small Louis XVI divan is a very charming and characteristic piece.





(Above).—The art of France in the late Eighteenth Century was essentially feminine. All the charm and grace of the beauties of Versailles is in Miss Hempel's silk and lace hung bedroom.

The *gros point* on the chair at the left is Miss Hempel's own work. For a half dozen years and more this piece of needlework has traveled back and forth across the continent, back and forth across the ocean, many thousands of miles, ready to be picked up in an idle moment. The design is taken from one of the most famous French Gothic *mille fleurs* tapestry sets that is in the Cluny Museum, The Lady and the Unicorn. Miss Hempel has wrought the difficult details of small flowers, elaborate dress patterns and tiny faces with exceeding skill.



(Right)
The slender, but architecturally strong Louis XVI furniture in the dining room carries a pattern touched with gold.





(Circle)
In the hall Queen Anne red lacquer contrasts vividly with the black and white tile carpet. On the table two Kien Lung porcelain Kwannon in dainty patterned robes guard a green jade plant.



(Above)
In the writing room one group of furniture is focused about the delicate Louis XVI walnut desk with the old carved and gilded mirror above. The shield in the back of the Empire chair is a skilful conventionalization of a swan. The little bronze on the desk is Gregoire's statue of Mozart.

The sun in the bright, happy living room glances back from a fine old mirror. The commode is a soft antique green and the chairs are covered with rose-violet brocade. An old painted fan introduces a touch of gold.

Beauty Goes A-Week-Ending

By ANGELINA



A cape of green "Scotweed," true to the best Paris form of the minute in being both short and sleeveless, with revere of white

DON'T you love getting "behind the scenes"? By this time you must realize how much I do! By "behind the scenes," I mean not only actually, but theoretically. That is, not alone the going back of the stage and into the dressing-rooms, but knowing the inside workings, generally, of what others only see the outside effects, acquiring special "tips" on things. It gives one such a superior feeling. . . .

* * *

This predilection dates back, I believe, to my schoolgirl days, before I had any real, exciting parties of my own—we were held in, much more strictly in the pre-war period—and when I was graciously permitted by my older cousins to creep into a corner of the room and watch them preparing for a party and hear the gossip. So utterly happy was I at this assisting at the toilet of beauty that I can't remember sighing to be grown up and out in the world, too. And even now, I have a vicarious pleasure at assisting someone off on a jaunt, as much fun in imagination as if I were actually to be of the party. . . .

This happened with Miss Rubye de Remer, the other Friday afternoon. She was preparing to motor into Jersey for the week-end and I happened to be in the apartment, having dropped in and been invited for lunch. As she and the maid flew around making ready, I, knowing what was best for me, sat on the side lines and admired. Good reason why! Rubye de Remer was the favorite picked by M. Paul Helleu, the famous French artist, as "the most beautiful woman in America."

And as if that were not enough by itself, she has the prettiest taste in clothes . . . Especially sport things. But then the most attractive clothes now, to my mind, *are* sport things. And get more so all the time. And more and more women are adopting them. . . for more and more places. You'd be surprised where it is considered perfectly good *chic* to wear sport clothes nowadays. The fashion having been established primarily by the women whom it is absolutely known can have everything in the way of clothes they wish, there is no reason to suppose their wearing comes about because you have nothing else. It's just that they're so easy and graceful and becoming . . . and fit in with the spirit of the times.



Sport shoes of charm and comfort, having suede in grey or beige combined with dark brown or gunmetal leather. One's silk stockings match the suede

Miss de Remer and I said as much as she dressed. "A year or two ago if I were going off on a week-ender like this," she observed, "I should be boring myself trying to take all sorts of stuff . . . Now all I do is to put an extra blouse and some undies in an overnight bag and call it a day. Then I can give the whole of my mind to having a good time."

And what was Miss de Remer wearing exactly? Firstly—*pièce de résistance*—a sport suit of dark green "Scotweed," a material which I must pause to demonstrate, as Miss de Remer demonstrated it for me. It is the latest note for sport. Made of all pure worsted, of the very finest imported quality, it looks like a superior wool jersey fabric. But it must be distinguished from that, because it is quite different in other respects. It is a *knit* fabric, done by a new machine process which makes it better in every way than a woven one for sport. The evenness of the knitting gives a material that never sags, never shrinks, never wrinkles. It can be carried in a bag and shaken out without pressing. It takes to tailoring like a duck to water. Can you imagine a more ideal fabric?



Miss de Remer's easily knit scarf, of Minerva yarn, the trick of its chic being that it is knit lengthwise instead of across

* * *

AND that's that! You may see the smart little model that is in the sketch below, with its narrow belt buckling with a polished steel buckle—buckling on one side that its shiny self may not be obscured by the lace and muslin frill above. Dark green in color, I said the suit was . . . Then for contrast there was an adorable sport hat of nile green ribbon with dark green velvet ribbon turning over the brim at intervals.

For shoes. . . quite the best-looking sport pair I have seen . . . a greyish-beige suede, tipped and heeled in dark brown leather. Stockings of greyish-beige silk to match, for Miss de Remer's fawn-like ankles, at whose slenderness, M. Helleu so marvelled. (I saw him stoop down and test their diameter by spanning an ankle with his thumb and middle finger, which just met).

Lastly, there was a most unusual looking sport scarf, knit by Miss de Remer, herself, in odd studio moments. In case you care to have one like it, here is the trick. Knit your scarf lengthwise, instead of across, putting 210 stitches on the needle, which brings your scarf to about a yard and a half long. And be sure to use the "Minerva Lustre Yarn" which has a silky finish. With this and the "lengthwise" process you obtain a novel scarf that has the added merit of not pulling out of shape.





The Story of a Friendly Little Shop



Told again on the occasion of "The Gift Shop of Fifth Avenue" entering its new shop on the south-west corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, diagonally across from the Union League Club.



SHOPS, as they grow large, often lose in their growing, the personality which has been responsible for their first success.

So the story of Ovington's and of its new home is told here to show to you something of the spirit that pervades the place; to display, if we can, the personality which has been undisturbed by growth—the unique character which makes Ovington's so outstanding.

Seventy-five years ago, Ovington's was neither large nor famous. It was a young shop in those days—back when Polk was President, but it displayed, even then, the same two characteristics through which it has grown and grown.

First—charming things at sound values

In those days money was dear and goods were cheap, and the housewives of the day were thrifty.

And had Ovington's been founded upon any other than the principle of substantial values, it would, then, have withered before it bloomed.

But wither it did not. Grow it did. And the judgment of what was charming and unique, combined with judgment of good values, has made it grow and grow throughout the years.

Always, too, it was a friendly little shop—a shop where no haughty attendants urged its patrons to buy; a shop where hostesses of three generations felt free to come, to compare and to consider.



The new shop—Fifth Avenue at 39th Street

The shop grows: The spirit remains unchanged

Ovington's has greatly grown since 1846. Now it is in its new home—its home for many years to come. Its offerings are more varied, more distinctive than ever.

Today, distinctive lamps and shades, odd furniture, sturdy Sheffield and mirrors of good line and above all, the smartest of gifts may be had—as well as the fine china and glassware.

But the spirit of friendliness, of unobtrusive welcome and help is still here. The old, old idea of good values, good taste and good choice is with us yet.

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Chic Fashions



BETTY CARPENTER, a clever Paramount screen actress, emphasizes the effective drooping feather fashion. Two long uncurled ostrich plumes in black and white are laid over the crown, cascading over the shoulder in becoming laciness.



Marjorie Daw poses in a youthful wedding gown of white satin and Spanish lace. The veil and headdress offers a charming suggestion to the June bride



LILYAN TASHMAN, appearing in the screen production "Experience," has a keen sense of style values. It is evidenced in this smart afternoon gown of black Canton crêpe with an overskirt of black net embroidered in white silk braid. The embroidered figures suggest grape clusters with delicate traceries of mauve braid as shadowy leaves. A black jet turban trimmed in uncurled ostrich is very striking.

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WHEN the sprightly genius of Boué Soeurs abandons itself to the lure of butterflies and roses, the result is a collection of enchanting creations, filmy as moon mists, irresistible as summer moods. A presentation is given daily from eleven to one and from three to five.

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NEW YORK, 13 WEST 56th STREET



White lace with shadow design over a tight black charmeuse skirt makes a winsome summer frock. The transparent cap carries a butterfly bow of white lace

AS LONG AS THE WORLD GOES ON, SO WILL LACE CONTINUE TO CHARM US

LACE frocks there must be in the summer wardrobe, either in white, pastel or cire, dyed laces being noticeably smart. They are almost invariably bouffant, sometimes with many flounces, or again as transparent as a bubble, showing the slim silhouette of the body. The style is practical too, and will stand repeated wearings. With many of these charming frocks, the lace shawl is worn, arranged according to fancy over a skimp bodice. When the shawl is not of lace, it is of crêpe and heavily fringed, either as a Spanish shoulder cape; or when it is long and heavy, one wraps themselves in an alluring Spanish silhouette.

Outer wraps are of brocaded chiffon edged with Chantilly, and hats of course aid further grace with drapings of lace; the transparent hat is always enchanting, some of the newest models decorated with drooping fruit and feathers beneath the brim. The best dressed women do not wear a veil drawn tightly across the face, but edge the brim with lace or fringe as the smart substitute.

All of the French summer hats exploit brims of tremendous proportions, but they are suprisingly becoming with the smart summer costume. Red straw hats are in high favor made of horsehair braid or cellophane. Turbans of crêpe or brocade swathed in Persian or Indian manner, are fascinating headdresses for evening.

For sportswear, there is the tweed suit if one wishes to be trimly tailored, and Angora in stunning knitted models with fringe at the bottom if one wishes to be exceedingly chic. The two piece jersey is very correct for golf and tennis. One of the smartest sports hats of the season, designed at the Jay-Thorpe establishment is of black felt with a rather high folded crown and slightly irregular narrow brim splashed with a small drooping pheasant feather.

Sashes are still very important, made of organdie, crêpe or lace, and the irregular hem outline introduced by Vionnet. Floating side panels persist in floating below the hem line, usually attached to a deep girdle.

One-piece linen frocks smartly tailored or embroidered in bright wools are shown at the smartest couturiers for daytime wear—the sleeves are all lengths with high upstanding cuffs of organdie or batiste.









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The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

WHEN people start on that ever-popular subject, as to which physic attribute of a woman reveals most clearly her real age, the discussi generally narrows down in the end to the two camps of the chin and t hands.

Some believe that you can have every other attribute of youth, but your chin line sags or puffs, the jig is up. While others say that the lo of the hands is the true gauge of a youthful appearance. So long as y manage to keep those looking young, you can defy the world. But if th have failed to keep pace with the rest of your youthful impersonation, y are betraying that it is no more than impersonation at every turn.

This latter view seems to be gaining new adherents every day. Certain much more attention is being paid to hands by American women today th ever before. The signposts that short sleeves were—pointing markedly defects or qualities—began it, we suppose. And then American women ca to realize the value and importance of hands in themselves, as assets beauty.

We must confess they have been rather long in coming to see th Hands on the other side of the water have always been much more valu Perhaps because every race is more given to gesture than ours. When say, American women, however, we exempt the actress. She knows h important are hands and gestures, how much they show. She calculates a nicety what we might call their "fascination value." That is, she do if she is a real actress, who understands her art.

Take Theresa Maxwell Conover, for instance, playing in "Honeydew" the road. She has the advantage of having been dowered by nature wi one of the most beautiful pair of hands on the stage, in which painte and sculptors have delighted. But she doesn't, on that account, imagi that she must not give every care to using them beautifully, to keeping th in beautiful condition. One always finds Mrs. Conover's hands, on or the stage, with skin of satin softness, her almond-shaped nails exquisite polished and tinted.

And how wonderful are the white hands and wrists of Yvette Guilb with their pinked palms and vivid scarlet nails!

One fact is absolutely true in this matter of hands . . . we have rea been leading up to it all the time. That the appearance of the nails *frightfully important* to make or mar. You can almost *create* a beautif hand simply with beautiful nails—pink, polished, almond-shaped, the lit half-moons showing. You certainly can't imagine such an anomaly as truly beautiful hand without them.

And the most comforting fact about acquiring nails is that it is the simpl and quickest of all the beauty cults, given the proper requisites.

You will be interested to know, therefore, as were we, that a particul set of nail preparations, which we have cherished for some time, are the on ones from this country that have been accepted for sale in Paris. Thin what that means in the way of recommendation, knowing how highly t French set store by the superiority of their own toilet preparations! The nail sets come in most attractive little boxes, just the right size for a ba with everything complete, files, bleach, whitener, red paste, and a tru marvellous polish.

Dorothy Phillips, heroine of the super-movie, "Man, Woman, Marriage and here in New York on her way to California tells us of the happ results she had with Mme. Rubinstein's "Sun and Windproof Cream" Palm Beach. It kept her skin in perfectly splendid condition, she said, a she was taking a stock of it to the coast to use on "location."

(If you wish to know the name of these unique nail preparations, wri The Vanity Box. THEATRE MAGAZINE, *6 East 39th St., New York City*



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THE

TRUTH

IN REGARD TO

FACE TREATMENTS



It all depends on what you wish a treatment for the face to be: Whether it is to *benefit* the skin or whether it is to add to its trouble.

If you wish merely to play make-believe with your complexion, there are to accommodate you hundreds of more or less pretentious "make-up parlors" all the way from lofty Fifth Avenue to the humbler down-town sections of New York. It is just as well to be outspoken, since fair words will not butter even the beauty parsnips.

But if intelligently you are looking for something that will make your complexion loyal and your own, then your choice is small. And it is so small because in the whole of that feminine activity known as beauty cultivation there is only one person, who warns you against the fallacy of confusing the complexion with the skin.

That person is Madame Helena Rubinstein, and she tells you pointedly that if you take care of your skin, your complexion will take care of itself. The complexion, in its natural state is only the particular natural coloring of a particular skin. If your skin is in the "pink of condition," your complexion cannot but follow suit. It follows that if your skin does not receive the treatment it is entitled to, you may, just as likely as not, have to spend the rest of your days putting on and taking off your complexion.

And treatment means *proper* treatment. It means treatment that is proper for *you*.

Madame Rubinstein has for so many years been recognized in Paris and London and New York as the Beauty Specialiste *par excellence*, because she, in fact, *specializes*. She cultivates, trains the skin, induces it to work as by Nature's law it should, to unfold the wondrous panoply of its beauty.

Madame Rubinstein's world-known Valaze Beauty Treatments and Preparations for home use have long been depended upon by the great women of the Theatre and Society here and in Europe,—women who cannot afford to fool themselves; women who look upon their beauty not as a mere matter of vanity, which it is not, but as a matter intimately connected with skin health, which it is.

And THAT is the Truth in regard to Beauty Treatments.

Some of Mme. Rubinstein's seasonable preparations for home use are as follows:

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood is a preparation so universally known that it is noticed here merely by way of a reminder as the one support and mainspring of that generally lively and health-bringing skin action without which no woman's complexion can possibly subsist in true beauty for any length of time. It is therefore essential at all seasons of the year and indispensable to every woman whatever her age. In the amazing words of that Empress of Beauty, Miss Maxine Elliott: "Ask me to spell beauty and I shall write V-a-l-a-z-e." Price, $1.25, $2.50, and $7.00 a jar.

Valaze Skin-toning Lotion is an adjunct to the Beautifying Skinfood. It braces and firms the skin and staves off wrinkles. It should always be used to wipe off traces of previously applied creams. $1.25, $2.50 and $5.50.

Valaze Sunproof and Windproof Cream: The most unique of all face preparations, the application of which before going out of doors actually prevents both summer and winter freckles, and preserves the skin's softness and smoothness in spite of most reckless exposure to sun, high winds, strong or sea air. Price, $1.10, $2.20, $3.30 and up.

Valaze Baume Rose is a preparation of the same type as the last, but intended for skins which incline to dryness. Price, $1.75, $3.50, and $6.00 a jar. Both these preparations make excellent foundations for powder.

Creme Anthosoros, a true cream of luxury which originated in the famous French Empire period; restores lissomeness and flawless skin texture around the eyes and eliminates crow's feet; also for dryness of the skin on the throat. Price $1.75, $3.50, $6.00 and up, a jar.

Valaze Beauty Grains: Used instead of soap. Not only represents the best of cleansing methods, but also counteracts any tendency to over-moisture or oiliness and enlarged pores, and ensures to the skin of the face as well as of the hands, and arms, and back a marvellous state of healthy activity, so that the skin fabric is always maintained in a perfect condition of refinement. Wards off blackheads and all clogging of pores. Price $1.25, $2.50 and $5.50.

Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste: Dispels blackheads, closes enlarged pores and refines the skin. Used instead of soap. $1.10 and $2.20. The same, No. 2, for conditions of long standing. $1.50, $2.50 and up.

Valaze Beauty Foundation Cream, an outdoor cream ensuring wonderful adhesion of powder: for normal and somewhat oily skins. Price, $1.10, $2.20 and up. **Valaze Cream of Lilies,** another outdoor cream for dry skins. Price, $1.50, $3.00 and $5.50. Both these outdoor creams produce that delightful "mat" tone which is so attractive.

Valaze Whitener: Unsurpassed for instantaneous whitening of the hands, arms, shoulders, face and darkened throats. Hides discoloration of skin. A boon to dancers, as the whiteness does not rub off on to the black garment of the dancing partner. To remove must be washed off. Price, $1.25, $3.00 and $5.00.

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Mme. Rubinstein will gladly answer with greater detail any inquiry as to her specialties.

When ordering goods, kindly add war tax of four cents on the dollar and pro rata. For points west of Mississippi River prices are 5% higher.

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ECONOMY IN THE THEATRE

(*Concluded from page* 396)

opening may easily be obscured by hangings or a fire-place, if it is not required in the action. The rearrangement of properties and the use of different colors and fabrics in lamps, draperies, and the like, will suggest without difficulty, a complete change of scene. Certain kinds of furniture are sufficiently decorative and detached from any particular period or estate to be employed in entirely different scenes without destroying the illusion.

MUCH has been written about modern schemes for achieving colorful costumes at small expense. It is, indeed, a poor little theatre which has not a group of tireless and ingenious workers to dye cheap fabrics in alluring colors and cut fascinating designs to be applied to these colors in various ways. Color contrast and contrast in the weights and surfaces of materials are amazingly effective. For instance, a pantomime done entirely in intense blue, black and silver, or one done entirely in orange, purple, and gray, has a tremendous appeal of pure color. Sateen and cheesecloth combined have been known to make the sateen take on the solidity of satin and the cheesecloth the filminess of gauze.

Doubtless, the factor which has contributed most to the achievement of big effects at small expense is the remarkable development in the modern system of stage lighting. Appia is said to "paint with light." Light creates what the little theatres have not—space. Its colors establish the mood of a play in the least obtrusive and therefore surest way. With the regulation foot and border lights, a few bunch lights off stage, and a dimmer—many small productions have been given tremendous sweep and impressiveness. One very economical scheme is to employ a single overhead flood-light with a sliding screen containing various different colored sections.

EVEN the business administration of the theatre has some lessons to learn from the semi-professional. The printing of programs is often obviated by the use of picturesque fore-stage figures and original prologues, while exhibits of original posters and costume designs often stimulate more interest in a production than would the ordinary more costly methods of advertising.

The past season has been prolific in examples of the ideal of artistic simplicity derived largely from little theatre policy and applied to more pretentious Broadway productions. Contrast with the garish magnificence of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's productions of Shakespeare, the presen use of draperies and a few essentia properties by Sothern and Marlowe Rollo Peters, who experimented a length in the establishment of atmosphere and mood by correct sceni investiture, both for the Washington Square Players and the Theatre Guild, evolved a striking example o economy in his setting with a re movable central portion for William Faversham's presentation of "Th Prince and the Pauper." In both editions of the Greenwich Village Follies various inexpensive fabric have played a large part in carryin out the really thoughtful and artisti ideas of the costume designer "Rollo's Wild Oat," now running a the Punch and Judy, shows ultra simplification, especially in the Han let scene where draperies, a platform and two chairs, with carefully d rected lighting, achieve the entir effect.

SPANISH LOVE," with all its r otous color and elaborate schem of decoration in the body of the the atre, presents all of its three ac against the same stone-colored s with an arch in the middle. In the fir act there are two great stone sea beside the archway and a warm blu sky visible through it; in the secon act a stone well, a few properties and one or two brilliant banner transform the set into a courtyard in the last act the stone backgroun becomes an interior with a candl burning in the blackness of space see through the archway to suggest a adjoining room. Here, too, we fin a Broadway production making th most of the fore-stage. There is a semi-circular platform level with th floor of the house, a wall back of and, at the sides, stone steps leadin to stage level, where also there a zones of action both before and b hind the line of the drop curtai Entrances are made through th house as well as through the stag entrances, and the flight of the colo ful crowd through the boxes an aisles of the theatre at the end the first act is extraordinarily e fective.

A CORRECTION

In the May issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE (*page* 344), we published an article entitled, "The Essence of Drama." Through a misunderstanding, which we regret, the authorship of this article was attributed to Miss Clare Kummer, the well-known and popular playwright. Miss Kummer did not write the article, but merely furnished the material which was i tended to be used in the form of interview.

Of course, those famili with Miss Kummer's literary st missed in this article her characte istic piquancy, and in justice to Mi Kummer, we hasten to make th correction.

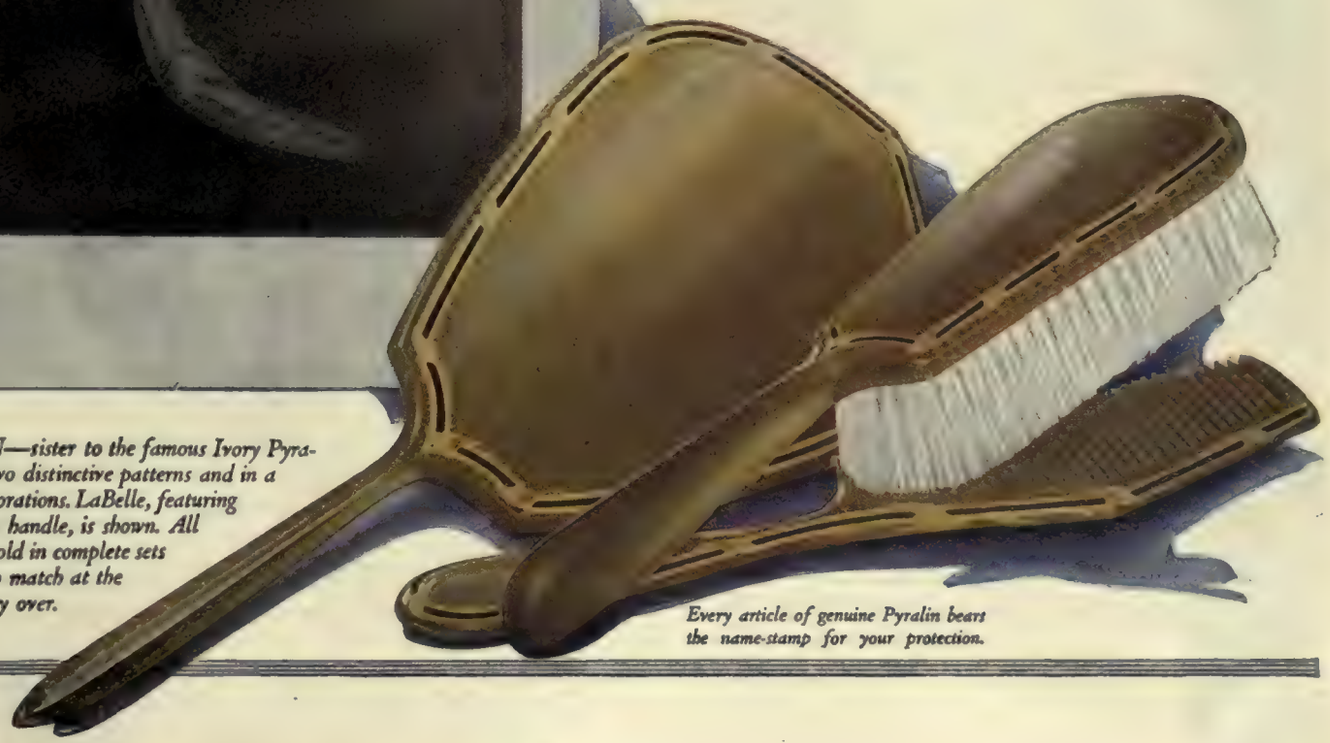


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HISTORIC FIGURES ON THE STAGE

(Concluded from page 394)

there is such a wide knowledge of his magnificent poetry and there are such marked traditions handed down to the actors about his plays, that they survive. Blank verse is too deep for the swift dramatic clarity of the theatre. It hampers the average play because the audience is slow to grasp the motive in the grand phrasing of the actors.

"It has been said of me, also, that I do not take advantage of my historical themes to use all the characters that are available. There is a thinning out of the traditional historical spectacle, in them. My principle of what a play should be is opposed to the spectacular glare. A close story, an intimate characterization, for our lives are really influenced by so few humans. We see millions, perhaps, in a life-time and four, or five, or even one may have pressed into our lives and stirred or injured them. A play should be a story of just those people, that select gathering of human documents filed away in the record of our lives, somewhere by the recording angel.

"The treatment of my plays has been generous in the extreme, in this country, but critics sometimes do not think deeply enough. For instance, it has been said that the Prologue to 'Mary Stuart' has no relation to the play, so different in fact, that it was suggested that I had not written it. Of course, that is beyond discussion, but the prologue is a beginning of my theme, not the beginning of an historical play. In going to Mary Stuart for sympathy, the husband did what I, or you, or anyone else would do in spiritual perplexity, seek the counsel of some one who had demonstrated a great courage and wisdom, perhaps, in a similar dilemma. We don't tell anyone and everyone our secret problems, we go to some one who will help us to decide for ourselves. The prologue establishes the theme of a woman who has mastered her spiritual perplexities, which is the theme of 'Mary Stuart'; it presents the human problem of the play.

"I am going to finish my Lee play this summer, and then I have an entirely new plan for plays. I'm going to write about the country lanes and by-ways of England. I admit I have a big comedy in mind, not American. On the whole, I think your Broadway has had some distinguished thought in plays this season, though I missed Shaw's 'Heartbreak House.' I liked 'The First Year'; it amused me immensely, and I thought 'Lulu Bett' a remarkable play of a very interesting kind, although there were too many characters and a loosening of the story on that account.

"The novel should never find its way to the theatre. It's an entirely antagonistic form of writing to the stage. You cannot fictionize the stage, you can only realize profoundly that the play is a mere permanent and much wider art than the novel."

Community Dramatics

(Concluded from page 430)

THE Inter-Theatre Arts Club is planning to establish an Arts and Crafts Theatre. This latest of the New York organizations to promote Community drama, has its headquarters at The Art Center. Here it prepares and presents original programs and accepts bookings for these programs in other little theatres on the percentage plan.

This Club is comprised of a "work-shop" group of professional workers, in the inter-theatre arts, or arts which play a vital part in the preparation of the production of plays. Their aims are:

To foster and encourage the educational aspects of inter-theatre arts; to develop and encourage the growth of a high standard in the craft side of theatre art, especially in connection with non-commercial dramatic groups, endeavoring to demonstrate with their own productions; to become a medium for original work, in play-writing, designing, construction of settings, dyeing textiles, and all that goes to the mounting of a play. To encourage the bringing to New York of the best original programs from little theatre work shop groups in other cities.

They accept students who wish to work with them on some phase of theatre art.

The Charter Members, who also form the Executive Committee are:

Carl S. Clancy, scenario writer; Elizabeth B. Grimball, author and director, member of Board of Art Alliance, and member of Society of Craftsmen; Meta M. Grimball, artist, designing costumes and sets; Mabel F. Hobbs, dramatic director, Community Service, Inc.; McElbert Moore, of the Harvard Work-shop, musician and writer of plays; John Parker, artist specializing in decoration; Hobart Upjohn, architect, member of the Architectural League; Faith Van Valkenburgh Vilas, playwright; Rhea Wells, artist specializing on stage designs.


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THE OLD CHORUS GIRL

BY EMILIE INTROPIDI

(*Concluded from page* 420)

of her nose and mouth. In a few moments she was many shades fairer. Loosening her abundant dark hair, she examined it carefully; no gray hair to speak of yet.

"Thank goodness I never dyed my hair! By this time they would have called me the old blonde." Shaking her hair, she massaged her scalp vigorously for a few moments, then she twisted up her hair into a chic knot at the back of her head, penciled her eyebrows, and touched up the corners of her eyes. Then, with a self-satisfied smile, she nodded to herself in the glass. "You'll pass muster in a crowd, old girl." Turning to the bed, she shook up the pillows and settled herself among them, careful not to disarrange her hair.

"When I've landed a job—"

At that moment, there was a knock, and before she could answer, the door opened and her next room neighbor entered. She was a pretty, fair woman with blue eyes that matched the color of her dress. A smart hat was perched at a becoming angle, and the flaring white collar set off the white throat. Stripping off the long white gloves, she hung them over the foot of the bed to dry. Lil handed her the palm leaf fan. Tenderly lifting the white collar, she fanned down her back. "Whew! but it's hot. Just came from Grant's."

"That's about the only place I didn't go this morning. Land anything?"

"Not sure, but I think I have got something for you."

"What!"

"There's a piece they've brought out in 'Frisco called, 'The Spider's Web.' It's made a hit. Grant's got it. There's music behind the scenes—that's where you come in, with your alto voice. They are supposed to bring the entire company, but Grant says they won't bring the small parts. I told him you could say a few lines and help out with the music behind the scenes, and they'd save a salary."

"But I never said a line in my life."

The woman on the bed sat up and drawing her knees up to her chin, clasped her arms about them.

"Never you mind about the lines, I'll pull you through. The thing is to get the job."

"Are you going to be in it, too?"

"I'm not sure, Grant says there's a part calls for a swell looker—Ouch!"

"Have you hurt your foot?"

"No, but I've got a raging corn."

"Take off your shoe."

"Can't afford to. I'd never get it on again, and I've got to go out this afternoon."

"I read of that piece in the paper," said the woman on the bed, looking over her knees.

"It said a man named Jim Bailey had made a hit in a small part."

"Yes, I asked Grant about him, but he didn't know him, said they must have picked him up out West. Anyway, he is to be featured."

The woman jumped off the bed like a two-year-old, and forced her feet into the waiting patent leather ties and stood up in them as comfortable as if they had not been a size too small. She dropped the flopping kimona from her shoulders and slipped on the white skirt and shirtwaist.

"Take off your hat, Jen, anyway I'll go down to lunch with you. I'll be ready in a jiffy." And she proceeded to dress as if for a first act.

"What time did you say we were to be at Grant's tomorrow?"

"Ten o'clock."

PLAYERS WHO WRITE PLAYS

(*Concluded from page* 418)

names of those who contribute to its book and ditties. "Lady Billy" bears the plain and simple announcement, "Libretto and lyrics by Zelda Sears."

"The Squaw Man" is among the memories of best American plays. "Friends" bears it brilliant company. "Captain Impudence," was an agreeable companion. Edwin Milton Royle was an actor before, during and after, the long lives of these, his brain products. Charles Klein, who wrote "The Music Master," and "The Lion and The Mouse," and who died in the wreck of the Lusitania, was an actor before he was a playwright.

James Forbes is listed as a press representative in the period prior to his playwriting. So he was, but there was a development period antedating that. In that period he was an actor. It was acting that taught him how to build "The Chorus Lady," "The Travelling Salesman," "The Commuters," "The Show Shop," and "The Famous Mrs. Fair."

"Ah!" cries the controversialist, "you forget Sir Arthur Wing Pinero!" No, nor do I forget that he was an actor.

David Garrick wrote plays. As did another hard pressed English actor, one William Shakespeare, and another a Frenchman, one Molière.



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OBITUARY

JULIE OPP, wife of William Faversham, and for a number of years one of the favorite stars of the American stage, died at the Post Graduate Hospital in New York on April 9th following an operation.

Miss Opp was born in New York in January, 1871, the daughter of John Opp, a saloon keeper, and a political power of the Bowery. She was educated at a convent in this city, where she astonished the sisters by her determination to become a ballet dancer. She did not, however, turn immediately to the footlights, but on completing her studies entered the field of journalism, where her charm and wit secured her success and the friendship of many prominent persons. Among those who tried to induce the young journalist to go on the stage were Sarah Bernhardt and Emma Calvé. But although she appeared for one night in a small part in "Camille"—it was not until 1894, when she was visiting London in connection with newspaper work that Sir George Alexander persuaded her to accept a part in his production of "As You Like It." Her success was immediate, and she returned to America the following year, making her début here in 1897 in "The Princess and the Butterfly." She married Mr. Faversham in 1902, and since then has appeared in many plays with him. Illness forced her to abandon the stage while she was playing in "The Hawk" with her husband.

ANNIE LOUISE CARY, an opera star of an earlier generation, and one of the first American singers to acquire an international reputation, died at her home in Norwalk, Conn. on April 3rd last, at the age of seventy-nine.

Miss Cary was born October 22nd, 1841, in Wayne, Me. After completing her primary education there, she went to Boston to study music. She sang in the choir of Dr. Stowe's church where she made such an impression that a testimonial concert provided funds for study abroad. In 1867 she made her first operatic appearance in Copenhagen as Azucena in "Trovatore." In September 1873, Miss Cary first sang here in opera at the Academy of Music, where she made a great success in the rôles of Amneris in "Aida," and Ortrud in "Lohengrin," being the first American woman to appear in a Wagner opera.

Although classed as a contralto, Miss Cary had a voice of remarkably wide range. She was, moreover, an artist of great versatility, being equally successful in opera, concert and oratorio. Her last professional appearance was at a festival in the Spring of 1882. That June she married Mr. Charles Monson Raymond and retired to private life.

ALFRED GRIFFEN, "Al. G." Field, a pioneer American minstrel, died at his home in Columbus, O. on April 3rd last. Born seventy-two years ago in Leesburg, Va., Mr. Field was educated in the common schools of Brownsville and Pittsburgh, Pa., later becoming interested in banking and farming, and in 1886 entered the theatrical business, organizing a minstrel show which he had operated continually since that time.

SCHOOLS FOR FRANCE

FRANCE is still struggling with the gigantic problem of reconstruction. The rebuilding of devastated towns goes on, but France has not yet been saved because the death rate among French children of these towns is still twice what it was before the war. Sixty-five percent of the children in the devastated regions are tubercular, and malnutrition has so stunted the growth of all as to imperil the future of the race.

To combat these conditions, open air schools are necessary throughout the invaded territory, and to encourage educational reconstruction along these lines the French American Union for Open Air Schools, in cooperation with the French Government, plans to open immediately a model school at Lille. The city of Lille will provide land for a site, the Ministry of Public Instruction will pay the teaching personnel and contribute to the building and the committee will provide food, clothing and medical service for the children. For their part in the establisment of the Lille school the committee needs $250,000.

Dr. John H. Finley, Commissioner of Education for the State of New York, is president of the Board of Directors of the French-American Union. Mr. H. F. Wilson, of the Bankers' Trust Company, is Treasurer.

The French Committee is headed by M. Leon Bourgeois and M. Ferdinand Buisson. Contributions and correspondence are welcomed at the headquarters of the Union at 105 West 40th Street, New York City.

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ON WITH THE *PLAY!*

By MAXSON FOXHALL JUDELL

THE *Play* BEGINS!

Prologue: The Plot Demonstrator.

* * *

IF IT WASN'T FOR THE IRISH AND THE—

An Irishman and a disciple of the Chosen Race had been great friends for a good many years. They loved each other dearly, but they always seemed to disagree.

Finally Pat said to Abe: "Well, Cohen, you *must* admit one thing, and that is our priests know more than your rabbis."

"Why shouldn't they?" replied Cohen. "You tell them everything."

—BARNEY BERNARD

THE *First* ACT!

* *

MASKS.

Behind the scenes the Heroine
Snaps at the Hero in whose arms
She melted with a look divine
Before the curtain hid her charms.
The Hero snaps right back, I grieve
To say, and helps to spill the beans.
Real life takes off the make-believe
Behind the scenes.

Friend Wife at home delights to frown
And rail at her domestic Mate;
Said Mate replies in tones that drown
Her shrill soprano billingsgate.
In public they're as sweet as sap,
But, like the Players, acting screens
Their human tendency to scrap
Behind the scenes.

—GUY F. LEE

Nomenclature!

Louise: "You are an incorrigible Parisian."

Henri: "Well, in Paris, chastity is such a comical virtue."

* * *

Jeannette: "How do you like me in my new costume?"

Toto: "My dear, I could easily imagine you without the costume, but never the costume without you."

—From "TOTO."

¡Surely Not Lackayeng in Point!

WILTON LACKAYE, while visiting London, stepped around to the dressing room of *Joe Coyne*, who was playing there. An English gentleman, sitting in the room, was introduced to Lackaye.

"Joe," said Lackaye, "how's the play going?"

"Fine," was Joe's response, "this is our 300th performance."

"Yes, and I dare say it will run 300 times more," said the English gentleman as he arose. "In fact, *I* have seen the play thirty times, and a very dear friend of mine has seen it fifty times."

"Well, it's different in my country," observed Lackaye, "when we see a play four or five times and we don't get it we give it up."

—HUMOR, ESQ.

"I'M ALWAYS GLAD WHEN THEY DRAMATIZE A BEST-SELLER," SAID THE LADY WITH A CRAVING FOR LITERATURE, "BECAUSE THEN I DON'T HAVE TO READ IT."

The Salvaging of Civilization!

She sang, of course, "M'ama!" and not "he loves me," since an unalterable and unquestioned law of the musical world required that the German text of French operas sung by Swedish artists should be translated into Italian for the clearer understanding of English-speaking audiences.

—EDITH WHARTON in "THE AGE OF INNOCENCE."

THE MUSIC MASTER!

The first scene in "DEBURAU" is the exterior of the old Funambules Theatre, and seated on a bench just as they were in those days are the three musicians who accompany the Barker. These men, of course, are real musicians, as they are required to play well the music of the period.

At the dress rehearsal I noticed that one of them had no make-up on his face. I spoke to him, explaining how strong the light was in that scene, and how pale and out-of-character he looked.

"Mr. Belasco," the man replied, "I am fifty years old and the father of a family. Never have I put paint on my face. I would be ashamed."

—DAVID BELASCO

Whathel!

[CHARLES JUDELS is the well-known purveyor of comedy, and both he and your editor have been asked if we are in any way related. We are—in that we both try to be humorous. —*Editor.*]

Said Charlie Judels to Maxson Judell
"Our names are funny things to spell
I end with 'S' and you with 'L,'
I often wonder whythel."

To Charlie Judels said Maxson Judell
"You only wonder whythel.
My puzzle's worse, for I, as well,
Must wonder whythe*double*l."

—MIRIAM HAMPTON MILLER

HER EYES ARE MET, HER FEET NOT YET, BUT OH—

Ina: "What are you staring a my feet for?"

Mrs. Bett: "So I can tell."

Ina: "Tell what?"

Mrs. Bett: "Whether you're com ing or going."

—From "MISS LULU BETT."

Some critical gentlemen are un decided as to the punishment befit ting a playwright who speaks o "Eve and her figurative lingerie."

The Fifth Horseman!

After seeing "THE BAD MAN" on night, a Brigadier-General in ou army told me of *Pancho Vill* probably "*The* Bad Man!"

General Villa was asked to explai the significance of three very elab orate decorations he wore on h expansive chest.

He replied, indicating the uppe one, "Thees ees for the battle o Torreon," and tapping the secon one, "Thees ees for when I driv Caranza out of Sonora," and poin ing to the last, "Thees I receive fo saving a woman."

"Saving a woman?" asked th guest.

"'Sure," said Villa, "one day have two women an' I save one fo the nex' day!"

—HOLBROOK BLINN

(*Continued on page 456*)

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Rigoletto
Martha
Your Eyes Have Told Me
Tosca
Elucevan le Steele (Tosca)
Thank God for a Garden

IRENE PAVLOSKA
Love's Old Sweet Song
Just a Wearyin' for You
Carmen
La Boheme, Musetta Waltz
I Love You Truly
Long, Long Ago

THEO. KARLE
Little Mother of Mine
I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby
Christ in Flanders
The Lord Is My Light
Macushla
Mavis
Bells of St. Mary's
Evening Song
That Tumble Down Shack in Athlone
My Wild Irish Rose
Bring Back the Golden Days
When You and I Were Young, Maggie
From the Land of the Sky Blue Water
Venetian Song
Kathleen Mavourneen
Killarney
Mother Machree
Come Back to Erin

VIRGINIA REA
Old Folks at Home
La Capinera
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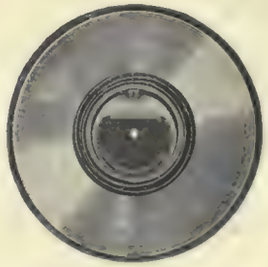


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ON WITH THE *PLAY!*

(*Continued from page 454*)

THE *Second* ACT!

* *

EVEN GREAT LOVERS HAVE THEIR OFF MOMENTS!

"While very 'broke' some years ago," relates LEO DITRICHSTEIN. "I accepted a part which called for my wearing a real smart street suit. I pleaded with a little foreign tailor to make me one on credit. I promised never to wear the suit on the street until it was paid for.

"One evening I had an engagement with a young lady upon whom I was naturally anxious to make a good impression. After the performance I kept on the suit and sneaked out of a scenery door. I met the girl in front of the theatre, and she was complimenting me on my appearance when the little tailor rushed up. Grabbing me by the arm, he shouted excitedly:

"'Mr. Ditrichstein! Mr. Ditrichstein! Take off the suit please! Take off the suit. Remember our agreement. Be a gentleman and take off the suit NOW.'"

"Well, I took off the suit. . . . That's how I lost my girl!"

The First Hundred Years Are—

My friend, Baron de W., was campaigning for a seat in the English Parliament. At one meeting of his constituency he began his address:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Say that you will vote for me because I am an aristocrat. My great grandfather was a Baron, my grandfather was a Baron, my father was Baron, and I am Baron."

"What a pity your mother was not!" shouted a voice from the gallery.

—ALICE DELYSIA

Mr. Don Passes By!

The successful people are the ones who think up stunts for the rest of the world to keep busy at.

* * *

CAPITALIST: ANY MAN WHO IS ABLE TO PAY HIS RENT.

* * *

Any man can write *vers libre*, but it takes a strong man to read it.

—DON MARQUIS

The Unwelcome Stranger!

[*Scene*: Lobby of theatre. A little tailor of the Chosen Race, leading a boy about six years old by the hand, gives the doorman *one* ticket.]

Doorman: "Here! You've gotta have a ticket for that boy."

Tailor: "For dis boy? Ah, don't be foolish, mister. He's only a small little feller. He won't do nothing."

Doorman: "I don't care. You can't get in unless you have a ticket for the boy."

Tailor: "It's alright, mister. I promise you I won't let him look."

—GEORGE SIDNEY

"That Naughty Waltz" is irresistible.

* * *

Only church members and sick people can drink legally. Well, we've had ours.

Comedians All!

The first-night audience which witnessed "CLAIR DE LUNE," was evidently of a humorous bent, if we may believe the special comments on its behavior by the critics.

Said HEYWOOD BROUN in the *New York Tribune*: "The audience was large, brilliant, and socially elect. It behaved like the very devil."

And ALEXANDER WOOLCOTT in the *New York Times*: "Then the big audience, which had assembled with so much curiosity, departed. The dispersal was effected slowly, because the ushers shouted that only those with private cars should leave by the front door. So, of course everyone had to go that way."

THE *Third* ACT!

* *

Fifty-Fifty!

Who is it takes his pen in hand
And writes stage epics for the paper?
Who gives us all to understand
That he alone's the proper caper?
And when the Layman plans a show
Who is it tells him where to go?
The Critic.

Who is it scans the printed page
Whereon appears this lore delicious?
Who listens to its counsel sage,
Then does as he jolly well wishes?
And when the Critic pans a show
Who is it tells HIM where to go?
The Layman!

—FORESTER LEIGH

Hallie: "Did you see Rena Maxwell's gown last night?"

Teddy: "I did. It looked as if she were advertising her virtue."

Eileen: "I don't see why Rena doesn't stay at home altogether."

Teddy: "Of course, no man wants to dance with her if she *will* wear corsets."

Eileen: "Old Ironsides—they call her." —From "NICE PEOPLE."

THE COMPLEX VISION!

I recently heard a "souse" story at the Lambs Club picturizing the funny aftermath of an over-indulgence in spirits-frumenti that got a laugh from even blasé Me! [*The* authority on "Tipsy" stories, LEON ERROL, is speaking!]

Two Englishmen were travelling in the London Tube, in the early morning, apparently homeward bound. They had looked upon the liquor while it was most potent and were in that blissful stage of semi-intoxication known as "several seas over." Finally one of them, after a convulsive effort to face his friend, said thickly: "Oh, I say Old Thing, what time is it?"

Old Thing awkwardly drew forth a gold match-box attached to the nether end of his watch chain, and stutteringly but most seriously observed "Ish Shurzday."

The other stared blankly at the object for an instant, and then a serpentine movement toward the door hiccoughed: "Good-*hic*-Gawd-*hic*-I getoffhere."

We are tempted to offer a generous prize to any star who is willing to bow to the inevitable, instead of the audience.

THE END OF THE *Play!*

Anecdotes, epigrams, short satires, poems, burlesques—these are what we invite our readers to send in. The subject material need not necessarily be of the stage. But it must be primarily humorous. *Allons!*

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6 East 39th Street, New York

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page 417*)

loses that indefinable charm of speech and manner that has long endeared her to this public.

She looked radiant as the Queen, appearing in a series of stunning gowns that, for sheer beauty, fairly took one's breath away.

John Barrymore made a real sacrifice to art when he permitted the mutilation of his handsome features—if only in grease paint—for the proper representation of the clown's hideous mask. He makes his entrance executing somersaults which, for a Shakespearean star, is somewhat of a novelty, to say the least. Mr. Barrymore commands our respect in tragedy, but we cannot help feeling that comedy is his real avocation.

Most of the lines of the play were lost to the audience owing to the wretched enunciation of the players. E. Lyal Swete, who acted Ursus, was a conspicuous offender in this respect.

BIJOU. "Toto." Comedy by Maurice Hennequin and Felix Duquesnal; adapted by Achmed Abdullah. Produced on March 21, with this cast:

Victor	Gustav Bowhan
Louise de Tillois	Phoebe Foster
Henri de Tergy	Orlando Daly
George de Pontillet	Clyde Veaux
Robert de Rivarol	Albert Brown
Pascaline	Belle Murry
Jeannette	Nellie Burt
Olivette	Ruth Thomas
Fanchon	Edith Rose Scott
"Toto"	Leo Ditrichstein
Baroness de Verdiere	Paula Shay
Baron de Verdiere	Lee Millar
Auguste	M. A. Kelly
Evariste de Merinville	Beach Cooke
Madame de Tillois	Frances Underwood
Madame Lanier	Josephine Hamner
Mlle. Colombe	Emma Knill
Severus Merinville	Edward H. See

WHEN stars reach a certain age, they and their managers are often sadly put to it to find proper mediums for the display of their talents. But Leo Ditrichstein will never want for material. He has only to delve into the French theatre for the last twenty years to find fable after fable whose principal rôle is either a *vieux flaneur*, or a middle-aged *boulevardier*, all admirably fitted to his Continental methods. Many of these were not to be thought of for a moment in the olden days, but in these times of advanced thought, when the American public, or that of New York, at least, will stand for about anything, why, his field is tremendous.

Out of this accumulation of the past, Achmed Abdullah has pulled from the shelves of Maurice Hennequin and Felix Duquesnal, a comedy dealing with Parisian life which he has adapted for local consumption under the title of "Toto." To me it seems but a mediocre adaptation. The wit is somewhat obvious, and the dialogue is hardly as polished or as subtle as the exigencies of some of the situations required, nor to establish a sympathy for the vicious protagonist did it seem necessary to belittle the fundamental sincerity of those with higher aspirations than the ballet or the cabaret.

That his daughter may marry, Antoine de Tillois relinquishes his Parisian life and effects a reconciliation with his wife, a *religieuse* from whom he has long been separated. Of the permanency of this regeneration there is much room left for doubt, but some of the misunderstandings which grow out of his apparent reformation are amusing. In this rôle, Mr. Ditrichstein is his polished self, adroit, neat, keen and incisive.

The daughter is invested with a distinct personality of engaging worth by Phoebe Foster, and the wife and mother permeated with genuine dignity and feeling by Frances Underwood. The minor rôles are well done, particularly the part of a French Mark Meddle by Edward H. See.

39TH STREET. "The Ghost Between." Play in three acts and a prologue by Vincent Lawrence. Produced March 22, with this cast:

Dr. John Dillard	Arthur Byron
Ethel Brookes	Laura Walker
Richard Hunt	Glenn Anders
Jenkins	Walter Brown
Nurse	Kathryn Keys
Dr. Jerome Buxton	W. Messinger Bellis

AN Irish washerwoman, who had married a second time, came one day to do the family washing. She seemed unusually happy. When asked why, she seriously said: "It's my birthday, and my husband has given me such a beautiful present—yes, he gave me a lovely tombstone for my first husband's grave."

One is reminded of this story by seeing the new play in which Arthur Byron has come back to Broadway after a very brief absence. "The Ghost Between," is not a spooky spirit that makes unwelcome nocturnal visits; it is a woman's memories of her love for her first husband which make it impossible for her to be a wife (except in name only) to a second man. The second man accepts the condition and marries her; but after six months of faithful promise-keeping things begin to happen.

The prologue is short, and tensely serious, giving no inkling of the surprises to follow. With the first act the comedy begins, and grows sometimes into almost broad farce, with sudden changes from gay to grave and back again, that make one wonder what will happen next. The

(*Concluded on page 460*)

GIFTS THAT LAST



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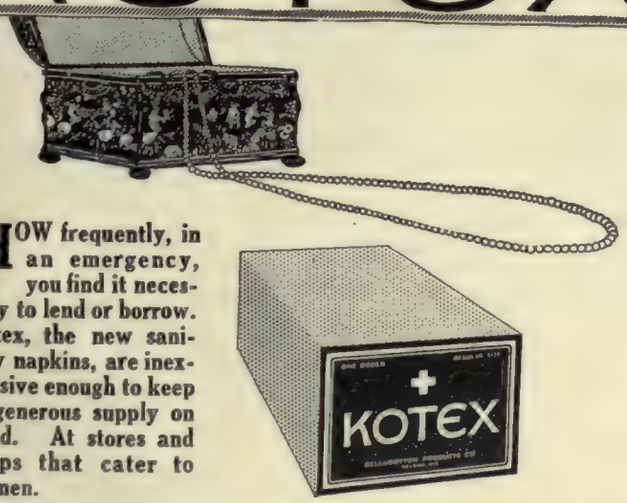
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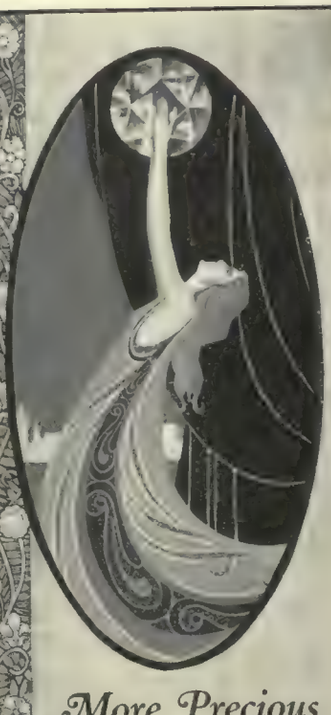
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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Concluded from page 458)

familiar sex triangle is used with a new twist to it, and is as funny as the rest of it.

One might find plenty of fault with the play if he tried, but we would defy any one excepting a confirmed misanthrope to keep from giving vent to hilarious mirth over some of the situations and speeches; and in fact, gales of laughter are frequent during the course of the evening.

Arthur Byron is sufficiently serious in the prologue, and then attacks the play with great gusto. Laura Walker, as the wife, steered a careful course through the windings of a somewhat difficult part, and comes to the end with flying colors. Glenn Anders, the husband's friend and protegé, an unconscionable young scamp who is the third angle of the triangle, plays with refreshing verve and naturalness and makes himself likeable even if he can and does lie like a thief.

All in all the play is good fun and quite worth seeing.

CASINO. "It's Up To You." Musical comedy in three acts. Music by Manuel Klein, John L. McManus and Ray Perkins. Book by Augustin MacHugh and Douglas Leavitt. Produced March 28, with this cast:

Ned Spencer	Charles King
Dick Dayton	Douglas Leavitt
Jim Duke	Harry Short
Freddy Oliver	Ray George
Colonel Stephen Forrest	Albert Sackett
A Collector	Frank Michel
Sheriff McCabe	Royal Cutter
Harriet Hollistar	Lila Rhodes
Ethel	Ruth Mary Lockwood
Mrs. Hollistar	Florence Earle
Lotta DeVere	Norma Brown
Hortense Gessitt	Florence Hope
Suzanne	Madeline Dare

THE most negligible factor in this offering is the so-called music. There are several jingles, and it took three composers to evolve them. As a rhythmic accompaniment to dancing they pass muster. And as dancing, and more dancing, seems the chief end and aim of comedies with music, doubtless "all is right as right can be" with this one.

As for the book and lyrics, it took four people to furnish these, and from the evidence at hand none of them had to work very hard. The work devolved on those who had to "put it over," and there were several who were quite successful in this, despite their handicaps. Douglas Leavitt and Harry Short, with the assistance of Florence Hope in some break-neck dances, were the leaders in the funny business and extracted many laughs with their antics.

There were several interesting dance numbers, participated in by people who were difficult to identify even by referring to the program; and there were among the chorus girls several more comely than the average. The settings were not especially distinctive nor the costumes elaborate. They were, however, in much better taste than is the rule in these affairs.

To sum it all up, "It's Up To You," is an ordinary example of the stereotyped musical show of the day.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

John McCormack's last contribution was two Irish folk melodies. This month he has gone to the very antipodes of the world of music, by selecting a song which ranks beside the great songs of Schumann and Richard Strauss. He and Edward Schneider have made the English translation, and Fritz Kreisler plays to the song an obbligato of strange, sad, almost supernal beauty. The sadness in the song is not that of passive acceptance, but of wonder and passionate rebellion against the woes and mysteries of life. "O Cease Thy Singing" is almost the last word in living Russian musical genius—a perfect expression of that longing for beauty which seems the inheritance of sad and thoughtful races. In the first stanza there is a magnificent fortissimo passage. In the second the voice is high, sweet and gently penetrant.—*Adv.*

BOOKS RECEIVED

HIGHLAND LIGHT AND OTHER POEMS. Henry Adams Bellows. New York: The Macmillan Company.

RESURRECTING LIFE. Poems. By Michael Strange. Illustrated by John Barrymore. New York: Knopf.

LITTLE THEATRE CLASSICS. Volume III. Four plays adapted and edited by Samuel A. Eliot, Jr. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown Company.

THE WIND OVER THE WATER. Play in one act by Philip Merivale. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

THE CULT OF CONTENT. Play in one act by Noel Leslie. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

THE GREEN GODDESS. Play in four acts by William Archer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

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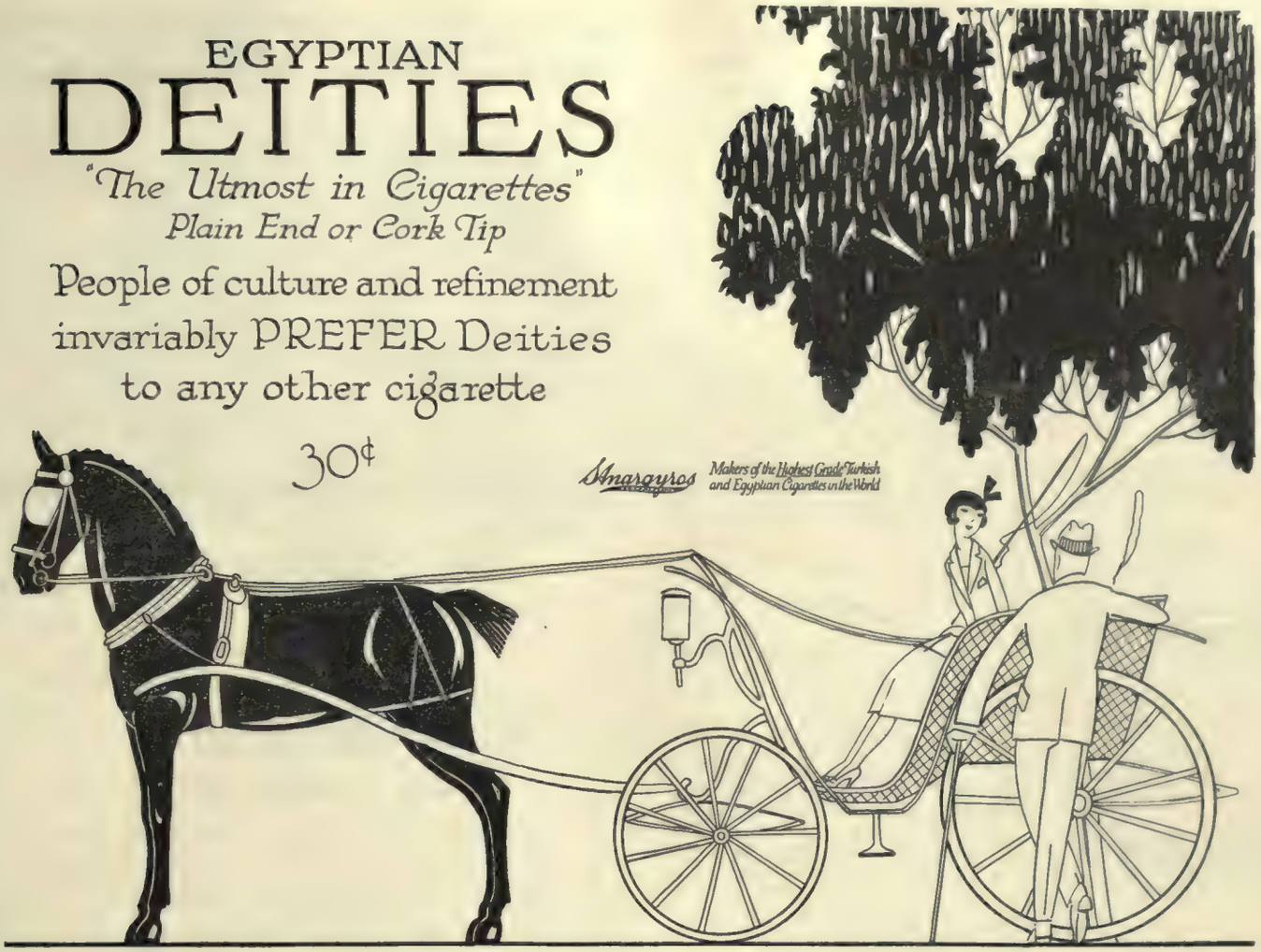
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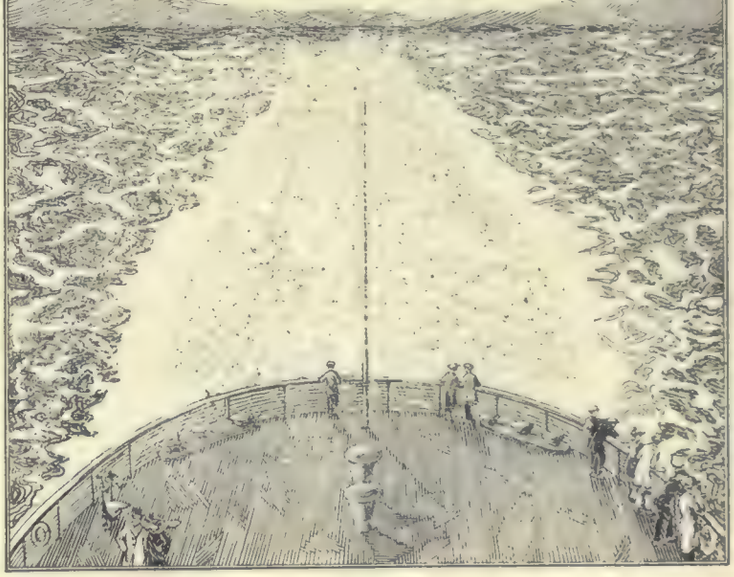
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VACATION DAYS are coming, when changes of address usually reach us too late—and for this reason magazines are frequently lost in the mails.

Changes of address must be in our office before the 10th of the month. For example—for the July issue a change of address must be in before the 10th of June.

TRAINING FOR THE STAGE
By ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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"The Theatre" Letter Box

What Players Should Read

To the Editor:

I noticed in your March issue a question in regard to reading recommended for a young man about to enter the player's career. I thought perhaps a list of the books not listed in your limited space might be of interest:

Talma, *The Actor's Art;* Izard, *Heroines of the Modern Stage;* Wm. Winter, *Shakespeare on the Stage, Other Days, Shadows of the Stage, Wallet of Time;* Wm. Archer, *The Theatrical World;* Mary Anderson, *A Few Memories;* Clara Morris, *Life of a Star.* Very truly,

MYRTLE GAGE.

Chicago, Ill.,
March 7, 1921.

The Genesis of Jazz

To the Editor:

I am much interested in what is called Jazz music. Your magazine, of which I am an enthusiastic devotee, and which contains so many timely articles, not only on the theatre proper, but on music in its different phases, suggests the idea of writing you to get some information on this undoubtedly timely subject. May I ask you to tell me what, in your opinion, is the influence of Jazz music? Also, just exactly what is Jazz, and where and when did it originate?

EDMUND MUNGER.

Jacksonville, Ill.,
March 31, 1921.

"Jazz" is Syncopated Noise. It originated in the jungle of Africa where the cannibals find their greatest enjoyment in devouring each other. When not engaged in this gentle gastronomic pastime, the savages indulge in dancing to the accompaniment of the loudest noises they can make, and with grimaces and bodily contortions closely bordering on the obscene. Leaders of fashion in so-called civilized countries saw in these dances something worthy of imitation, and so made them important parts of our social functions. All of which would seem to prove that the world is progressing—backwards.—Editor.

Finds Our Reviews Useful

To the Editor:

I ask that Mr. Hornblow "Go to the Play" a little more accessibly. May I suggest that the plays reviewed appear in the Table of Contents, as was the custom a year or so ago?

In the "provinces" we are a long time in getting the "Original" New York productions and the expediency of confirming or disproving the legitimacy of what we are offered as the "New York Cast," has long been a necessity. Our file of the "Theatre" is conned invariably before biting at an offered bait and it is rather difficult to find the review where the name is not listed in the index.

We are not a one-night stand but a city of half a million with two houses playing the "legit" asking for patronage for weekly runs. Your "Killing the Goose" article is most applicable.

CHAS. T. WALLACE.

Buffalo, N. Y.,
March 2, 1921.

The titles of the plays reviewed now appear in the Table of Contents each month.—Editor.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., *required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912,* of THEATRE MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1921, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Theatre Magazine, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Theatre Magazine Co., 6 East 39th St., New York. Editor, Arthur Hornblow, 6 East 39th St., New York. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Paul and Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the owners are: The Theatre Magazine Company, 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. Henry Stern, 301 West 108th St., New York; Mr. Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York; Mr. Paul Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securites are: None. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders, as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given: also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and the affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed by LOUIS MEYER, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of March, 1921. [SEAL] GEORGE H. BROOKE, Notary Public, New York Co., No. 671, Register's No. 1702. (Term expires March 30th, 1921.)



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Metropolitan

H. J. WHIGHAM, Publisher

432 Fourth Avenue, New York City

CAMERA CLICKS

PRISCILLA BONNER has been selected to play the leading feminine rôle in "The Son of Wallingford," the Vitagraph production now being filmed at the West Coast studios under the direction of the author, George Randolph Chester.

* * *

Marion Davies, the star of Cosmopolitan Productions, is at work on "Enchantment," a story adapted for the screen by Luther Reed from the story by Frank R. Adams called "Manhandling Ethel." Forrest Stanley plays opposite Miss Davies, and others in the cast are Arthur Rankin, Tom Lewis, the well-known stage comedian, Edith Shayne, Corinne Barker and Maude Turner Gordon.

* * *

Lionel Barrymore is creating the title rôle in "Boomerang Bill," under the direction of Tom Terriss. Doty Hobart adapted this story from a Cosmopolitan Magazine story by Jack Boyle, author of the famous "Boston Blackie" stories. Marguerite Marsh is playing opposite Mr. Barrymore.

* * *

Frances Marion has just completed taking "Just Around the Corner," which she wrote for the screen from several Fannie Hurst stories. Miss Marion, who wrote and supervised many of Mary Pickford's greatest successes, also directed "Just Around the Corner," in which Lewis Sargent, famous for his screen interpretation of Huckleberry Finn, takes the leading rôle. Sigrid Holmquist, the Swedish actress, plays the leading female rôle, and Margaret Seddon takes a leading part. Others in the cast are Edward Phillips, Zyllah Shannon, Fred C. Thomson, Peggy Parr, Mme. Rosonova and William Nally.

* * *

Metro is planning to send a company to the Orient to make a film play with native players, excepting a few that will go with the director, Daniel Frawley.

* * *

Nazimova will sever connections with Metro, according to late reports, to return to the stage. Her version of "Camille" is her last picture. It is said that she was to have entered the field of independent producers but satisfactory arrangements for her personal supervision of her productions could not be made.

* * *

Several film celebrities have been recent hospital patients. Myrtle Stedman has recovered from an attack of pneumonia that kept her off the screen many weeks. Thelma Percy, sister of Eileen, the star, has been in a California hospital for an operation. Nearly a score of screen stars have recently parted with their appendix.

* * *

Jimmy Aubrey has completed his newest comedy, "The Tourist," a burlesque stage coach trip through the Western frontier, in which the comedian is a hero of speedy style and mannerisms, but slow of mind. The bandits who hold up the stage coach find him an excellent subject for rough humor and through this comes the laugh sequences of the picture. Zella Ingraham appears opposite the star. Wild animals also play an important part in the comedy.

* * *

William Duncan is about to begin work on a seven-reel feature production based on "The Princess of the Desert Dreams," a novelette by Ralph Cummins. The scenario was written by Thomas Dixon, Jr., son of the famous author of "The Clansman." "The Princess of the Desert Dream" is a strong Western type story, filled with the romance of the Death Valley gold section, with the scrdidness of the mining days left out.

* * *

Alice Calhoun's new picture is, "Closed Doors," a stirring drama written especially for her by Harry Dittmar. Harry C. Brown, who has played on the legitimate stage opposite such stars as Edith Taliaferro, Frances Starr, Mary Ryan, Rose Stahl and Lillian Russell and a number of screen stars, is her leading man.

* * *

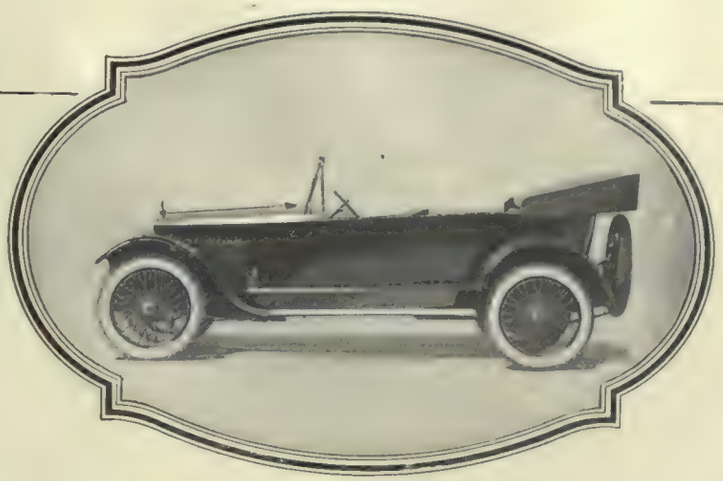
"The Secret of the Hills," a highly successful novel by William Garrett, the English writer, has been selected for the next Antonio Moreno production. Mr. Moreno will appear as a young American who encounters a series of amazing adventures in London and the Highlands of Scotland because the beautiful eyes of a beautiful girl lead him on in quest of romance.

* * *

James Rennie, the good-looking hero of "Spanish Love," is making his first venture into screenland since his marriage to Dorothy Gish. He has been engaged as leading man for Hope Hampton in the picturization of the Fannie Hurst story, "Star Dust."

* * *

Adventure and romance figure in Charlie Chaplin's new picture, "Vanity Fair," now in production. Edna Purviance will again be seen as leading lady, and the cast consists of many of the players who appeared in "The Kid," among them being Lelita Parker, Loyal Underwood, and Henry Bergman.



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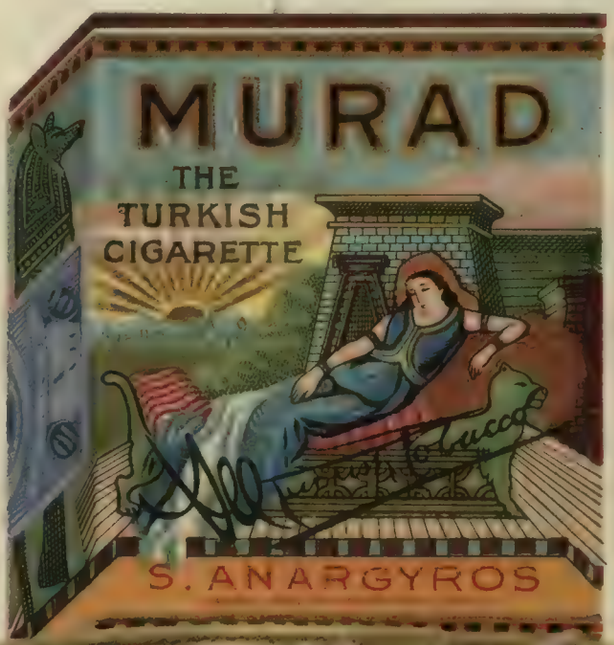
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